THINGS I FORGOT TO TELL by Former Governor Hoffma

★ Liberty

JULY 2,
1938

5¢

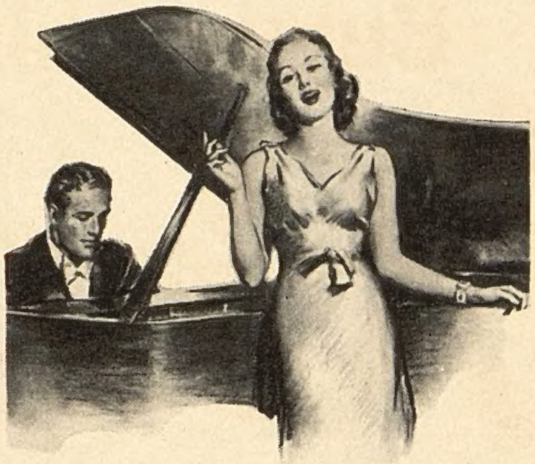
POISON AT THE BOX OFFICE by Rupert Hughes

LA FOLLETTE'S NEW PARTY

A distinguished essayist says this about Schlitz

Some men, seeking to explain things, might say that the finest beer is made from grain, hops and water. As well say that a beautiful woman is composed of flesh and bones. Or that great piano music comes from steel wires and tusks of elephants. . . . Not so!

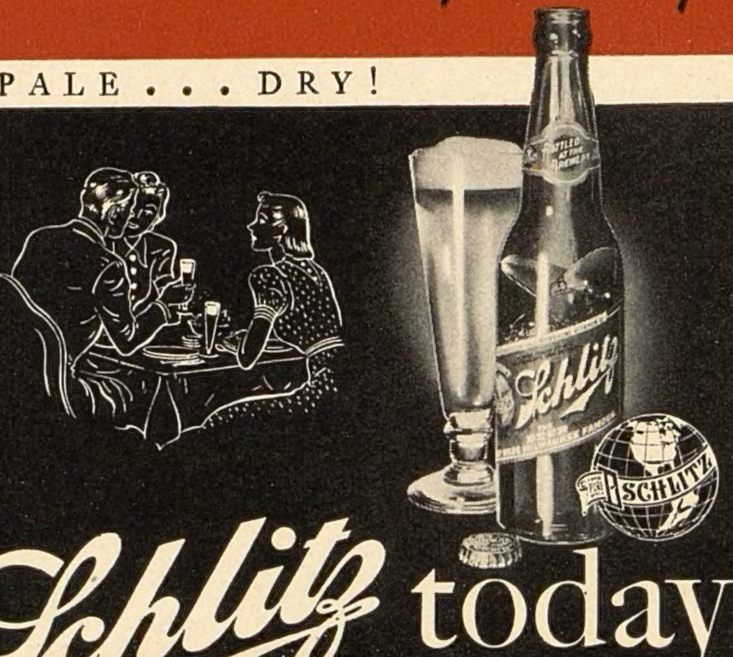
The most delightful beer is compounded of the fruit of the fields which has grown heavy in the sun and been fanned by the zephyrs in their seasons, and freshets of water drawn from places that are deep and pure. Such beer is as clear as the honey made from mountain flowers, but it is not sweet. Nor is it bitter. It is smooth, pale, dry. Its collar is a necklace of fine froth. Its weight is as nothing. It rests as easily as a lullaby. And yet it has tang and flavor. It sharpens the taste and soothes the memory. We are, of course, speaking of SCHLITZ!



History repeats itself!

The Beer that made Milwaukee famous *is making history today!*

SMOOTH . . . PALE . . . DRY!



Taste Schlitz today!

Everlastingly linked with SCHLITZ is one of the happiest slogans that ever grew out of a fact. You heard it years ago. Your father and grandfather heard it before you. It's "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous." The name SCHLITZ has stood for the *best* in beer for almost a century.

SCHLITZ is perfectly brewed to the modern taste. It's wondrously pale — appetizingly dry — affably smooth. And true to character, SCHLITZ has all the richness of true old-time beer flavor.

and you'll prefer Schlitz always

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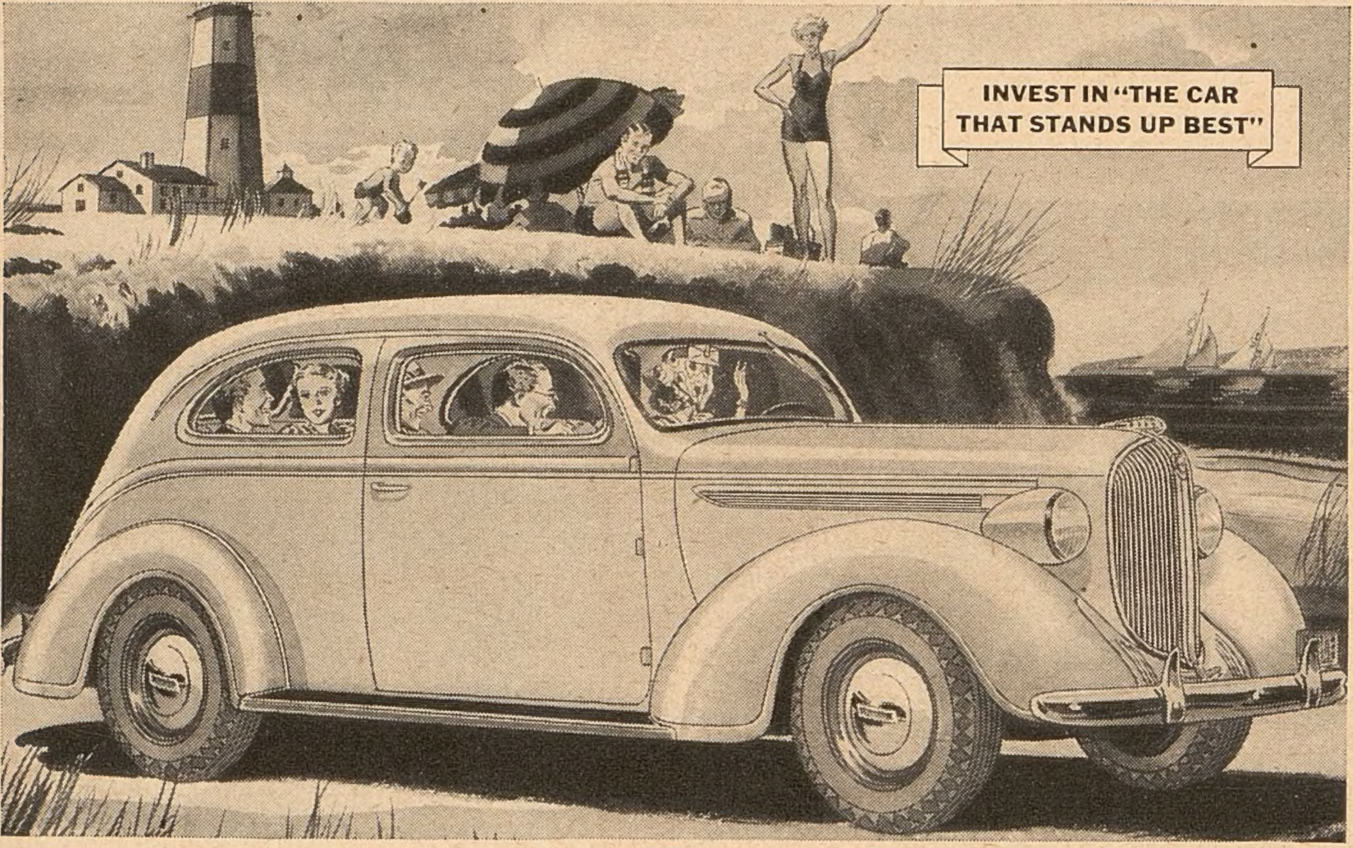
SIX BIG REASONS

Why New Thousands are Buying this Big Plymouth

"Roadking"


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

PLYMOUTH "Roadking" $685
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "DeLuxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices *include all Federal Taxes.* State, local taxes not included.

IT MEANS SOMETHING—the way this Plymouth "Roadking" has "caught on" with America! People are finding out it's the *biggest buy* of the year!

The "Roadking's" new ride is creating talk because of its *smoothness*... due to airplane-type shock absorbers, unique rubber body mountings and Floating Power engine mountings.

Find out why thousands are buying this great "Roadking." Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer—today. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

"THE RIDE GOT ME—THAT AND THE PRICE"

'I heard all kinds of good things about the Plymouth 'Roadking,' " says Mr. C. J. Votaw of Fort Wayne, Ind. "I was amazed to find that such a big, rich car could be so low priced. And when I took a drive—well, I just had to buy it!"

1. EXTRA ROOM

This fast-selling Plymouth "Roadking" is by far the biggest of the leading lowest-priced cars...nearly 7 inches longer than one; and more than 10 inches longer than the other.

2. AMAZING NEW RIDE

The "Roadking's" new ride is causing a sensation in the lowest-price field! It has new faster steering, new easier handling... and many new comfort features throughout.

3. THRILLING POWER

The Plymouth "Roadking" has the big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine which gives you flashing, full-powered performance *plus* outstanding economy.

4. RECORD ECONOMY

Plymouth owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...money saved on oil, tires and all upkeep. Remember, Plymouth is "the car that stands up best."

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Plymouth is the only low-priced car that offers you double-action hydraulic brakes, a wide, unobstructed windshield, an all-steel body with a revolutionary, new, Safety Styled interior.

6. EASY TO OWN

Your present car will probably represent a *large proportion* of the "Roadking's" *low delivered price* ...with the balance payable in surprisingly *low monthly instalments.*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

JULY 2, 1938

Liberty

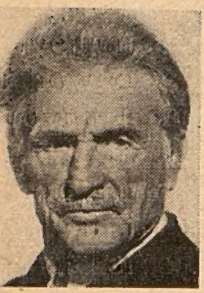
VOL. 15, NO. 27

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

THAT BILLIONAIRE RELIEF (POLITICAL?) FUND


BERNARR MACFADDEN

I am willing to go with and work with any governmental system, regardless of how crazy I may think it to be, provided the majority of our citizens favor it. If they vote for it in good faith, according to their individual inclinations, and if they are not forced or corruptly influenced.

But I am willing to fight in the front-line trenches against any governmental system that is forced on us through votes that are bought or diverted, financially or otherwise, in such a manner as to deny our citizens the right to express their individual sentiments.

Many of the recent political campaigns reeked with scandal of the most vicious character. Referring to the recent pump-priming bill, the minority report in Congress at Washington states: "Under the prevailing administration arrangement, the political exploitation of relief workers is a demoralizing national scandal. Under threats of dismissal, relief workers have been herded systematically to the polls by precinct captains; compelled to change their party registration; forced to contribute a portion of their subsistence wages to local campaign funds, mobilized in state campaigns, for active political solicitation in the interest of whatever local faction at the moment enjoys the approval and support of the Roosevelt administration."

Are these statements, made on the floor of Congress, true? If they are accurate beyond all question, every truly American citizen in this country should be aroused and alarmed at the seriousness of this situation.

A democracy depends first, last, and all the time upon the ability of each citizen to express his views at the polls freely and honestly, without influence of any kind.

We have laws which exact severe penalties against any individual or group of people that interferes with the rights of suffrage of our citizens. But apparently there are no legal restrictions to keep governmental representatives from giving jobs in exchange for votes, if the statements made by the minority report in Congress are dependable.

The time is coming when our legislators, congressmen and senators at Washington, will have to explain to the citizens of their various states the scandalous increase in the amount of taxes exacted from the citizens of their states.

For example, in the State of Michigan in 1910 the taxes paid by the citizens of that state were a little less than five and a half million. In 1937 they were nearly three hundred and twenty-four million. An increase of 5,938 per cent. This is simply an example, and to a certain extent similar increases in taxes are now being exacted from many of the states throughout the entire country.

In the coming Congressional and Senatorial campaigns next fall this colossal waste should be dramatically exposed and every individual should be made to realize the perilous extravagance of the present administration. We cannot continue spending like this without disastrous penalties.

To be sure, the average individual fails to realize that he is paying part of these taxes. It is only the rich men that pay taxes . . . so he thinks. If he has such a foolish idea—take bread, for example. The five-cent loaf is no more. The same loaf costs ten cents, or more, at this time. The additional amount represents taxes.

There was a time not so far away when we could buy good suspenders for twenty-five or fifty cents. Now you pay seventy-five cents to a dollar fifty for them. You can go down the line with practically everything you buy and you will find similar increases in cost.

The citizens of this country should realize that they are being bunkoed . . . that the price of government is but little short of a monstrous scandal. And it will never be changed until this ghastly situation is everywhere realized, and we begin to vote for and fight with representatives who are willing to make strenuous efforts to find a remedy.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 54

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La Follette's New Party What It Really Plans to Do

Will it make or unmake a President? A revealing look at 1940—and beyond

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHEN Governor Philip Fox La Follette of Wisconsin launched "the National Progressives of America" he received an accolade from conservative newspapers and political commentators. Yet no move on the political chessboard could have brought much greater pleasure in the immediate environs of the White House.

Conservatives look on this new national third-party movement as a means of splitting the progressive forces of the country, and heading off either a third term for Roosevelt or the election of a Roosevelt disciple in 1940. In fact, some practical anti-Rooseveltians have begun to talk of Phil La Follette as a prospect for the Republican Presidential nomination.

To the New Dealers in Washington, the new third party is a club to hold over the heads of the conservative Democrats who are intent on nominating one of their own kind for the Presidency in 1940. Moreover, quite a few of Mr. Roosevelt's liberal lieutenants regard Senator Robert Marion La Follette, Jr., not only as the ablest Presidential prospect on the American scene but as the logical successor to Mr. Roosevelt. Some of the President's closest friends are confident that he shares this view.

The chances that in 1940 Phil will be offered the Republican Presidential nomination while Bob is offered the Democratic are infinitesimally small. But that one or the other will be sought for the Presidential race by one of the old parties is not impossible.

No one knows better than the La Follettes that they are a political force to be reckoned with. And no one is less interested in the incidental short-pull effects of their new party. They aren't thinking especially of 1940, much less of 1938. Neither aspires to be President unless he can be a President supported by a party in fundamental agreement with him. Both are still in their early forties. They have the time to build toward their goal.

More than thirty years of family political experience lay back of their decision to launch a national party. Out of this experience came two sharply etched conclusions. One is that the progressives have failed in every attempt to gain real control of either major party. The other is that a new party, if it is to succeed, must be built from the ground up.

For twenty years — until 1924, when he ran as a third-party candidate for President —the senior Senator La Follette fought his battles within the Republican Party. He got control of it in Wisconsin, but he made little headway with it nationally—even though, in time, both major parties adopted specific proposals which he had put forward many years earlier. Theodore Roosevelt temporarily made the Republican Party stand for a milder form of progressivism. Wilson temporarily put a progressive stamp on the Democratic Party, as Bryan had done as a Presidential candidate.

Then came Franklin D. Roosevelt with an avowed purpose of succeeding where Bryan and Wilson had failed. He invited and received, both in 1932 and 1936, the support of the progressives in the country.

Back in February, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt, then only President-elect, invited Senator La Follette, Jr., to Warm Springs. Bob reminded him that essentially the Democratic Party was no more progressive than the Republican. He said that even in 1932 the party platforms offered no

STATE
LOCAL

A new party, they are convinced, must be built from the ground up.

real choice, and that the only appeal to progressives lay in Mr. Roosevelt's own speeches. He warned Roosevelt that the Democratic Party would eventually stop him in his tracks unless he was prepared to build a progressive organization from the ground up. Mr. Roosevelt insisted that Bob was relying too much on his experience in the Republican Party. He said that the Democratic Party was essentially different.

During his first term Mr. Roosevelt was too popular to be challenged, and he had unprecedented patronage to distribute. But after the 1936 election, Bob's prediction came true. Mr. Roosevelt found that his bountiful distribution of patronage to conservative Democrats had only served to fortify them to resist his leadership.

The La Follettes have watched Mr. Roosevelt zigzag. They have seen him yield point after point in the effort to conciliate the conservatives. And every time he has yielded a point, they have seen two or three more points snatched away from him. He may yet succeed in bringing about the nomination of an out-and-out New Dealer to succeed him. But the La Follettes are skeptical.

Do Phil and Bob see eye to eye? The answer is no. They are temperamentally different. They have somewhat different political experiences. Yet a break between them is hardly conceivable. For they are bound by a profound devotion to the memory of their father and the political principles to which he dedicated his life.

Phil is the more spectacular of the two. As a youth he was looked upon as the successor to his father. But when his father died in 1925 he was not yet thirty. It was Bob who succeeded to his father's seat. He has the La Follette tenacity. He is wholly devoid of dramatic mannerisms. He gives the impression of being steadier than Phil.

Phil made his debut as the successful Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin in 1930. Two years later he was beaten in the Republican primary. Then, in 1934, the La Follettes decided to cut loose and form their own party. Their decision had been foreshadowed by Phil's attitude toward the Roosevelt administration. For Mr. Roosevelt had set out to annex the La Follettes. He tried to entice Phil into his administration with the offer of at least six good jobs. Phil refused to be annexed. Bob came up for re-election in 1934. Roosevelt's idea of a practical compromise was to support Bob for re-election in return for support of the Democratic candidate for governor by the La Follettes. That would have left Phil out in the cold. During the 1934 campaign Roosevelt indirectly endorsed Bob, but spoke critically of progressives who wouldn't co-operate. It was a criticism intended for Phil, but most newspaper correspondents thought it alluded to Senator Borah. Nevertheless, everybody knew Roosevelt was for Bob and against Phil. The distinction didn't appeal to the Wisconsin voters. They elected them both—and re-elected Phil in 1936.

PHIL is the prime mover behind the National Progressives of America. But Bob pledged his support, and if this movement finally puts a La Follette in the White House, it may be Bob. Phil, however, is more gifted as a showman and perhaps more experienced in organizing. Moreover, while Bob is safe in office until 1941, Phil's third term as governor expires with this year. From the viewpoint of Wisconsin politics alone, this seemed to be a good time to launch a national third-party movement. For the ballyhoo adds to Phil's prestige at home.

From the national viewpoint also the La Follettes considered the time ripe. They have never been entirely satisfied with the Roosevelt New Deal. Now they see Roosevelt stalemated. They do not believe that even he can survive an indefinite period of business depression. They aim, therefore, to separate the progressive movement more clearly from him and his accumulated liabilities. Meanwhile, they will take care not to alienate progressives who are still loyal to Roosevelt. And they will take no less care to appeal to voters disillusioned about Roosevelt and to some who never favored him.

Phil's opening speeches in his National Progressive campaign struck several rather conservative notes. It is generally conceded that he was smart also to emphasize increased production as one of his primary aims. Mr. Roosevelt has said as much—many times. But some of the New Deal policies have tended to restrict production, and the notion has taken hold among many people that Mr. Roosevelt hopes to achieve prosperity through restricted production. Both Phil and Bob have found a sympathetic response from business men to their criticisms of the uncertainties of the New Deal.

One of the great advantages the La Follettes have as leaders of a national progressive movement is their anchorage in the American middle class in the Middle West. Their thinking is native American. Neither of them has much respect for the notion that the future of democracy in the United States depends on what kind of government there is in Italy, or Germany, or France. Both believe that we can stand on our own feet.

The La Follettes have always fought for the aims of organized labor. During the last two years the Senate Civil Liberties Committee under the chairmanship of Bob has been of invaluable assistance to organized labor, and especially the C. I. O. But they know—and so does John L. Lewis, for that matter—that an American Labor Party modeled after the British Labor Party could not win national elections, even if it included in its membership every industrial worker.

THE Progressive emblem, a dark-blue cross on a field of white surrounded by a circle of red, may remind some people of a Nazi swastika. But it would be difficult to devise a more truly American symbol, with a cross standing for the X which the voter marks on his ballot.

As yet, the La Follettes are not angling for other big names in the ranks of labor or any other group. They are not seeking a coalition—not yet, at least. They are engaged in building up their own stack of chips. Phil is hopeful of getting a foothold in Iowa and some of the northwestern states this year. Perhaps here and there in other states a National Progressive candidate for Congress or for some local office will be put forward. The La Follettes will stay out of states where other progressive third parties are already established. If there is a heavy tide against Roosevelt, they may pick up some offices. If the tide isn't running strong, they may at least get a start and even show that they hold the balance of power in some localities and perhaps even a few states.

For 1940 all kinds of possibilities can be visualized. Suppose Roosevelt is able to dominate the Democratic Convention and pick a genuine Democratic progressive as his successor. His chances of doing this would be improved by the real threat of the progressives to run their own candidate for President. If the Democrats should nominate a satisfactory candidate, the La Follettes would be likely to support him while running their own candidates for Congress and other offices in some districts. Suppose that the Republicans, in desperation, decide to run a progressive—such as Phil La Follette or Fiorello LaGuardia. It is improbable that Phil would take the nomination even if it were offered to him.

It is not inconceivable that the La Follettes would find it to their advantage to support a Republican in 1940. In their opinion, however, it is more likely that the Republicans will nominate a moderate conservative and the Democrats some harmless middle-of-the-roader. In that event the La Follettes, in alliance with other groups, might well put their own candidate in the field.

There is the bare possibility, too, that the old-line Democrats will so thoroughly rout the New Dealers at the national convention of 1940 that the Democratic nominee will be unacceptable to large groups of voters who supported Roosevelt in 1936. If the Republicans also should nominate a conservative, there might be a chance of victory even in 1940 for the National Progressive Party, supported by a coalition that included Mayor LaGuardia and the American Labor Party, the C. I. O., the third-party organizations in the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast, and such New Dealers as Hopkins and Ickes. It is not quite impossible, either, that Roosevelt himself might bolt and throw his support to Bob La Follette, say, on a third-party ticket.

The La Follettes' real aim, however, is at 1944 and beyond. They are young enough, yet sure enough of their own footing, to play a long game for high stakes.

THE END

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

Youth is Stranger than Fiction

Witty, cockeyed, wise! A gay tale of downtrodden parents and a bold rebellion

By
WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY STUART HAY

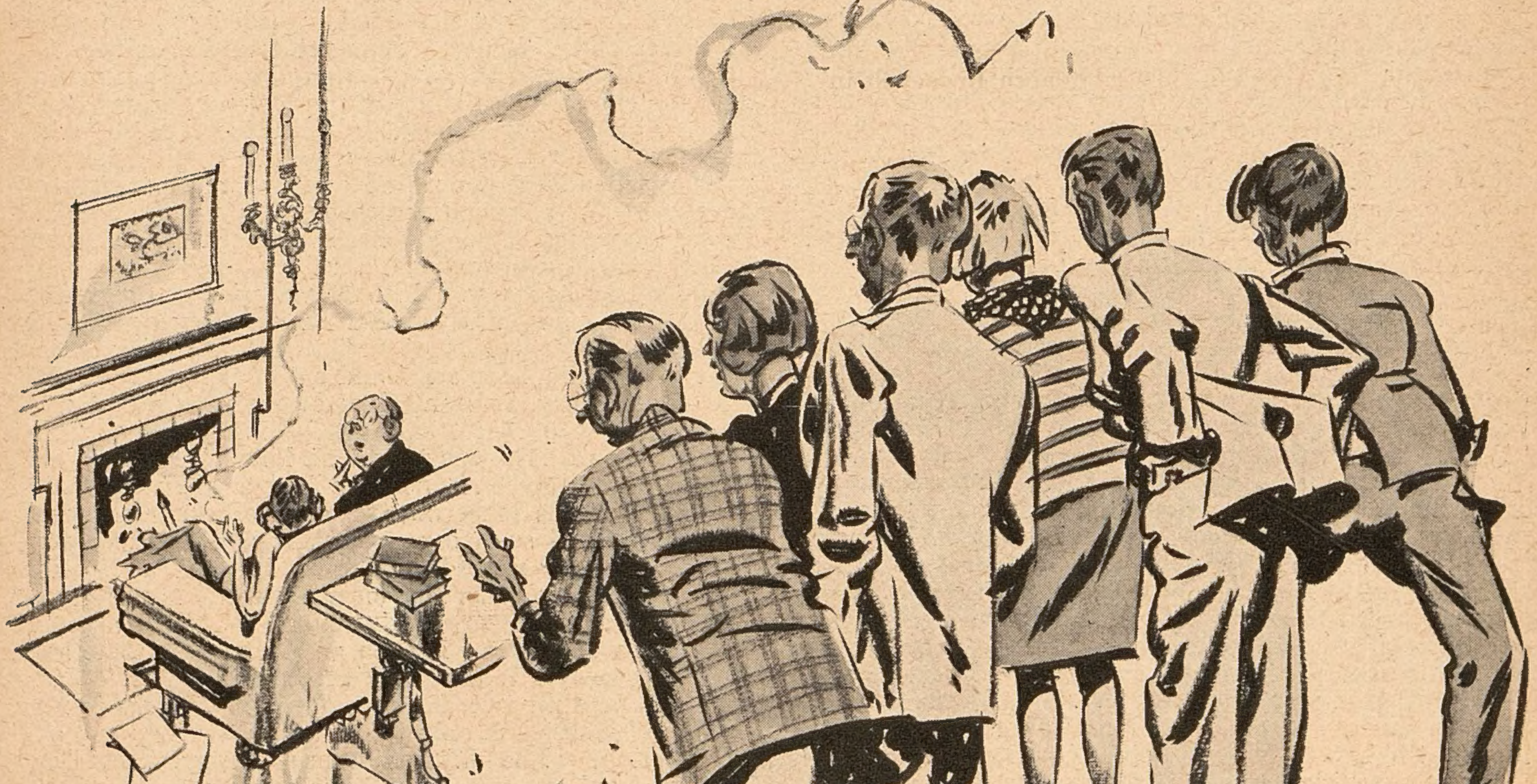
ONCE there was a man named Burnham Wicks. He was the middle Wicks in the brokerage firm of Wicks, Bindenkamp, Wicks & Wicks. His wife had been dead ten years and he had a daughter named Dot who managed him. She was eighteen and she realized that at forty-two her father was practically senile and had to be looked after.

Well every summer Mr. Wicks opened the old family house in Oteseraga and he spent most of the summer there. It was a large comfortable house just outside of town on the lake. At least it had been comfortable until Dot had decided to modernize it. She even replaced his comfortable study chair with a contraption covered with zebra hide. It was so low that his nose barely came to the edge of his desk.

Well one evening Mr. Wicks was sitting in the zebra chair trying to read a book about the Supreme Court but the zebra stripes distracted him and he put the book down and said This will never do, I guess I will go see Mary. And just then Dot came in and said "Dad I'm going to drive Jane and Elmer and Rodney out to Grasslands." "Well but I was going to use the car myself," said Mr. Wicks. "O Dad" said Dot "you're not going over to see Mrs. Colton? O I wish you wouldn't. You've been there three nights this week and you know how people in this town talk. I—well I hate to have people snickering like they did about Mr. Orcutt last year when he got married." "Old man Orcutt is eighty-four" said Mr. Wicks flushing slightly. Dot said "*I* know you aren't like Mr. Orcutt and you don't have to have a nurse or anything. But it's what *other* people will say. Don't you see?" "Well for Pete's sake!" said Mr. Wicks. "And of course I know" Dot went on "that you and Mrs. Colton are just friends because—well anyway I don't want people to misunder*stand*."

Mr. Wicks shouted "Why you darned little idiot!" And she said "Now please Dad don't be angry. It's just—well I guess sometimes I see things you don't and I'm just trying to *show* you—" "How to live" said Mr. Wicks wearily. "Yes I know."

"And you don't mind the car really do you?" said Dot "because it's only half a mile to Mrs. Colton's and you really need the exercise. You mustn't get a tummy."



"Well for Pete's sake!" said Roger Graves. "Sitting in the dark?" Mr. Wicks blinked around at his friends.

"A tummy!" murmured Mr. Wicks when she had gone. "And to think I should have sired this monster!" And he got up and gave the zebra chair a good boot in the ribs.

Well this Mrs. Colton was a childhood friend of Mr. Wicks whose husband had been a lawyer. He was still a lawyer but no longer Mrs. Colton's husband owing to a penchant for taking a more passionate interest in the affairs of pretty clients than was legally necessary. Mrs. Colton was the slim soignée type that stays thirty for thirty years. Though as the mother of a seventeen-year-old son considered by Dot too middle-aged to have any claim to grace of face or form.

Well Mr. Wicks had on his dinner jacket and when Mrs. Colton saw him she said "Good heavens Burnham! All this splendor for me?" "Well not exactly" said Mr. Wicks. "Dot likes me to dress for dinner and somehow it seems easier than to bear her reproaches. She feels I think that it gives a sort of baronial air if you know what I mean." "I do indeed" said Mrs. Colton. "It's a form of ancestor worship in them. I suffer from it myself. They have to bedeck the idols." "Yes" said Mr. Wicks "I suppose we're the ancestors. The children look after all practical matters for us now." "I think you need a drink" said Mrs. Colton, and then she paused and said "O dear we'd better wait until Marshall goes out. He doesn't approve of debauchery in the aged."

"O sorry mother" said Marshall coming in. "I didn't know you had company." And he looked disapprovingly at Mr. Wicks. "Hello Marshall" said Mr. Wicks and Marshall shook hands limply and turned to his mother and said something in a low voice and Mrs. Colton's eyes narrowed and she said "That'll do Marshall" and the boy shrugged and went out. And Mrs. Colton went over and put her arms around Mr. Wicks and kissed him and said "Sometimes I envy those animals—lions is it?—who devour their young. Do you know what he said?" "I can guess" said Mr. Wicks "but please don't tell me. I've had about enough tonight myself. Come on Mary—let's elope."

But Mrs. Colton said no that wouldn't do. "But" she said "let's go out and do something." Well Dot and Marshall had taken both cars so wherever they went they would have to walk so they went down to the movies.

Well the feature had just about got started when there was a sort of a disturbance behind them and Mr. Wicks turned and saw it was his friend Roger Graves with his wife and two children. Mr. Graves was trying to quell his offspring who insisted that the picture was dumb and why stay? "Because we want to" said Mr. Graves firmly. But finally the Graveses left. "The worst of it is that it *is* dumb" said Mr. Wicks. "Shall we go Mary?" So they left too and caught up with the Graveses outside and accepted an invitation to play bridge.

BUT the game was not much good for the Graves offspring breathed down their necks and advised and turned on the radio and danced. "I'm sorry" said Mr. Graves "but after all it's their home and we can't just lock them down cellar." "I know" said Mr. Wicks. "Don't I know! Just the same" he said "this idea that it's the young that sacrifice their lives to their parents is the bunk. We're so anxious not to sacrifice them and to let 'em have lives of their own that we let 'em have ours too." "You're darned right" said Mr. Graves. "Look at Bill Forrest. He wants to pull out with a million and a half and retire and collect—what is it he collects Sybil?—But his kids tell him they'd be ashamed of a father who just sat around the house all the time. So he keeps on at something he never liked anyway." "We ought to organize a parents' strike" said Mrs. Colton. "We demand the right to live. Down with child domination."

Well the beginnings of a plan began to glimmer in Mr. Wicks' mind. And three days later he sent out invitations to fifteen local parents to dine with him. There were the Graveses and Mrs. Colton and the Forrests, and Mrs. Hubbell whose children had goaded her into a cocktail gaiety of life for which she had no taste by raising the cry of Victorianism whenever she acted natural, and the Pratts whose son explained everything to them with diagrams, and the Jewells who never could finish a sentence in their own home, and half a dozen others. The purpose of the dinner he stated was to organize a revolt against the tyranny of the young. The parents laughed and accepted.

Well the dinner went off very well and after youthful spies had been nosed out behind a sideboard and ejected Mr. Wicks made a speech. It was a good speech and floridly revolutionary, with many references to the base misuse of power by the usurpers who have seized it, and the need for an uprising against them. "Look into your hearts, you mothers and fathers" he said "and tell me—are you living the life you want to? Are you eating the food, wearing the clothes, playing the games you want to? Do you Bill Forrest like the lumber business? Do you Amy Hubbell dare to read Charlotte Brontë except behind locked doors? Of course you don't. None of us do. We have turned over our power to our children. We have passed on the torch but we have passed it on too darn soon and they use it to set fire to our coattails."

"Now ladies and gentlemen" he went on "what is this power which they have seized? Well we love our children. We are afraid they won't love us. So we let them do as they please. More, *we* begin to do as they please. If we weren't fond of them we'd very soon put them in solitary confinement. You ask for proof of this? We'd all like to put each other's children in solitary confinement. Now my proposal is simple. I propose that for a short time we exchange children."

WELL Mr. Wicks sat down and let them talk and laugh about his scheme for a while. Then he got up. "You're all getting the wrong slant to this thing" he said. "I'm dead serious about it. I'm serious about wanting to live my own life without conforming to the callow censorship of an eighteen-year-old. Now who's with me?"

Well there was a silence for a minute and then Mr. Graves hit the table and said "I am by gosh!" "So am I" said Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Colton together, and Mrs. Hubbell snapped the long cigarette holder her daughter had given her for Christmas two years ago and said quietly "I'll stick." But the Forrests and the Whipples and a man named Jones who had come because he thought it was some new idea in education excused themselves and left. "And now that we've weeded out the incurables" said Mr. Wicks "we can get down to business."

Well the exchanges of children were made next day. And the children settled down without much fuss. "We like it" said Fritz Hubbell to Mr. Wicks one day when they met on the street. "It's a great thing to shuck off your responsibilities once in a while and be perfectly carefree. For after all it doesn't really make any difference how silly somebody else's father or mother wants to be. It can't really reflect on us."

Mr. Wicks had drawn Bill Graves who was seventeen and at home had always been an unrelieved pest. Mr. Wicks had no intention of curtailing the boy's freedom but he made him keep quiet and out of the way. But Bill was consistently deferential and considerate. "I don't understand you Bill" said Mr. Wicks finally. "You never used to be a gentleman at home." "Well" said Bill "I guess maybe it's because I am a guest here."

Well there was a meeting at the end of the second week. "I haven't had such a comfortable and carefree fortnight in twenty years" said Mrs. Hubbell with whom Dot was staying. She had on a comfortable tweed suit and her eyebrows were beginning to grow out again in the right place. "Dot is such good company" she said. "We're reading Wuthering Heights together." "The kids can certainly take it" murmured Mr. Wicks to Mrs. Colton. "That's the only thing that disturbs me," said Mrs. Colton. "The children seem so happy. That Carol Hubbell is a little angel." "Don't be disturbed by that" said Mr. Wicks. "That's the secret of all great conquerors—to make the conquerees contented with their lot. The test will come when they go home. They may not really have learned much." "But the parents will" said Mrs. Colton.

Mr. Wicks said "Now there's just one point I want to mention. If we get too fond of these children we've taken we're going to do the same

(Continued on page 10)

GENERAL... the name that means BIG MILEAGE QUICKER-STOPS · COMFORT · SMART STYLE

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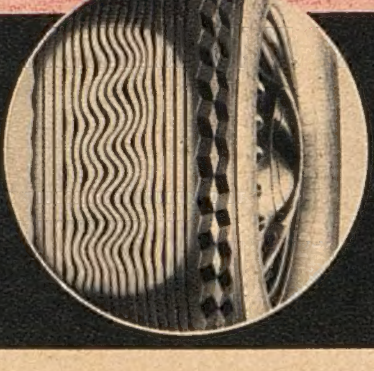


THE GENERAL TIRE

– goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from page 8)

thing we've done with our own children, and that will put us back just where we started. I'm going to suggest that such children as are being got too fond of be redistributed. And I will begin with Bill Graves who is staying with me." So some of the others admitted that their affections were becoming engaged and the names of these children were put in a hat and drawn. Mr. Wicks drew Marshall Colton.

Well Marshall refused flatly to go live with him. Mrs. Colton had sense enough to remain firm and so Marshall sat on his trunk in the Wicks hall and said he was going to see a lawyer. " Go to it " said Mr. Wicks " only I think you'll find you have to live where your mother wants you to." And then he smiled and said " You just can't take it can you Marshall? " " I can too take it " said Marshall " but I don't have to take it from you and I'm not going to." " Suit yourself " said Mr. Wicks and went up to superintend the paper hangers who were stripping the cork from his bedroom walls and replacing it with a rosebud paper.

In about half an hour Marshall came up. " I can too take it Mr. Wicks " he said. " All right " said Mr. Wicks. " Go ahead." " I have " said Marshall. " I took my trunk upstairs. And what time is dinner? " So Mr. Wicks said " Seven " and then he grinned and held out his hand and Marshall shook it and Mr. Wicks said " If you aren't doing anything else come down to the boathouse and help me get the sailboat into the water. I haven't been out in her this year."

BUT most of the time Marshall was pretty sullen. And one evening when he heard Mr. Wicks call up and make a date with his mother he said " I don't see why you should be allowed to go to my house all the time when I can't." " No " said Mr. Wicks " I don't suppose you do. If you did you'd be living at home instead of here." " Whatever that means " said Marshall unpleasantly. " See here Marshall " said Mr. Wicks " I'm not trying to be clever at your expense. I'm merely trying to point out that live and let live is the only basis on which people can get along in the same house together. You haven't been willing to do that with your mother. You want to tell her how she must live. To be specific, you've tried to interfere with her friendship with me." " Friendship! " exclaimed Marshall. " You want her to marry you don't you? " " Yes " said Mr. Wicks " but what business is that of yours? " " Well I'm her son and I don't like you." " I suggest " said Mr. Wicks " that you examine that dislike a little. Do you dislike me personally or because I want your mother to marry me? " " I hate you " he said angrily " because you are a rotten horrid old man." " I ought to smack you for that " said Mr. Wicks. " Yah " said Marshall " you wouldn't dare. I dare you to." So Mr. Wicks smacked him lightly.

" You struck me " said Marshall shrinking theatrically. " I did " said Mr. Wicks. " You will usually find that an uncivilized remark brings an uncivilized retort. However, I apologize. You can smack me back if you want to." But Marshall had dashed out of the house.

When Mr. Wicks reached Mrs. Colton's he found Marshall there. " Marshall says you struck him " said Mrs. Colton. " I did " said Mr. Wicks complacently. " Did he show you the bruise? " " There wasn't any bruise " said Marshall sullenly. " I'm glad you didn't disfigure him " said Mrs. Colton. " Mother! " exclaimed Marshall. " Why Marshall " said Mrs. Colton " I—well I feel differently now. Since Carol has been staying here I've seen how foolish it is to think that people won't like you if you won't let them run you. And I've seen what a different thing one's life can be when it's one's own." " You mean " said Marshall standing in front of her " that you—you don't want me back? " " No darling " said Mrs. Colton drawing him to her " I don't mean that at all." Over his shoulder she raised her eyebrows at Mr. Wicks and he seeped out of the room.

Well by the end of the month although most of the parents had stood firm the children were beginning to break. A number of them had appealed to be taken home on any terms. And finally a committee waited on Mr. Wicks. " Look Mr. Wicks " said Fritz Hubbell " we want to go home." " Ah " said Mr. Wicks " we've tasted freedom and we're not giving it up lightly. But what's your proposition? " " Proposition! " said Sally Graves. " We want to go home." " Unconditionally? " asked Mr. Wicks. " Well not exactly " said Fritz. " You see some of us—" " Now stop right there " said Mr. Wicks. " Our terms are unconditional surrender." " But don't you *want* us back? " said Sally. " O yes " said Mr. Wicks " but we're getting along nicely."

Well the committee looked at him doubtfully and he saw a dreadful feeling of insecurity gnawing at their vitals. " Just why " said Mr. Wicks suddenly " are you so anxious to get home? How about you Fritz? " " O I don't know " said Fritz. " Well it's more comfortable and—and more homelike and we—at home we always have johnnycake for breakfast, and at the—" " Creature comforts " interrupted Mr. Wicks. " Food and the freedom to take the most comfortable chair and—" " No it is not! " said Sally. " I *love* my mother! " " But not enough to stop interfering with her " said Mr. Wicks. " I don't think loving her is interfering with her " said Sally. " The terms are often interchangeable " said Mr. Wicks. " But would johnnycake at breakfast be one of your conditions Fritz? " " O no Mr. Wicks " said Fritz. " I don't make any conditions. But some of us do and we think we ought to stick together. Only it's kind of hard because—well Dot has a condition but she says it's only between her and you and she won't tell what it is." " Well " said Mr. Wicks " I'll talk to Dot. In the meantime we'll just go along as we are."

Well that afternoon Marshall had been out in the sailboat and he was late for dinner. Mr. Wicks didn't say anything. He sat and talked with him while he ate. In his relief at not being scolded Marshall became expansive and finally he said " Gee I'm going to miss that boat when I go home." " If your mother had decided to marry me " said Mr. Wicks " you could have sailed as much as you wanted to." And then as Marshall flushed and looked down at his plate he added " Only of course we've changed our minds about that. When people interfere a lot with what you do, after a while you don't want to do it any more. Haven't you noticed that you don't want to go back home as much as you did? " " I do too! " said Marshall. " I like it here better than I thought I would but I—I love my mother " he brought out truculently. " Well " said Mr. Wicks getting up " I must go write some letters. You can have the car tonight if you want it."

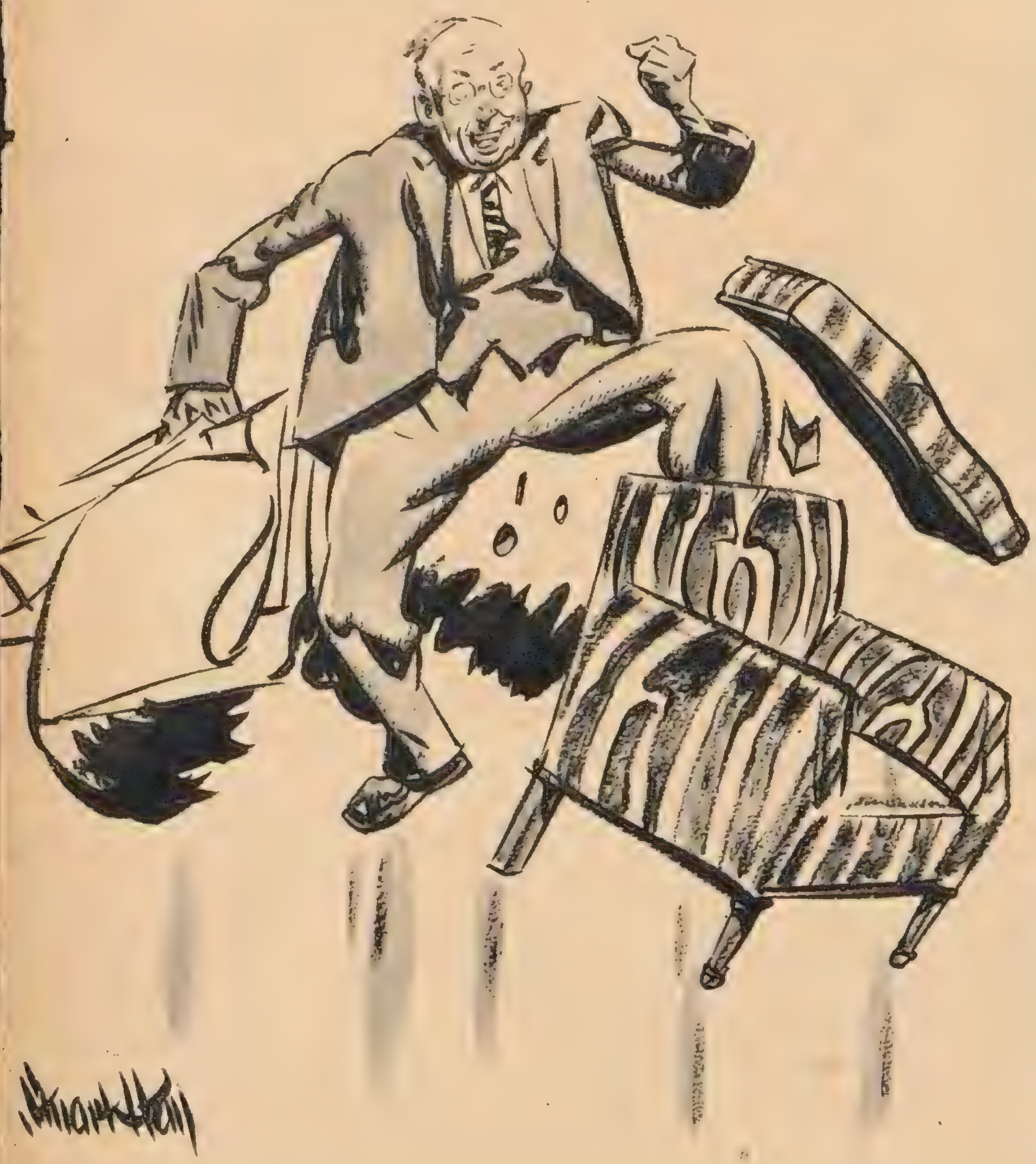
SO Marshall went out and Mr. Wicks called up Dot and asked her to come over. When she came he took her into the study which was now again prewar. " Well Dad " she said " how long is this to go on? " " It's up to you " said Mr. Wicks. " I understand you have some sort of condition attached to coming home. Am I right in thinking it has something to do with Mrs. Colton? " " Well it has! " said Dot. " I think—O well Mrs. Colton is all right. As a matter of fact I like her a lot. I've been there a good deal while Carol was there. But—" " But " said Mr. Wicks " you still think the old man would look silly standing before a minister in a morning coat? Well there doesn't seem much danger of that now." " What? " said Dot. " You mean you don't want to marry her any more? " " It's conceivable isn't it? " said Mr. Wicks " that Mrs. Colton herself might have some objection to marrying such a decrepit and withered object? " " You mean " said Dot flushing " that she—she's turned you down? " Mr. Wicks looked sad and said " Well . . . I suppose that that would make people giggle too."

After a few minutes Dot said " My, it's awfully comfortable here! " And then as Mr. Wicks was silent she said " Older people aren't any different than younger people are they Dad? " " Only older " said Mr. Wicks. Then Dot got up and put her arms around him and said " Dad I want to come home—unconditionally." " Ah " said Mr. Wicks. " And how about the others? " " O " said Dot " they've wanted to for weeks." Mr. Wicks smirked triumphantly over her shoulder at the zebra chair which had been pushed into a dark corner with a Paisley shawl over it.

So the next evening the parents had a victory dinner. But there was one thing they must be prepared for, Mr. Wicks told them, and that was a certain amount of backsliding. He proposed the formation of a permanent committee of the Parents Protective Association which would deal with children who showed signs of again attempting to seize the reins of domestic power.

Well Oteseraga had become a sort of parents' heaven. The movement had spread to other cities and a national organization was being formed, and this too pleased them. Mr. Wicks found that Dot, now that he no longer felt obliged to oppose everything she said, was quite companionable. This made his enforced separation from Mrs. Colton more bearable.

One day he met Marshall on the street and he said "Well Marshall you haven't been around to go sailing since you left. You know you can take the boat out any time we're not using her." "I've been pretty busy" said Marshall dully. "Yes" said Mr. Wicks "I suppose getting back home and everything. Well, any time. How's your mother?" "O she's all right" said Marshall and then all at once he flushed up and said angrily "What do you care how she is?" "Eh?" said Mr. Wicks. "Why I—she hasn't been sick or anything?" "No she hasn't" blurted Marshall "but you act like she was. You act like we had smallpox or something." He darted off.



He got up and gave the zebra chair a boot in the ribs.

The next day Dot stopped in at the Coltons'. "Is Carol around?" she asked. "Why no" said Mrs. Colton "Carol went home last week." "O I forgot" said Dot. "Come in and sit down" said Mrs. Colton.

So Dot sat down and began talking about how nice it was to be home again. "Dad is such a swell person to be with" she said. "I'm sure he is" said Mrs. Colton coldly. "Only sometimes I wonder" said Dot—"I just wonder if anything could have happened to make him feel blue. Why just last night I went into his study—he was sitting there cleaning his revolver—and I said let's go to the movies, and he just smiled sort of sadly and said no he guessed he didn't have any heart for the movies. And that's so unlike him Mrs. Colton." "I don't think your father will shoot himself Dot" said Mrs. Colton. "O *no*" said Dot "I don't either. But it just makes me wish we could cheer him up. And you know what I thought? Well it's his birthday Friday and I thought it would be nice if you would come to dinner and maybe we could."

"That's very thoughtful of you" said Mrs. Colton. "But don't you think he'd prefer to invite his own guests?" "O" said Dot "but I meant as a sort of surprise party for him." But Mrs. Colton shook her head.

"O dear" said Dot. And she thought for a minute and then she said "Well I suppose he'd be mad if I told you this but after all it's more important to—well he carries your picture around in his pocket." "My picture!" said Mrs. Colton. "Yes" said Dot "and don't you see, he *would* want you to come on his birthday only probably he's too proud to ask and—O you will come won't you?" "You're a good child" said Mrs. Colton "and since you ask it—yes I will."

So that night at dinner Dot said "Look Dad Friday's your birthday. Don't you want to ask somebody to dinner or something?" "Why I don't know" said Mr. Wicks. Dot said "I thought maybe—well wouldn't it be nice to ask Mrs. Colton?" "Mrs. Colton?" said Mr. Wicks. "I'm afraid—well under the circumstances she probably wouldn't accept." "O but she would!" Dot exclaimed. "I sort of asked." "You what?" said Mr. Wicks. "Well" said Dot "she accepted." "O well then" said Mr. Wicks disappointedly "nothing to be done. I suppose I shall have to entertain her."

So Friday evening Mrs. Colton came to dinner. They dined alone for Dot said she had an engagement. They both acted rather strained and over-polite. Perhaps because they talked so little they were both aware of a good deal of movement in the house—footsteps that were not those of the servants and a rustling and muttering in the hall. When Marshall's face was plainly visible for a moment at the window neither of them made any comment. After dinner they went into the study for coffee.

"It was nice of you to accept Dot's invitation for tonight Mary" said Mr. Wicks. "It seemed expedient" said Mrs. Colton. "That's all." "There's been an awful lot of rather crude gumshoeing going on today" said Mr. Wicks "and I just wonder—" "I fancy we're being watched" said Mrs. Colton calmly. "Have you read any good books lately?"

Suddenly the lamp went out. "O good lord!" said Mr. Wicks jumping up. "Just a second Mary until I find the switch to the overhead lights. I'll—" "Sit still!" whispered Mrs. Colton sharply. Mr. Wicks subsided doubtfully as the door flew open and a crowd of people came pushing in. Some one said "Hey Dot—they aren't here." "They were" said Dot's voice and then a switch clicked and light dazzled them. "Well for Pete's sake!" said Roger Graves. "Sitting in the dark?"

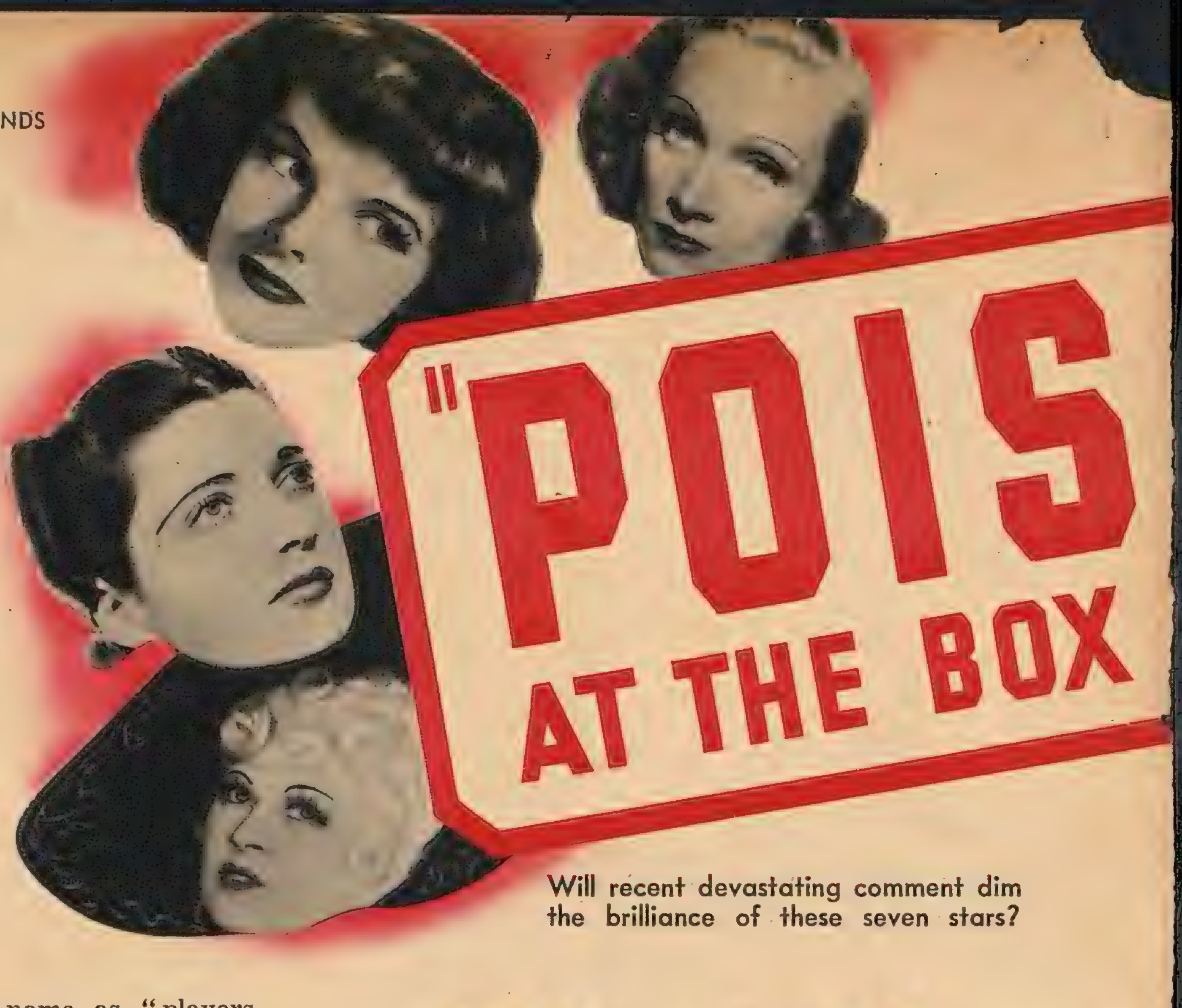
Mr. Wicks blinked around at the faces of his friends. "What in thunder!" he said. "The light went out and now—" "Went out eh?" said Bill Forrest. "All right Burnham. Have it your own way. It's your birthday." "Don't look so flustered Burnham" said Mrs. Hubbell. "Dot told us you might have an announcement to make. So we're sure your intentions are quite honorable." "Yes," said Mr. Wicks sinking down into his chair "but—" "Quiet!" said Mrs. Colton in his ear. "The kids have fixed this to compromise us." And then sweetly to the others: "I didn't think you'd get here so soon."

They swept Mr. Wicks out to the terrace where bottles and glasses glittered on a long table. But as he left the study he noticed a string tied to the electric-lamp cord and disappearing out of the window.

At the table Dot was not in evidence. Mr. Wicks grinned at Mrs. Colton. "We compromise awful easy. Do you think Dot and Marshall will suspect?" "Not they" said Mrs. Colton. "They're too pleased with their own diplomacy." "Well" said Mr. Wicks "I'd better make my announcement. Why, this is practically a shotgun wedding." "A popgun wedding rather" said Mrs. Colton. "But 'twill serve. But the children are *still* interfering. What are you going to do about it now?" "This" said Mr. Wicks and got up. "Ladies and gentlemen" he said—

THE END

"POIS AT THE BOX



Will recent devastating comment dim the brilliance of these seven stars?

What's Wrong

BY RUPERT

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD is earthquake country in more senses than one; but the occasional tremors of the solid ground have never done any real damage beyond shaking nerves, toppling a few chimneys, and furnishing Eastern newspapers, particularly those of Florida, with excuses for wildly exaggerated headlines.

A far worse jolt was dealt the town on a bright day of May this year when a full-page advertisement appeared in the morning daily trade paper, The Reporter, and shouted in red ink, "Wake Up! Hollywood Producers." It was signed "Independent Theatre Owners Association, Incorporated."

Producers naturally listen to the theater owner, and were their faces red? They were told in words like the jabs of Joe Louis that most of the stars they had built up into world fame and gladly held under contract at tremendous salaries were really turning multitudes of customers away from the movie theaters.

With merciless virulence five famous stars were mentioned by name as "players whose dramatic ability is unquestioned but whose box-office draw is nil." To this list of "Mae West, Edward Arnold, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn," was added the ominous phrase, "and many, many others," with the charge that "the combined salaries of these stars take millions out of the industry, and millions out of the box office." As an added starter, Kay Francis was selected for two devastating lines; and the only kind word for a producer was a congratulation to Paramount for "buying off Dietrich's contract," since Dietrich, too, was alleged to be "poison at the box office."

Three stars were named favorably, but even these carried a warning growl: "We want the Myrna Loys and Gary Coopers and Sonja Henies, but we want them when we get value, not when they drive people away from the box office."

Few advertisements have ever been read out here with more shock. Hollywood reeled.

Of course, the tallest trees and steeples usually get the lightning, and the higher you are the fewer there are who do not rejoice in any griefs or disasters that may pull you down. I seem to be one of the rare beings on earth who can feel sorrier for a famous or a rich person who is conspicuously humiliated than for a poor unknown who suffers in obscurity; though all human woes are sad enough, God knows. I shuddered at the blow it must have been to those nice people who were so publicly slapped in their faces, their so famous faces.

The earthquake, or starquake, was followed by a hurricane of comments. Many came to the defense of the stars; but far more people joined the chorus against the producers.

Producers almost never get a word of praise. Even when a picture has the startling luck to please both critics and public, credit is rarely bestowed on the producer who selected the stories, the scenarists, directors, stars, supporting cast, and the rest of the army required to make a picture. But when a picture fails, though the star may be harshly criticized, the producer gets most of the discredit for the failure. Like all other employers, producers arouse the hostility of those they employ and those they don't. They incur the enmity of exhibitors, too, whenever they refuse to allow a picture to be shown unless it is booked in advance at a higher price than the exhibitor wants to pay.

And you, when you are lured to the movie house by the extravagant promises of the advertising, and then are bored by the picture for which you have paid in advance—you also have a grudge against the producer.

So you might say that nobody loves a producer. If he gives you what you want—a job, perhaps, or a pleasant evening in a theater—he is only doing his duty. If he doesn't, he is a brute, a swindler.

I have known a great number of the producers of all sorts of wares—grand operas, plays, books, boxing matches, political campaigns, and whatnot. And I must say that their occasional splurges of grandeur, of haughtiness and of self-satisfaction, are really only the disguises of an inferiority complex. The typical producer is a scared creature, a Little Red Ridinghood faltering through a great pathless forest with a basket of goodies for Granny Public, knowing from cruel experience that the Public may have vanished and Granny may turn out to be a wolf.

The worst of this famous full-page advertisement attacking the stars was that it came at a time when Hollywood was almost prostrated with the business recession and plucking at the sheets in an effort to get up and get started on the production for next season of a long list of much-needed pictures, in whose success these very stars were counted on to play a vital part.

In hard times the movies have usually been the last to be hit, since they have almost ceased to be a luxury and become a necessity. Particularly in times of public woe, when jobless millions sit around the house all day with nothing to do, the movies have furnished high spiritual refreshment at a low price. While they could raise the cash, nearly the whole population has been hieing itself to the magic grottoes where for a few dimes it could revel in gales of laughter, chills of adven-

From the inside— Here are the surprising facts behind the storm that struck when

ON
OFFICE?"

in Hollywood?

HUGHES

ture, heart-warming romance, and the comfort of vicarious tears.

Then American business hit bottom such a blow that the bottom fell out. Suddenly the vast movie public, impoverished even of petty cash, began to stay away from the picture houses with wonderful self-denial. Certain bankers were attacked by deafness and the icy eye. With attendance fallen off largely, and exhibitors paralyzed, the producers simply had to cut down production, dismiss multitudes of idle workers, refuse to renew contracts that expired, take up no options, and, in many cases, close the studios altogether on various pretexts.

The costs of manufacturing pictures had risen to almost impossible heights, too. Two million dollars for one picture was nothing unusual. Ruinous rivalry was partly to blame, and there was terrific waste through delays in making decisions, and unmaking them, and endless revisions. Also labor went up in price, hours went down, and conditions were made onerous and costly. Colossal pictures can only bring in profits during times of great prosperity. The moment the public found itself poor and afraid, disaster was inevitable for many studios, hard times for all.

Now the demands of next season's market are forcing the resumption of work; but this resumption is complicated by the gigantic increase in labor power which of late has put the employer up against the wall in every industry—in none more than in the movies, which employ almost every known kind of labor. "Professional" men and women and "artists" who would once have resented it if you called them "laborers" suddenly grew proud to give themselves that omnipotent name. They not only organized into unions but affiliated themselves with labor unions old and new.

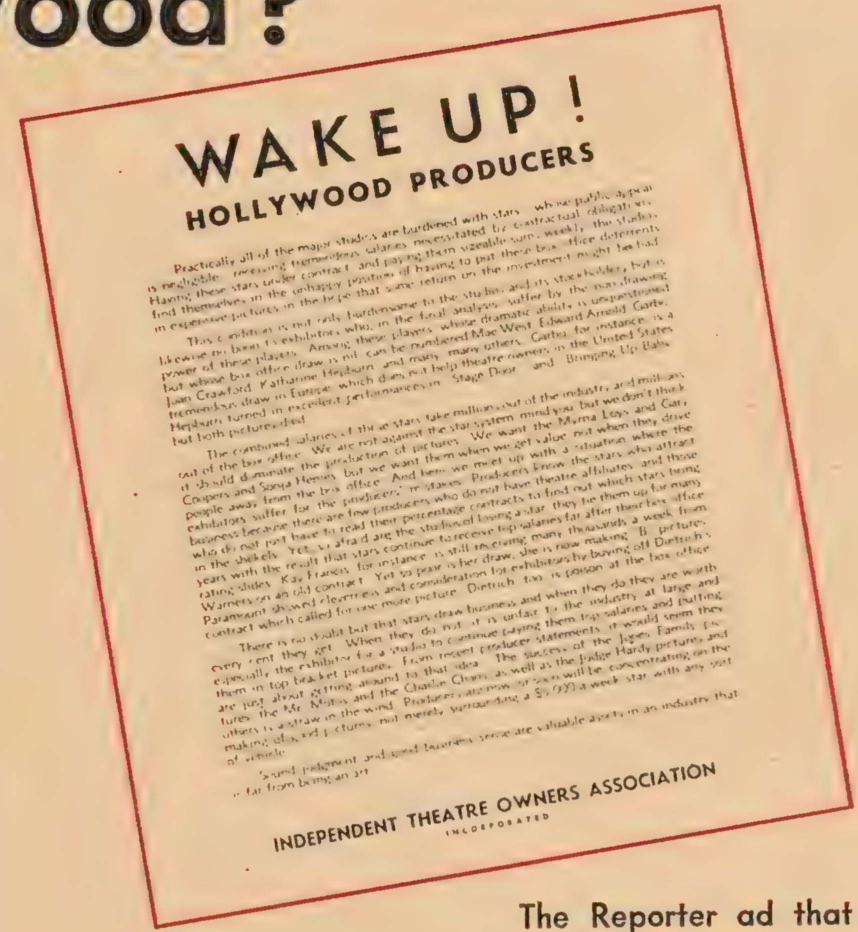
Organization is legitimate in a free country, of course, and necessary for self-defense as well as for profit; but power breeds greed and tyranny and instills a pride that will not yield even for selfish reasons. So we find today nearly every kind of labor refusing to consider a cut in wages and preferring not to work at all rather than to share the recession with the employers. At a time when there are at least a dozen million people unemployed, John L. Lewis not only denounces any attempt to decrease wage rates, but demands that they be put higher, higher!

The National Labor Relations Board has been interpreting the Wagner Act as tantamount to constituting it a plenipotentiary Supreme Court. And the Board seems to be sympathetic to the ambitions and the woes of everybody except the bearer of that criminal title, "employer."

In the bad old days the employer was often a slave driver; now it is the employee who is the slave driver. Furthermore, under the New Deal, giving a man a job amounts to giving him a mortgage on your plant. Jobs are no longer tenable during good behavior only; they are for life, no matter how bad the behavior. The drunkard and the saboteur are harder to fire than anybody else.

Today every laborer might say: "The minute you give me a job you become the servant of me and my pals, the NLRB. If you fire me I will sit down in your shop, keep you out. If you get snooty, I'll wreck your plant and the business you built up. And you'd better keep me busy on my own terms; for if you don't I'll sue you for all the time you left me unemployed."

There is today hardly one group contributing to motion pictures that is not organized, and most of the groups are appealing to the NLRB to force the producers to deal with them on their own terms.



WAKE UP!

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS

INDEPENDENT THEATRE OWNERS ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED

The Reporter ad that caused the starquake.

Actors whose salaries make bankers look like tramps; authors whose salaries run as high as $3,500 a week; directors who rate still higher—they are all organized into labor unions, and demanding a closed shop with dictatorial powers as to wages, hours, conditions, and overtime. When the producer has ended a long day producing, he can count on a few evenings a week in conferences with his own desperate associates or with committees from one or more of his innumerable fields of endeavor.

That is merely the internal condition. While the industry is tied up in colic after colic, outsiders are beating the life out of it, and professional moralists are heaping on it the vilest names they can think of.

Since pictures began they have been accused of inventing crime of every sort. Boards of censorship were set up everywhere, and stupid political appointees earning salaries they could never

a printer's-ink bolt from the blue hit some famous stars otherwise have hoped for wrecked plot and logic on the idiotic theory that they could cut out what was harmful. In vast combinations the saviors of mankind worked up huge boycotts against pictures, picture people, and picture plots.

A recent onslaught on the movies by a Supreme Court judge of Maryland is simply the latest of many such instances. He shouted:

"When the decent women of America become aroused, unless conditions change, both the Hollywood producers and the chain rackets of consumers will be swept away. And deservedly so. God speed the day of the deluge."

The deluge never comes, but the drought of hard times does; and times are very dry today in the movies.

The manufacturers of steel, automobiles, shoes, clothes, the elemental necessities, all have suffered terrific losses, too; but they at least have a fair idea of what the public wants and what the customers can and will pay. Their raw material is something defined. Inspectors can tell whether or not the product is good.

In the motion pictures, however, there is no known way of testing the product till it is finished and delivered. The public whim is the final test.

In the struggle to turn out something to tickle the behemoth's fancy, the directors, actors, and others are organized into unions. The output of these people resembles in no way whatever the standardized, uniform staples turned out by the laborers on any other commodity. Yet the geniuses demand all the privileges of a labor union and all the privileges and pay of geniuses. It is confusing.

Then the market! The public! An obscure actress, a cheap B picture sells like wildfire. A vast scholarly, artistic, enormously expensive masterpiece dies the death. The public takes tons of the same old bolts of hokum. Then it refuses to touch them. It stampedes toward some new star, a Deanna Durbin, a Shirley Temple, a Charlie McCarthy (*né* Edgar Bergen), and flocks away from an old favorite.

There is simply no telling. The only way to provide the public with what it will buy is to offer it a great variety. That is enormously costly, and appalling waste is inevitable.

AMONG all the ways of getting a big public, the star system has succeeded most often. When it fails it is sickening, but there is no other device so enticing.

So the producer builds the star in every known way, and finds or adapts vehicles for him or her. This is not easy. It brings on new complications. The star's name brings in business. Therefore the star demands, and receives, bigger and bigger money. To keep a new star from wrecking the plant with exorbitant demands or from deserting to a rival camp, the producer puts him or her under a long-term contract.

Sometimes this turns out to be good business. Sometimes the star's popularity dies suddenly. How is the producer to know? He cannot. Only the critics know, and they never tell him till afterward, and by then he knows it as well as they do.

The picture producer has to be a gambler. The only way he can make the big money essential to continued activity is to risk big money and to take the abuse when he fails.

On my first visit to Hollywood, I traveled with a banker who said: "I'm going out there to try to put some common business sense into the heads of the producers. They don't seem to have the simplest ideas of making budgets and sticking to them."

Two weeks later he told me: "I marvel at the economy and efficiency of these people. They have nothing to learn from us bankers."

Yet the wisdom of the wisest looks foolish when the earthquakes come. This enormous universal business collapse—we don't call it a "depression," we euphemize it as a "recession"—has suddenly increased the unemployed millions to as great a number as was reached gradually during the country's earlier depression. But now the workers are organized, and their leaders, warring with one another, grow more exacting and more defiant than ever. The lower the business barometer falls, the higher the wages must go. It is very puzzling. Everybody is starving, but hardly anybody will work at what jobs there are. The labor unions are more jealous of each other and more vicious than prima donnas in the grand old grand-opera days.

Just as in Hitleria and Mussolinia and Stalindom, the multitudes of workers surrender their liberty to certain absolute despots. They cheer and do as they are told. The world of "industry" is an endless industry in strikes, and half the strikes are of union against union.

The employer is the forgotten man.

The tragically ridiculous conditions in other factories are being repeated in the picture factories. All of the contributors are organized into guilds, and many of the guilds are fighting among themselves. The Actors, Writers, and Directors Guilds have combined to fight the efforts of the IATSE (which is short for the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators of the United States and Canada). The IATSE wants to take over all movie workers in one grand union. For unions to combine against unions or employers is good. But for employers to combine or even to act individually against any union is infamous and cowardly despotism.

The studios have been one of the many Kilkenny clotheslines over which the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. conduct their discussions as to the welfare of the poor workingman. They all appeal to the National Labor Relations Board, and there is a general impression that this Board is sure of only one thing: that the employer is never right and has no rights.

MANY, perhaps most, of the evils of picture production are evils inherent in every human endeavor, every human relation. In times of prosperity they are mitigated by the general sense of well-being. In times of general hardship they are unbearable.

When the public once more has money to spend, it will return to the movie theaters in droves. Given a bit of luck in stories and treatment, the stars who have been so cruelly selected for abuse in the notorious advertisement in The Reporter will ride back into favor and be hailed again as stars in heaven. Say their names over again and realize what each of them has added to the variety and spice of life: Mae West, a very symbol of a certain type of luscious, languorous adventuress; Edward Arnold, the burly, breezy, jovial, dauntless capitalist or pioneer, a marvelous reader of lines, a whirlwind of power; Garbo, a weird, haunting, haunted figure whose name has become a universal word; Joan Crawford, the great-eyed indomitable girl against the world; Katharine Hepburn, the heady, headstrong nonconformist; Kay Francis, a Grecian Juno come to life and striding magnificently through difficulties and breaking shackles as she goes; Marlene Dietrich, the moody, beautiful beauty brooding over her woes and her loves. How much poorer this world of ours would be if any of these had never illuminated the screen or should never again move across it!

There is no denying that there is a vast amount of inefficiency, chicanery, dishonesty, stupidity, and poverty of inspiration among the producers. But so there is among all the other branches of human activity.

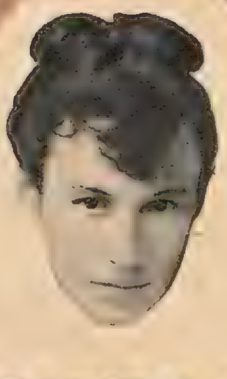
For the present harrowing moment in time, the chief trouble with the picture business is that nobody is minding his own business and the making of pictures is a side issue. If the authors would quit organizing and auth; if the actors would make acting their main concern in life; if the directors would direct productions instead of producers; if the technicians would devote themselves to their various arts and inventions; if the producers were allowed to produce; if the bosses would boss and the workers would work, perhaps the public would come out of hiding and pour into the picture houses again. Then the stars could shine once more and not be blamed for the dark fog that obscures their effulgences.

Everybody admits that "there is nothing the matter with the movies that good pictures will not cure." But how are good pictures to be made when they are the last things that the picture makers are trying to make?

THE END

Men's CRAZY Clothes

Sterner sex, rally round! A daring arbiter of style challenges your freedom!



BY ELIZABETH HAWES

Author of Fashion Is Spinach

READING TIME

9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"HAVE you any new neckties?" asked the lady as she sauntered toward the street door.

The lady had just finished ordering herself a simple little evening dress. Her husband would ultimately tell her she looked lovely in it—and pay the bill, $275. She would look lovely in the dress. She would probably even look $275 worth of lovely.

"We haven't any new ties but we have some really wonderful suspenders," said the salesgirl, hastily hauling some red-white-and-blue evening suspenders from a drawer. "Look at what they're made of, trimmed with eagles. Aren't they divine?"

"Superlative," said the lady. "Bill will adore them. I'll have a pair. Can you send them before six tonight? By the way, how much are they?"

"Twelve fifty," said the salesgirl.

"Is that all?" murmured the lady. "Be sure to send the bill to me personally."

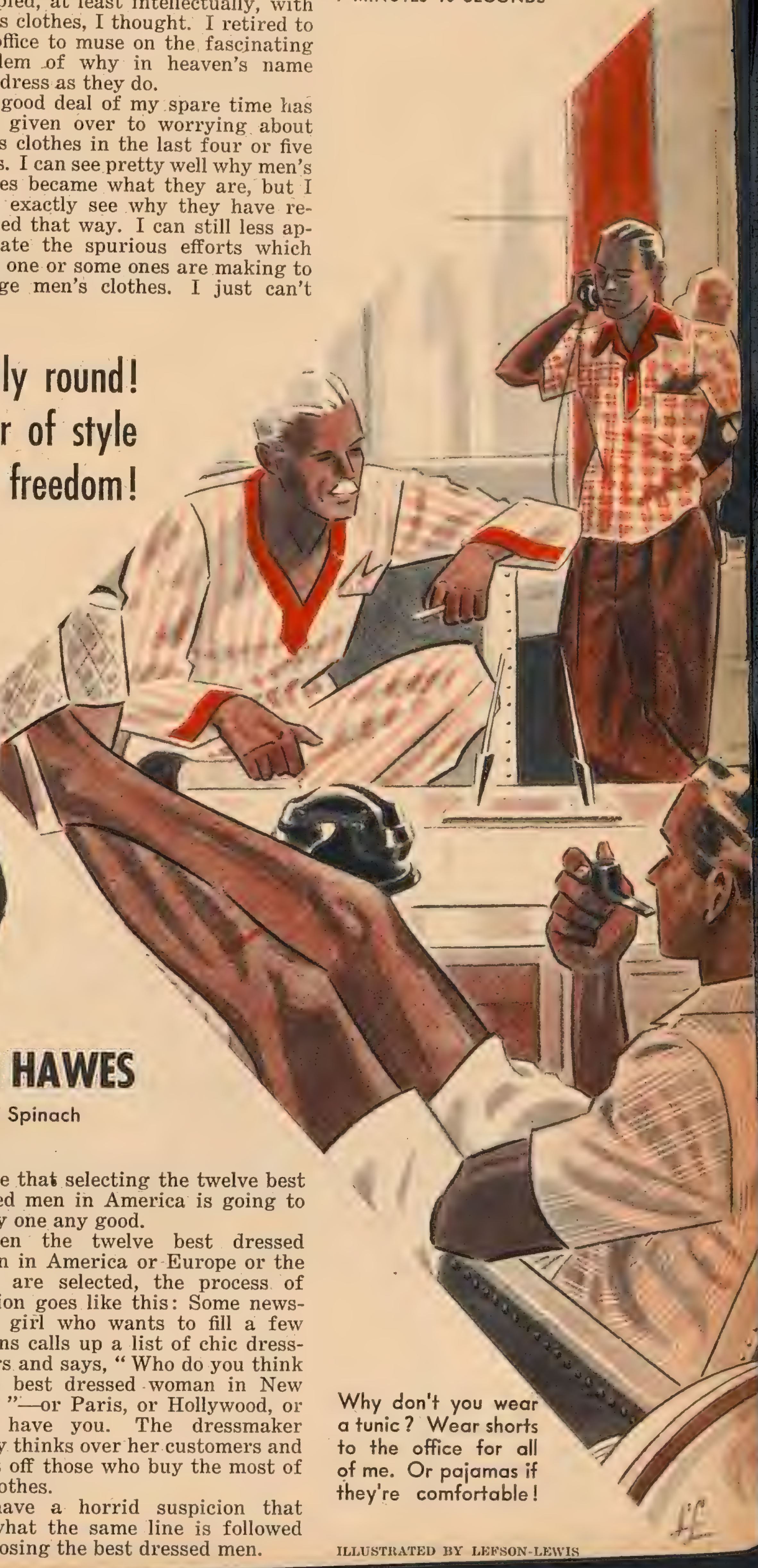
It was a very thoughtful lady. Her husband liked her to dress well and she liked him to. She often got him some little thing and even remembered to pay for it herself. She reflected that the suspenders she had gotten to go with her own rust suit cost eighteen fifty. Funny thing men's clothes are always so cheap, she reflected, hopping into a taxi. Funny thing most men seem to think twelve fifty is a lot for suspenders, reflected the salesgirl.

Funny thing more women don't get things for their men, I reflected, as I went back upstairs. Funny thing so many women's designers get preoccupied, at least intellectually, with men's clothes, I thought. I retired to my office to muse on the fascinating problem of why in heaven's name men dress as they do.

A good deal of my spare time has been given over to worrying about men's clothes in the last four or five years. I can see pretty well why men's clothes became what they are, but I can't exactly see why they have remained that way. I can still less appreciate the spurious efforts which some one or some ones are making to change men's clothes. I just can't believe that selecting the twelve best dressed men in America is going to do any one any good.

When the twelve best dressed women in America or Europe or the world are selected, the process of selection goes like this: Some newspaper girl who wants to fill a few columns calls up a list of chic dressmakers and says, "Who do you think is the best dressed woman in New York?"—or Paris, or Hollywood, or what have you. The dressmaker hastily thinks over her customers and names off those who buy the most of her clothes.

I have a horrid suspicion that somewhat the same line is followed in choosing the best dressed men.



Why don't you wear a tunic? Wear shorts to the office for all of me. Or pajamas if they're comfortable!

ILLUSTRATED BY LEFSON-LEWIS

Mr. Lewis Gannett, who kindly reviewed a book of mine in the Herald Tribune recently, said he'd restrained himself with difficulty from writing his entire column on men's clothes, my ideas, and, I suppose, his. My ideas on men's clothes took up one and one half chapters out of about twenty. They created far more controversy than my frank statements about eighteen-odd branches of the women's fashion business.

If there weren't some sort of problem about men's clothes, one wouldn't be able to start a fight by just mentioning the subject.

How did men's clothes come to be as they are? Long ago, before the industrial revolution, there were gentlemen of real leisure, such as kings and nobles, there were lots of soldiers, and there were all the rest of the male population who worked.

The kingly class had wonderful, colorful, impractical clothes, even more wonderful and more impractical than some of our ladies' clothes today. They could even wear high heels because they didn't have to walk about much.

The soldiers had uniforms which were functional enough to make fighting possible. I think we can assume that the kind of clothing worn by the fighter was, is, and will always be pretty routine.

Besides the kings and their armies, we had, even before the industrial revolution, the poor, who are still with us. What they wore didn't count, and doesn't now.

The change from satin and ermine for the successful male came about with the advent of machines. There rose up a powerful group technically known as the bourgeoisie, who had no time for ruffles and satin pants. They wanted good practical clothes so they could get about fast and make big deals.

It took them a century or so to make the changes complete, but the early business men, the overthrowers of the kings, finally emerged into the nineteenth-century male success. His clothes became dark, not easily dirtied. He hung on to his white shirt, perhaps because it was a mark of distinction to be able to have a white shirt, but he removed the ruffles and, along with them, the soft collar. Why did he take to that starched neckwear and have it cut so high it tickled his ears? Why did he adopt and stick to those starched cuffs? Your guess is as good as mine.

At any rate, there is your grandfather, a fine upstanding man in his square-toes shoes—high shoes, of course. He built up our country and it was quite a job. Maybe he left you a little, or a lot, of what he earned, in cash. He certainly left a lot of other things. A "high" and "moral" approach to life went with his high collar. He hid himself and many of his feelings in his shapeless garments. But you are allowed, are you not, gentlemen, in the year 1938, to have broad shoulders and thin hips?

YOU are allowed, if you like it, to keep up the so-called masculine traditions in your lives and in your clothes. You're doing it, boys, in your own way—and more power to you. You have kept some of what grandfather left you, and you have changed some of it.

You have discarded the stiff collar. That is, you have partially discarded it. The nineteenth-century stiff collar has almost disappeared, except, of course, in the evening. I don't care to get into any more arguments about that. Most of the men I know prefer not to dress in the evening, and I think I know why, and I'm on their side. I can't help it if opening nights at the theater are not gala very often. I don't see why any human being should sit in an uncomfortable chair for three hours and have to remain immovable behind a stiff shirt front.

We ladies have arranged our lives so we can lounge at any hour of the day or night in any sort of chair. For some reason, we do not feel the need of extra support around our middles or necks or any other place. Our spines are becoming quite strong enough to support us through the ordeal of any dinner party. If you gentlemen want breastplates and extra bits of starch about the neck, have them.

But your grandfather's high shoe is gone. That's quite a step toward comfort. There is that little matter of how much a shoe weighs still to be debated. Men's shoes must weigh at least five times what women's shoes weigh, size for size. Are the gentlemen afraid that they will float away into another world?

Yes, I know you are very big and heavy and you walk a great deal and you want good substantial shoes which don't wear out. But listen. I have a pair of reverse calf shoes, flat-heeled country shoes. I've had them four years and worn them and worn them and worn them and I can't wear them out. I weigh 110 pounds and my shoes weigh half a pound. And you certainly don't weigh more than 220 pounds and your shoes just like mine weigh three pounds. Is there any logic in that?

You have lightened your clothes since grandfather's day, so now you have very light-weight wool suits in the summer; six ounces to the pound they weigh, or something like that. That's a big advance. Your wife is whipping around Fifth Avenue in July in some little silk number which weighs about one ounce to the pound.

In winter you keep saying you wouldn't be warm enough without your vest and suit coat and overcoat; but how do you know, when you have never tried anything else?

WHY have you kept the collar and tie? Mostly you tell me that men have ugly necks and must hide them. You always look very virtuous and noble when you say that. Why have your necks become attractive in the country and remained so ugly that they have to be covered in the city? Why, in the last few years, has it become quite correct to wear open-necked zipper shirts in the country, if you are so unattractive in them? Don't you see more of the other sex in the country than in the city?

And if you think you're such sorry sights, why have you given up grandfather's bathing suit, which covered you quite thoroughly? You're all busy flaunting yourselves about the beaches of the United States clad in minute bathing trunks which seem much more sensible than almost any other kind of clothes you wear. You appear to think so yourselves. Those of you who are well built look very attractive on the beach and you know it.

I think it would be a good thing to let the aesthetic angle go by the board. Men are supposed to be logical, more logical than women, and a logical approach to clothes leads one mostly up the alley of functionalism. Those somebodies who are making a vociferous effort to do something about men's clothes are going at the aesthetic angle in a big way. Ye gods!

The Prince of Wales has gone and lost his social standing and who's to lead the men's fashions? Who's to sponsor straw hats in the winter and monkey jackets for full dress? Who is going to decide finally whether only gangsters wear navy-blue shirts? Who's to care?

I admire the gentlemen of our country for their ability to resist spurious propaganda, in the field of their own clothes at any rate! But I can't say I admire them for refusing to discuss their clothes. Or for letting their wives have the entire clothing budget for the family. I do not admire them for still resembling their grandfathers so much of the time.

Gentlemen, are you always going on dressing just as you do today? Are you afraid to put on your open-necked zipper shirt in New York for fear you'll be mistaken for the delivery boy? Are you sure you prefer those heavy shoes when the thermometer registers 101? What's keeping you from walking down Wall Street in sandals?

I admire you for telling your wife you won't dress for dinner, but is that very tailored business suit really something to relax in after the day's work?

Did I hear you say you couldn't wear a dark shirt to the office? You know, if you did, it would cut the laundry bills a lot. You can't afford to pay five fifty for a shirt? How much was your wife's last dress? Will she wear it half as long as you do your shirts?

I'm not offering any concrete suggestions, because you'll just slap me down. I ask you why you don't wear a sort of tunic in the summer which hangs outside your pants, and right away you say you'd feel like a fool. Anyway, I say that if you wanted to be comfortable, you could by wearing sports clothes all the time. You could even wear shorts to the office for all of me. Wear pajamas if they're comfortable!

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A WELL-TO-DO family man, whose money represents twenty-five years, more or less, of hard work in business, will spend ungrudged thousands on his daughter's education, on her clothes, amusements, travel opportunities, etc. Yet when she marries a boy her own age, dad expects her young husband to start right in providing her with all the luxuries that took *him* so many years to afford. Few fathers are practical enough to invest anything like as much cash in the security of a daughter's marriage as they have lavished upon her upbringing. . . ."

I'm quoting some ideas expressed to me the other day by Munro Leaf, author of that wise new book: Listen, Little Girl, Before You Come to New York. Mr. Leaf has interesting things to say about subsidized marriage and women at work. He is rather fearful of being considered an authority on such problems—thinks the big-brother job would be a tough one to handle—but I don't see how he can avoid it. He *knows* too much! Here are a few more of his observations:

"Every girl who works in an office should develop her own technique for dodging masculine *passes* without bruising the tender vanities of the men, and making enemies. . . . She may laugh a *proposition* off, or pretend not to understand it, or turn it straight down in a friendly, matter-of-fact way. . . . However she does it, her advantage will always derive from appearing to be a good sport — because all worth-while men are aware of the fact that good sports make good wives. . . ."

Munro Leaf also wrote Ferdinand—the story of the now famous bull that preferred smelling flowers to fighting in bullfights. Introducing Mr. Leaf to her small son, a lady said, "This is Ferdinand's papa." The little boy said, "He can't be. He's got pants on, and bulls' papas don't wear pants."

"Get away! I always rescue Miss Crandall. Don't I, Miss Crandall?"

☆ Can we recognize people we know —even ourselves—just from photographs of our feet, or legs, or bodies? You may be surprised to find how difficult it is. Some young friends of mine are playing a new game based on this notion. They take bathing-suit snapshots of every one; they cut each picture into four pieces—feet, legs, bodies, and heads; then they shuffle the pieces and deal them out like a deck of cards. Write the correct identification on the back of each piece. First player leads a part—any part. Next player tries to match it, and so on. They get some hilarious assemblages. Silly, but fun.

☆ A well known California surgeon exhibits medical movies at his home every Saturday night to private gatherings of doctors and serious-minded friends. Not long ago he invited his crowd to a showing of one of those much discussed baby-birth pictures. The surgeon has a son, newly married to a demure, delicate bride. The young couple attended the show. "If you feel squeamish," said the boy to the girl, "just walk out quietly. Don't disturb father's party. Just get up and tiptoe out." She said she'd do that if necessary. . . . The picture went on the screen, and when it reached its very surgical climax there came a groan from somewhere in the audience, followed by a crash and a bump. The lights were turned on . . . and the surgeon's son was discovered flat on the floor, out cold, with his timid young bride bending over him, working anxiously but quite calmly to revive him.

☆ So you think *women* are the fussiest travelers! . . . I called on Eddie Cantor one recent morning, shortly after his arrival from the West Coast. Just for camping out a few days in New York his equipment included three electric razors, a big sun lamp, a heat cabinet, half a dozen jars of homemade jam, and several loaves of home-baked bread. . . . Eddie's precautions reminded me of a French senator I once knew who always tucked a homemade sandwich in his pocket when he went to a public banquet or an official dinner.

☆ To be intelligently fashionable, we can't know too much about the *history* of fashion. Newest book on the subject is Carrie A. Hall's From Hoopskirts to Nudity. (Published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.)

☆ One of the most popular women of my acquaintance keeps a special memoranda book for *congratulations*. In it she records all birthday dates of relatives and friends. All dates of their wedding anniversaries, dates when their children graduate from school or college, etc., etc. And she never fails to congratulate them by word of mouth, by letter, telephone, or telegram. When a child is born, she congratulates the grandparents as well as the parents. Do you wonder at her popularity?

☆ In husky, hearty Sweden these veal-and-potato meat balls are served as a light snack, but I assure you that we can make a whole dinner of them with buttered noodles and cooked cucumbers. . . . Put 1½ pounds veal two times through meat grinder. Add 4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and diced, and run through grinder again. Slowly stir in 1½ cups milk. Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of mace. Mix well and shape into flat cakes on a floured board. In center of each cake place 1 teaspoon minced parsley and a good dab of butter. Roll up the cakes and shape into round balls.

Brown in the butter; add 1¼ cups rich milk; cover and simmer very gently for 40 minutes. Lift meat balls out. Set aside most of the gravy. Brown 3 tablespoons flour in pan. Put the gravy back in, with ½ cup cream and a sparing squeeze of lemon juice.

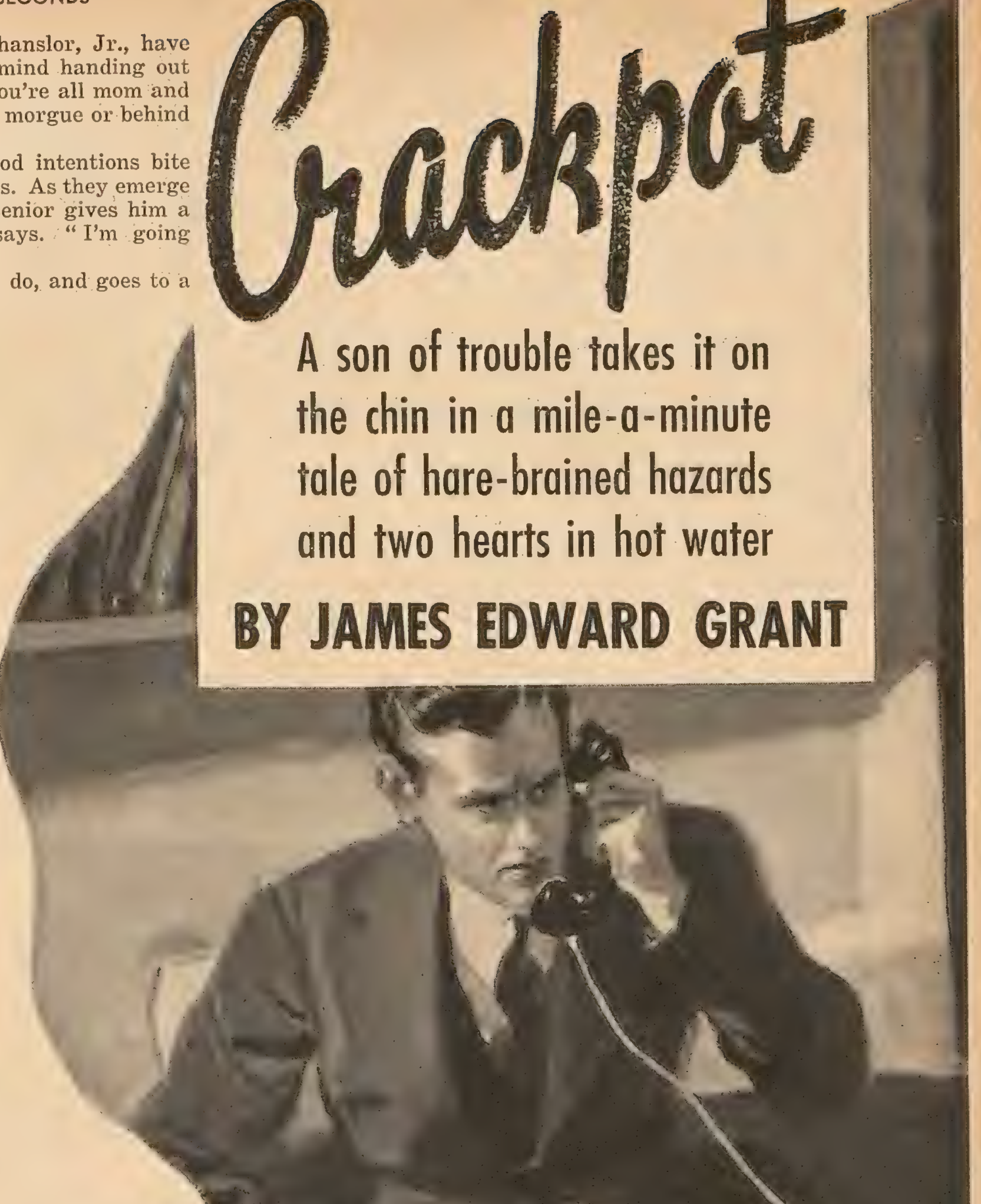
Reheat the meat balls in this sauce and bring to table quickly.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Crackpot

A son of trouble takes it on the chin in a mile-a-minute tale of hare-brained hazards and two hearts in hot water

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT



THE scrapes of John Quincy Adams Chanslor, Jr., have cost his father plenty. Senior doesn't mind handing out the money, but, as he reminds his son, " You're all mom and I have. I don't want you to wind up in the morgue or behind bars."

Johnny promises to reform, but his good intentions bite the dust during a tour of Harlem night clubs. As they emerge from the police court the next morning, Senior gives him a chilling look. " Good-by, crackpot," he says. " I'm going some place quiet and think about you."

Johnny has some thinking of his own to do, and goes to a little restaurant to concentrate over a glass of milk. But a beautiful blonde arrives and upsets his plans. At once he has a vague feeling that he has seen her before. With this—and the obvious fact that she is worried about something—to spur him on, he speaks to her.

Her name is Diana Benton, she says, and she is new to New York. She is fearful because she cannot locate her brother. He has been depressed, and she is afraid he may have committed suicide. Johnny takes her to her brother's apartment in his car.

As they enter, she switches on the light and says, in a voice suddenly hard and sardonic, " Well, boys, there's your sucker." In the room are three men, one puffy and fat, in a dinner jacket, the others burly thugs in livery the same as that of the Chanslor chauffeurs. The fat man has a gun.

" Somebody," says Johnny, preparing to spring, " better tell me what this is."

At that, one of the thugs threatens him with a rubber hose.

PART TWO—FATHER PULLS A FAST ONE

"IT would dismay your father," said the fat man, " if you were injured —maybe even fatally."

Johnny stood still.

" I thought you would show sense, Mr. Chanslor," purred the fat man. " Edwin, you and Mike may sit down. Diana, shove that chair over by the phone. Mr. Chanslor will sit in it."

" Will I? " asked Johnny. " Why? "

" Please, Mr. Chanslor," said the fat man. " It would distress me indeed to see you injured."

Johnny sat down. He looked at the girl. His eyes were blank, emotionless, but she reddened slightly and looked away. He said to the room in general, " Now what? "

The fat man said, " Now what! . . . Odd phrase! ' So long,' ' so what,' ' hi, kid,' ' let's go ' . . . *tsk, tsk,* you Americans are a laconic lot. All is staccato in your life . . ."

Johnny said flatly, " I am being bored."

The fat man's head waggled disapprovingly above the many chins which shook like wattles. The fat lips pursed reprovingly. " Discourtesy solves nothing, Mr. Chanslor. . . . Nor does impatience. I shall instruct you fully. The number of your home shall be dialed on that phone. You will be handed the receiver. . . . At the full length of the wire, of course. When your home answers, you will instruct your chauffeur to deliver your Rolls-Royce town car to this address, to leave it down in front and take away your roadster, thus leaving us in possession of the town car. Clear? "

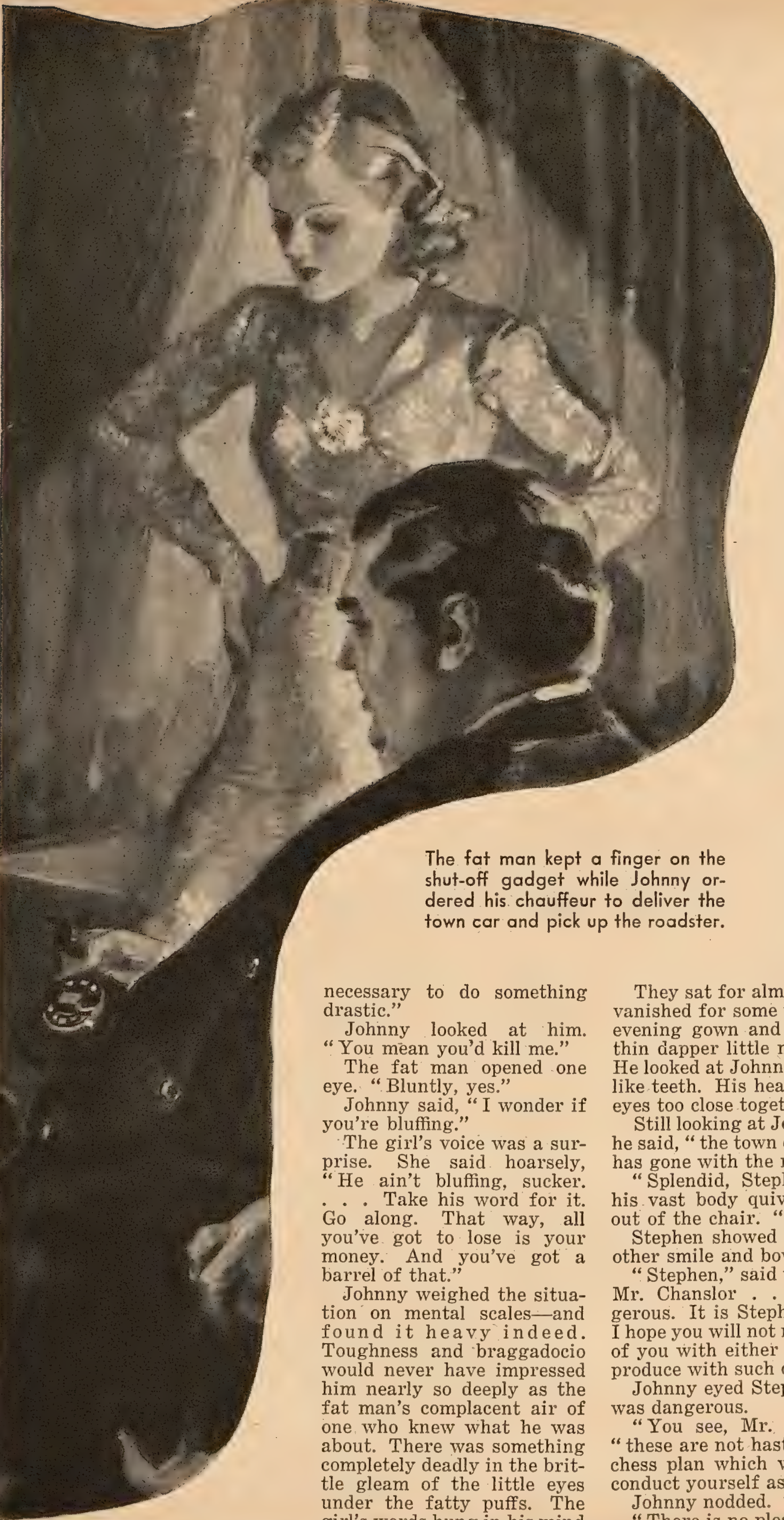
" No," said Johnny. " All this folderol isn't just to swipe a Rolls. . . . You've got another angle."

" I have that." The fat man's eyes were half closed. " I intend utilizing your car—and yourself—to, as you say, swipe something of more value than an automobile."

Johnny said, " Suppose I say no."

" Please don't say no, Mr. Chanslor. . . . I could not possibly release you, having gone this far. It would be

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



The fat man kept a finger on the shut-off gadget while Johnny ordered his chauffeur to deliver the town car and pick up the roadster.

necessary to do something drastic."

Johnny looked at him. "You mean you'd kill me."

The fat man opened one eye. "Bluntly, yes."

Johnny said, "I wonder if you're bluffing."

The girl's voice was a surprise. She said hoarsely, "He ain't bluffing, sucker. . . . Take his word for it. Go along. That way, all you've got to lose is your money. And you've got a barrel of that."

Johnny weighed the situation on mental scales—and found it heavy indeed. Toughness and braggadocio would never have impressed him nearly so deeply as the fat man's complacent air of one who knew what he was about. There was something completely deadly in the brittle gleam of the little eyes under the fatty puffs. The girl's words hung in his mind—"all you've got to lose is your money, sucker." He nodded abruptly, deciding.

"Give me the phone," Johnny said.

Diana stepped forward and dialed the number. She handed the rest of the phone to the fat man and the receiver to Johnny. The fat man kept a wary finger on the shut-off gadget while Johnny ordered his chauffeur to deliver the town car and pick up the roadster. He tossed the receiver back to the fat man.

"Where do we go from here?" Johnny asked.

"In due time," said the fat man soothingly—"in due time. Haste is barbaric. . . . There will be an interval until your car is down in front. Until then let us improve the passing minutes by conversation on some subject of mutual interest. For instance! . . . You saw the Rivera murals before the Rockefellers painted them over?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Too bad, too bad." The fat man was sad. "You have, of course, been to see the Cellini sword hilt in the Fifth Avenue Galleries."

"No," said Johnny.

"Dear me!" clucked the fat man. "You don't get about, do you? . . . Let us search, then, for some other subject. . . . You're a Princeton man?"

"I wonder," said Johnny. "I was a freshman there two different years."

The fat man's headshake expressed a doubt. "That, then, is hardly a subject for ardent discussion. Your hobbies, as I am well aware, having investigated you thoroughly, are sailing and polo. Both leave me cold. So it seems as though there is nothing for us to talk about. We must just sit, each alone with his thoughts."

"I've got plenty," said Johnny grimly.

They sat for almost an hour, during which time Diana vanished for some twenty minutes, to return wearing an evening gown and white fur evening jacket. Finally a thin dapper little man wearing a dinner jacket entered. He looked at Johnny and smiled, to show crooked animal-like teeth. His head was too narrow for its height—the eyes too close together.

Still looking at Johnny, he spoke to the fat man. "Sir," he said, "the town car is down in front and the chauffeur has gone with the roadster."

"Splendid, Stephen, splendid," the fat man purred, his vast body quivering with preparations for getting out of the chair. "Mr. Chanslor, this is Stephen."

Stephen showed the tiny crooked animal teeth in another smile and bowed slightly.

"Stephen," said the fat man, "is small and not robust, Mr. Chanslor . . . but dangerous. Very, very dangerous. It is Stephen's duty to take care of you. . . . I hope you will not make it necessary for him to take care of you with either of the derringers which Stephen can produce with such confounding alacrity."

Johnny eyed Stephen. Looking, he knew that Stephen was dangerous.

"You see, Mr. Chanslor," the fat man purred on, "these are not hastily made plans. You are a pawn in a chess plan which was, oh, so carefully devised. Please conduct yourself as I order. You understand me?"

Johnny nodded. "I don't see any exit," he said.

"There is no pleasant one, Mr. Chanslor," said the fat man. . . . "Let us proceed. . . . Mike! Edwin! Go down and take your proper places in the car."

In the car, Edwin and Mike were respectively chauffeur and footman. Johnny sat in the left-hand back seat, the girl next him, the fat man on the right. Stephen sat in the folding seat facing Johnny. His pale eyes fastened steadily on Johnny and were never once removed.

No directions were given the driver, but he evidently knew where he was going, for he left Manhattan and drove not too rapidly for some forty-five minutes.

"Now," said the fat man, "further instructions, Mr. Chanslor. . . . You will act thusly: This lady is your new fiancée. You wish to introduce her to your Uncle Joseph. Your conversation will all be in accordance with a young man in such a situation."

"I get it," Johnny said. "When we started for Connecticut I was afraid it would be Uncle Joe."

"He will not be injured. To revise the quotation—all he has to lose is some pictures. . . . Yes, your uncle is about to lose his Goyas. Also that fine little Van Ryn I have so long and ardently desired."

"You," said Johnny, "are daffy. Where could you sell the Auvergne Goyas? Every collector knows them."

"Please, Mr. Chanslor." The fat man was pained. "Do not presume to tell me my business. . . . The Goyas will be well placed. . . . Now, sir, the moment approaches. Reflect! Your uncle would much rather lose his pictures, which are well covered by insurance, than mourn for a dead nephew. . . . So please, Mr. Chanslor, stop bracing yourself in readiness to leap at Stephen. It would be suicide. Remember, Stephen has the derringers."

Johnny sat back sullenly.

"Splendid," said the fat man. "Splendid, Mr. Chanslor. . . . Proceed, Edwin."

They drove down a long country road and stopped eventually before the wrought-iron gates of Joseph Auvergne's high-walled estate. Here was a small single-roomed gate-lodge beside the iron gate. Hanlon, the night guard, took one look at the Rolls and let the gates swing open. Then he stood beside the car as it stopped under the arch of the gate and beamed in at Johnny.

EVENING, Mr. Chanslor," he said. "I'll let the house know you're on your way up, sir." He stepped into the masonry cubicle beside the gate and said something into a phone.

When he turned away, it was to face Edwin, who was holding a pistol in an uncompromising manner.

"Turn around," Edwin said quietly.

Hanlon looked toward the car at Johnny.

"Do as he says, Hanlon," Johnny ordered. "It's a hold-up . . . I'm the bait on the hook."

With practiced hands Edwin taped Hanlon, hand and foot, gagged him, and, leaving him face down on the floor, carefully closed the door.

When Edwin had climbed back in the car, they went a mile up a winding drive lined with lombardies, and came eventually to Joseph Auvergne's large Tudor house.

What happened after that Johnny remembered only in brief garbled snatches; scenes not always in sequence. William, the doddering colored butler, opened the door and smiled at him and his party, and asked them to wait for Joseph Auvergne in the small drawing room.

He remembered that, and he remembered his uncle coming into the room—his frail ascetic face, like a death mask save for the bright artist's eyes. He remembered all standing in the center of the room, as if being introduced, while William went for refreshments.

And he could remember the fat man's purring voice in snatches: "Surface appearances are often deceitful, Mr. Auvergne. . . . We are not what we seem—this is a hold-up. . . . You will step, please, to your house phone and instruct your house guard to escort Mr. Chanslor's chauffeur—or what he thinks is Mr. Chanslor's chauffeur—to the garage."

Joseph Auvergne had listened and followed instructions, and in a miraculously short time William was tied in a closet and Edwin entered. "The guard's wrapped up like a Christmas turkey," he said.

"And the phones?" The fat man was unctuous.

Edwin spread his fingers like a pair of nippers and made a clipping motion.

"Splendid," said the fat man. . . . "Mr. Auvergne! Escort us, please. First, if you don't mind, to the tiny Van Ryn which graces the study off the library . . . then to the large drawing room for the others."

It was so. . . . First the Van Ryn, then the Goyas. Edwin took them down and handed them to Mike, who took them out to the car. When Mike started out with the last painting, the fat man turned to Joseph Auvergne, who was sitting weakly beside a Regency desk.

"Now, Mr. Auvergne," he said, "the plan calls for yourself and Mr. Chanslor to spend some time locked in the wine cellar. You see, no harm has come to . . . Don't, sir!" . . . His voice ran wheezily up the scale.

For Joseph Auvergne's frail hand had unostentatiously gone into the Regency desk. It had come out holding a pearl-handled revolver.

Before he could point it, Edwin's foot flung out. His shoe struck the old man's elbow and the gun described a flickering parabola. At the same instant, Edwin shot Joseph Auvergne four times in the body.

There was an animal whine in Johnny's throat as he went over the divan. He hit Stephen first—a whipping left hook, meant to kill. Stephen went twenty feet backward, out cold as ice. Edwin whipped around, pointing the pistol; but Johnny buried a right cross, flung low, into the big man's body. Then he knew only a confused sense that Mike came behind him on running feet—then only blackness.

OUT of the blackness—which lasted an indefinite time—came the confused sounds of, first a siren, then heavy excited voices belaboring him. When he finally became reasonably clear of head, it was to find himself face to face with a baldish red-faced man who, despite his plain clothes, wore the label "Policeman."

"Listen," the baldish man said insistently, as he had said before. "Don't keep giving me that con. Who were those yeggs?"

Johnny shook his aching head and tried to recite the events of the evening. Uselessly. His words slid off the negatively wagging head of the baldish man, who interrupted peevishly, "You've said that all before. . . . Keep on saying it and you're going to find my foot in your face. . . . You better spill, kid. You were in a spot for dough, because your old man had shut you off. So you framed with this mob to take your uncle. . . . You never figured shooting in the deal; but they pulled triggers, then tapped you out and left you holding the bag. It's as plain as the lump on your head. . . . You better spill, kid."

"No," said Johnny feebly. "You're nuts."

"There's the guard," said the baldish man implacably. "Hanlon. Between his testimony and the butler's we can almost hang you."

"Hang?" said Johnny, remembering the shots. "Is . . ."

The door to the library opened to admit a middle-aged, tired-looking man carrying a stethoscope.

He spoke to the baldish man. "Dead," he said. "Very dead, lieutenant. Never knew what hit him."

Johnny's insides were melting. "He's dead," he said. "Dead. . . . Why did I let them bring me?"

The doctor took a cigar from the lieutenant's pocket and lit it, meanwhile regarding Johnny with calm, considering eyes. "It's always that way, isn't it, lieutenant?" he observed in a tone of mild scientific interest. "They're always sorry . . . after they're caught."

"Yeah," said the lieutenant. "They always whine for a second guess—after it's over."

"If I had a second guess," said Johnny fervently, "I'd be dead in that apartment. . . . Or further back than that! I'd be home in bed."

The doctor leaned over to look into Johnny's face. "He's cracking up," the doctor said. "I guess he's had enough, lieutenant."

The policeman was laconic. "You're the doctor."

The doctor went to the door and opened it to admit Johnny's father. Johnny stood up and opened his mouth to speak. He closed it immediately; for right behind his father walked Joseph Auvergne, smiling and unharmed. Johnny stared wordlessly.

"Well, crackpot," his father said, "I hope this teaches you something. We went to a lot of trouble to stage it."

Joseph Auvergne smiled at his nephew. "Well, Johnny," he said, "don't you think I'm a good actor?"

"Look out," said the doctor. "There he goes."

The lieutenant broke Johnny's fall by catching him around the middle. They slung him on the leather divan and put smelling salts under his nose.

When he could speak he said, "It was all a gag?"

His father said, "Lesson for Johnny. . . . A corrective treatment for crackpotism."

"The patient," said Johnny, "nearly died of the treatment. I don't know whether to belt you on the lug or to kiss Uncle Joe because he isn't dead." . . .

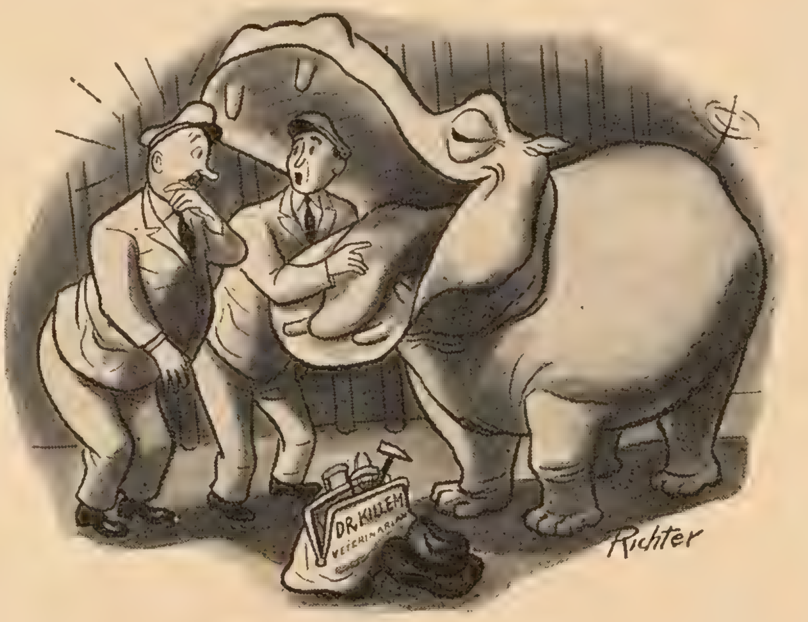
"Rather mixed emotions," said the doctor dryly.

Johnny's father grinned. "Shake hands with Dr. Medigovich . . . and Lieutenant McCarter."

"And the others . . . ?" asked Johnny.

His father opened the door and they all went out into the drawing room, where Stephen lay on a couch, his face nearly covered with ice packs. His pale eyes, though, held no malice.

"Well, Mr. Chanslor," he said, grinning painfully, "I'm plenty glad I was going away when you hit me . . . otherwise I'd have had a broken jaw."



"I'm a bit worried. Doc's been in there over an hour."

Johnny nodded to him and looked toward the fat man.

"Jarvis Huntley," said the fat man, rising and extending his hand.

"Huntley," said Johnny, shaking the hand. "I knew I'd seen you somewhere. . . . You're an actor."

"All of us," Huntley chortled, shaking the red wattles of his many chins. "But I don't believe any of us have ever given such splendid performances."

The girl stood up, smiling. The hard-boiled manner had fallen away from her. Again she was the girl Johnny had first seen; well poised, attractive. "I'm sure I've never given as good a show," she said.

Johnny nodded. "A great show, Miss—uh . . ."

"Benton," she said. "That was right. Diana Benton."

"Well," said Johnny, looking about rather sheepishly, "I feel like the guy who kicked the plug hat which was concealing a brick. . . . I think I will take my chumpish feelings somewhere and be alone with them. Good night, all. Congratulations on a fine performance. Good night, Miss Benton, and I hope we'll meet again."

There was a held-back smile on her face, a hidden chuckle in her voice, as she said, "I hope so. Good night, Sir Lancelot."

Johnny looked at her. "That was a foul blow," he complained humorously. "No need to rub it in. Good night."

Johnny's father and uncle went to the door with him.

Senior said, "Take it the right way, Johnny. . . . I wanted to teach you that things can happen. Things that can't be laughed off."

"I see your angle, J. Q.," Johnny said. "Good night. . . . Good night, Uncle Joe."

MISS DIANA BENTON, coming home, was tired. She had spent the day cruising from agent to agent without success. Dinner at Childs and a movie hadn't rested her any. . . . A job, she decided, was what she needed to fill her full of zip. The five hundred dollars she had received from Mr. Chanslor, Sr., had done no more than cover the bills she had incurred in past workless months.

She entered her one-room apartment, threw her hat on a chair, and sighed in pleasant anticipation of a night's sleep. She lit a floor lamp and crossed to the dressing room. She pulled open the door, and fell straight backward, aghast.

From the floor she looked up breathless at the dead man hanging from the ceiling of her dressing alcove. There was no doubt about his being dead. Every macabre angle of his limbs cried aloud that he was long dead. The head lolled at a horrid angle and she thought she could see his—or its—tongue draped at ungodly length on the sagging cheeks.

She never knew how long she was motionless on the floor. Then she worked her way on hands and knees to the telephone, seized it, and began to reiterate in a hoarse whisper, "Police! . . . Police!"

The instrument was dead, and she thought that she was going to faint when the center light of the room went up. She looked up to see Mr. John Quincy Adams Chanslor, Jr., just stepping from the kitchen alcove. His hand was still on the switch.

"You can hop down now, Mac," he said cheerily.

Her wide eyes watched as the corpse came to life, twisted athletically on the rope, and dropped catlike to the floor. The corpse came out of the alcove, coiling the rope. He was a young man with muscles bulging inside cheap clothes.

Johnny said, "Elbert MacNamara of the Five Flying MacNamaras."

"Glad to meet you, miss," said Elbert. "That all you want, mister?"

"That's all," said Johnny.

"Thanks," said the acrobat. "It was easy dough."

He went away, and Johnny looked at the girl. "Catch on?" he said.

"You're a fiend!"

"You get it," said Johnny. "Now you know how I felt."

Her teeth were chattering. "Have you a cigarette?"

He gave her one and lighted it. She said, after a puff, "You're a poor sport."

Johnny shook his head. "Sauce for the goose," he said. "I had to square up for that gag. Today the story is all over town."

"Your father's the one you should blame."

Johnny nodded. "I sent him a phony bomb in a cigar box. All boom and smoke and no danger. . . . Say, you're still shaking. I didn't mean to go too far. That acrobat made it realistic, didn't he?"

"Too much so," she admitted.

"I didn't mind the gag," said Johnny, "half as much as I did your kidding me along at dinner. . . . You must have got yourself a lot of laughs while I was drooling along about that funny feeling I had about you."

She looked up at him and shook her head. "I wasn't laughing," she told him. "That part was on the level. I did have the funniest sensation when I first saw you."

Johnny frowned. "I wonder what that feeling was," he said puzzledly. "I never felt like that before." He saw that the hand raising the cigarette to her lips was still quivering. He rose, saying, "Maybe I'd better beat it and let you pull yourself together."

She jumped up hastily. "Don't leave me here alone!" she said nervously. "I'm still jittery. . . . Let's go get a cup of coffee across the street."

"Milk," said Johnny. "Say milk and I'm your man. I have absolutely abjured all stimulants. . . . You know, that father of mine really threw a scare into me. From now on, I'm a cautious young man."

She grabbed her hat. "Let's go," she said, "and sit quietly, soothing your caution and my nerves."

Good resolutions, milk, and caution notwithstanding, trouble still snaps at Johnny's heels. There is more mystery and plenty of romance and adventure before the curtain falls on this delightful, delirious drama. Don't miss the final installment in next week's Liberty!

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MICHÈLE

BY VINGIE

Tense, tender, haunting — a tale of the courage that comes with love and the splendor in a woman's soul

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC A. ANDERSON

PATCHE GITEAU, the trapper, was fond of saying that the son he never had had given his soul to the daughter whom the good saints had seen fit to bestow upon him.

"You Gaston, an' you Pete," he would say arrogantly, "you got boys, an' my Michèle she beat 'em h'all. Shoot—swim—drive dog team, Michèle she—"

"That's because her mother was half Indian," they told him flatly, and Giteau's eyes would fill with quick frank tears.

"Dat's so," he would say forlornly, the old grief swift upon him. "My woman, she fine good girl, so kind, so brave— Michèle like her mother—brave—" And about here Giteau would turn away, his bragging done for. And if Michèle was in hearing distance she would come flying and fling young arms around him. Over her shoulder she would regard the others fiercely.

"You leave him alone, m'sieu's," she would cry angrily. "*Ma mère*—she was half good French—as good as you—any of you! Better! There is none so good—no, not in all this post!"

The men would watch her, half smiling, wholly entranced, since it was for just this sight that they baited Giteau. They were neither cruel nor unkind. They liked to see the fire flash from her big dark eyes, her red lips part above her teeth. For, whatever Giteau might say as to her bravery and kindness, they had to admit her claim to beauty—so small and slim, so full of straight-backed grace, so alive in every inch of her young body.

When the factor opened the big room at the trading post for the dances, spring and fall, there was no one who could hold a candle to her. Michèle Giteau was like a flame in tall grass then. Every man jack at Flambeaux Point and those who came down the river fell under her spell at these times. But Michèle played no favorites—a strange matter, since there were many handsome men in the North Woods who offered her their possessions along with their young hearts. They kissed her now and then, as was natural where the blood runs strong; but she shook her black head and laughed like a bird singing, and stayed with Patche Giteau. She was seventeen and a half years old, and able to be wife to any man, to run his house and manage him; but no one of them stirred her heart to a faster beat.

All this until the unfortunate fall when the good factor fell ill of a grave inner sickness and must be taken all the long way to civilization. The new factor, Anders McPhail, came with the first snowfall, running behind the sledge with Pete Savrow when he might have ridden, and Michèle Giteau was the first woman of Flambeaux Point to lay eyes on him. The sun was almost down. Its red glow, gorgeous on the whiteness underfoot, fell full on the two men and the running dogs. Now, the men of the trap line and canoe were tall men, but this new man was taller. He stood six feet and four inches without his shoes, and he wore no cap upon his golden head. The front of his parka lay open where his neck rose up like a column, also gold, and his cheeks were red beneath eyes as blue as a summer sky.

Neither he nor Pete Savrow saw Michèle where she stood beneath a dark spruce tree. When they had gone, Michèle looked up, and the tall skies were luminous beyond any sunset's wont. A strange mysterious heavy thrill was stirring all through the forest, and she marveled at it. She did not know it was her own soul stirring to retarded birth.

"*La pauvre,*" said Patche Giteau at supper, "you do not hear when I tell you dat thees new factor he ees one fine man to see. Ever' woman, ever' girl in Flambeaux Point, she ees go for water to de well so she can look-see by de factory window. H'all bot you, an' you cook de rabbit, mak' coffee! *Voilà!* Me, I don' know. Don' you like men, *ma fille?*"

"Sure," said Michèle, coming out of her trance. "I like men. But this one, he is no man. He is a god."

"Eh?" said her father, startled. "You have seen him?"

"Even so," she answered calmly. "In the woods. The low sun was on his head and it was more gold than—than—" She shook her own head helplessly, for there was nothing in her knowledge to which she could compare the shining crown of Anders McPhail.

The die of her fate was cast, irrevocably, beyond her volition. For the first time in her independent life, this shy girl became innocently bold. She went toward him in spirit as water runs downhill. Like the rest of the girls of Flambeaux Point, she carried much water from the big well in the main way which led from the stockade gate to the factory door; and she added subtle touches to her raiment. Like the others, she placed herself in his way. And once he smiled at her, took the heavy bucket from her hands.

"Have I met you, lassie?" he asked, striding beside her.

"No, m'sieu'," she breathed, "but I have seen you many times. That day you came—I saw you running in the woods—and the sun was on your head. Like gold it was—bright—"

She stopped in confusion.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Michèle, m'sieu'. Michèle Giteau."

"Oh, yes. Patche Giteau's daughter. They say you are good at the trapping, like your father."

"And did they say I'm one fourth Cree, m'sieu'?" she asked sadly, "to damn me in your eyes?"

"Why—" he said, confused himself.

"I know," Michèle said, her black head up. "But I am proud of it. I have much knowledge got with that dark blood — good knowledge—of forest and river and of the wild things that live there. I would not change, m'sieu'," she finished proudly.

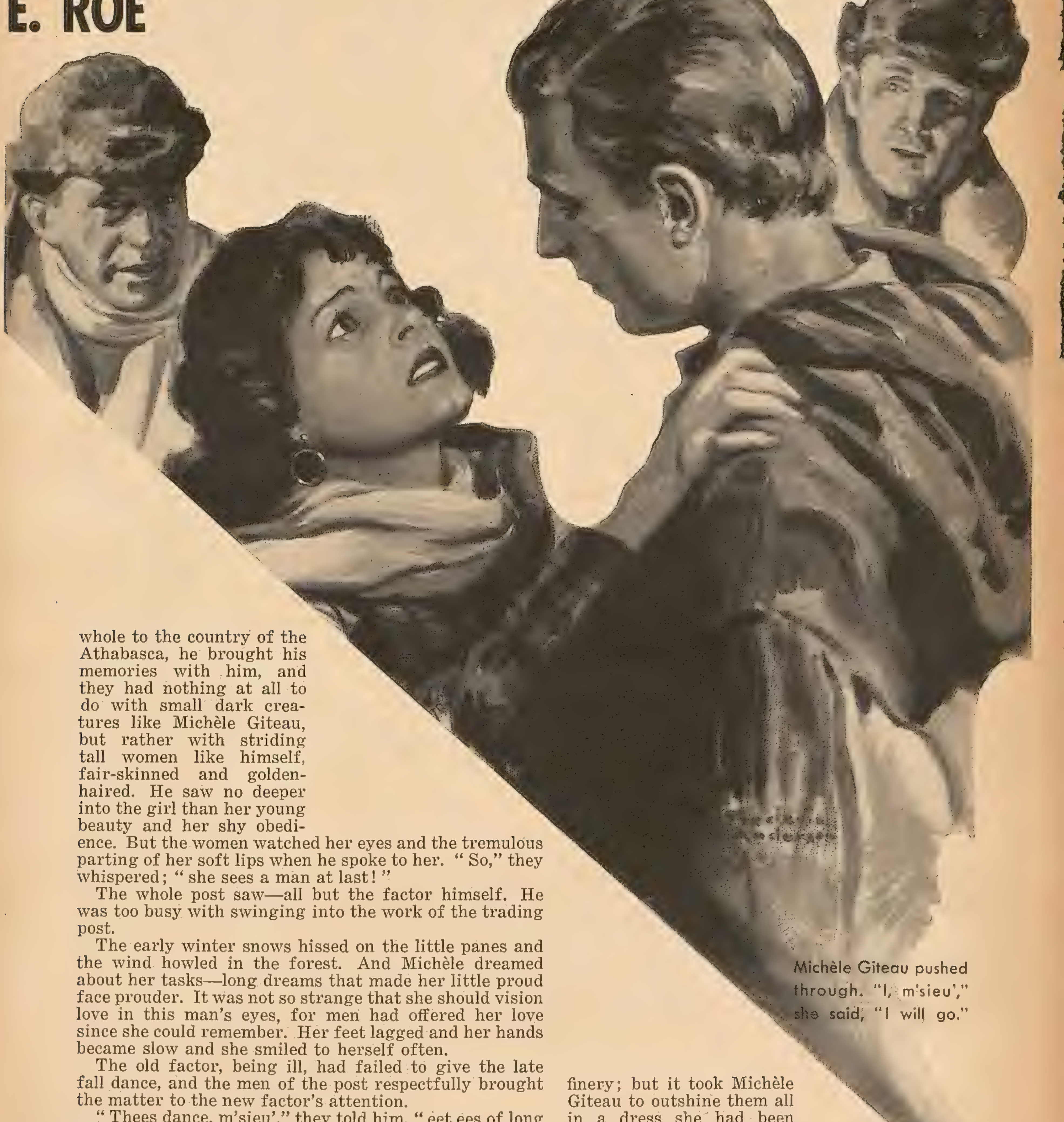
Anders McPhail stopped on her doorstep, held out the pail of water.

"Nor would I have you changed, lassie," he said gently. "We are as we are, and God so made us."

After that meeting it was not hard to meet again. And always the man would smile at her, say some pleasant word. Beyond that there was nothing, neither for Michèle nor any other maid at Flambeaux Point. Anders McPhail was a Highland man; and though he came heart-

and the SHINING SACRIFICE

E. ROE



Michèle Giteau pushed through. "I, m'sieu'," she said, "I will go."

whole to the country of the Athabasca, he brought his memories with him, and they had nothing at all to do with small dark creatures like Michèle Giteau, but rather with striding tall women like himself, fair-skinned and golden-haired. He saw no deeper into the girl than her young beauty and her shy obedience. But the women watched her eyes and the tremulous parting of her soft lips when he spoke to her. "So," they whispered; "she sees a man at last!"

The whole post saw—all but the factor himself. He was too busy with swinging into the work of the trading post.

The early winter snows hissed on the little panes and the wind howled in the forest. And Michèle dreamed about her tasks—long dreams that made her little proud face prouder. It was not so strange that she should vision love in this man's eyes, for men had offered her love since she could remember. Her feet lagged and her hands became slow and she smiled to herself often.

The old factor, being ill, had failed to give the late fall dance, and the men of the post respectfully brought the matter to the new factor's attention.

"Thees dance, m'sieu'," they told him, "eet ees of long custom, an' the long winter she ees not settle well without."

So the big room at the factory was cleared, Gran'père Millette and Big Suz Anatole tuned their squeaking fiddles, and every soul at Flambeaux Point came early to the merrymaking.

Every unmarried woman wore her most precious finery; but it took Michèle Giteau to outshine them all in a dress she had been making secretly for weeks. Red it was, as red as the dark side of the leaves of the crimson lilies which grew in the deep woods beside the water holes, and it had a skirt so full and wide that when she swung in the bend of some stalwart arm she looked like a flower herself, her little high head its lifted heart. And slippers with red heels to match, if you please, obtained by pasting bits of the cloth of the dress around them. Michèle, knowing how grand she looked, laughed up into this dark face and that with unconscious art.

She did not know that she was playing every young male on the floor against that one tall blond man who stood smiling to one side, his arms folded on his breast, nor that his brilliant blue eyes softened with amusement, watching her.

VINGIE E. ROE

widely known for her popular novels and for the short stories she contributes to many magazines, is an enthusiastic Westerner. Born in Kansas, she now lives in Napa, California, on her Lost Valley ranch, and seldom crosses the Mississippi River. Her horses are her hobby. One took three ribbons at one show.

"These French-Canadian girls," he told himself, "they are women young, and this small one is past master of all their innocent wiles. She will not be happy, not completely happy, until she has conquered me also. Why spoil her triumph?" And he unfolded his arms and left his place by the wall to bow before her where she stood fanning herself with a little black fan tied to her round brown wrist with a crimson ribbon.

The fiddles struck up their gayest waltz.

Michèle felt his arm go round her little waist. So tall he was, so very tall, that her head came only to the pocket of his fine black coat and she had to rise on her toes at every turn to keep on the floor at all. And heaven itself descended into the dimly lighted room, there in the far snow country, for this girl who had played at love for all her short life and never seen its face till now.

She trembled like a river reed under wind; her mouth was dry as ashes.

And when Anders McPhail held her off a bit and smiled down at her, she looked up at him helplessly, her innocent heart in her black eyes. The man would have been a fool had he not seen it plain as plain. The smile slid off his face and a look of astonishment came there instead. He hastily drew her close again, lest others see what he had seen; and Michèle nearly swooned with rapture in the close embrace, taking it for what it did not mean.

He surrendered her gravely at the measure's end, and though he had not meant to dance again, he meticulously spread his favors among the other girls, one dance to each. And in that he was a wise young man.

As the winter drew deeper into its snows he had much to think about; for when he met Michèle, and that was fairly often, the look of shy beatitude he saw in her eyes disturbed him grievously. Not for all the gold he could hold in his two hands would he have a young girl love him when he could not love her in return; and that was just what had happened here. He was very gentle with her at first, stopping to speak now and again as they met at the well or by the stockade gate.

He had been, late one night, to the cabin of Pierre Laverne to give instructions about some bit of work for the morrow, and in the moonless dark he almost trod down a flitting small form that crossed his path. As it was, he did trip up the flying feet and sent their owner sprawling into his outflung arms, to right her and apologize.

"Oh, m'sieu'!" breathed the soft voice of the girl. "Oh, *M'sieu' le Facteur!*"

There was such ecstasy in the hushed sound, such trembling in the slight figure which lay for a moment against his breast, that Anders McPhail marveled. This was no schoolgirl silliness of infatuation. This was the deep passion of womanhood shaking its frail prison for release. He set her sharply from him and reprimanded her as sternly as he could.

"Ma'm'selle Michèle—" he began.

"Oh, no!" said Michèle swiftly. "Not ma'm'selle!"

"Michèle, then," he said, with the severity of age to childhood, "what does your father mean, to let you run about the post like this at night? You are too young to be—"

"Young?" she said, laughing. "I am seventeen and one half—and the best cook in Flambeaux Point!"

"Go home," he said coldly, "and don't do this again."

Without a word she left him, running in the darkness; and McPhail went back to his quarters with mixed feelings of righteousness and unease at his own sternness. He had no need to trouble himself, for he caught no glimpse of the gay small figure for many a day thereafter, and asked Patche Giteau about her.

"Dat girl," said Patche, rubbing his round head ruefully, "she ees fonny. For while she laugh at nothing. Now she cry an' sit h'all day by window. Me, I don' know."

"Damn!" said the factor to himself.

But fidget as he might within, he kept sternly to the path he had laid down for himself. Yet the picture conjured up by Patche's words stayed with him—a little figure by a window whose laughing black eyes were dim with tears.

And then, in the middle of the winter, in the deepest cold of the silent land, a runner came in from high on the Great Slave Lake to Flambeaux Point, and he bore ill tidings in all surety. The Sickness, he told the factor gravely—the Great Sickness that came once in a man's life, maybe, or twice at the most, and cleared the country like a flood. In his father's time it had come. It had come again now, starting on the long point of the Great Slave which ran to the north, and many had died already. The white man at Inlet Rouge asked of the factor if he had any of the mysterious magic which one scratched upon the arm, and if so, in the name of *le bon Dieu*, would he divide?

"Vaccine!" said Anders McPhail, aghast. "Smallpox!"

He divided the small store of white bone points, their tips dark with dipped virus, which the post kept always against emergency; and as time passed and he heard nothing further from the Great Slave region, he forgot the matter.

It was in the height of the midwinter snows that the woman came to Flambeaux Point. She came mysteriously, riding on a sledge behind a magnificent team of dogs, and she had provisions and an Indian driver. This was the most beautiful woman the North had ever seen, so the men said, watching her arrival. She had blue eyes and pink cheeks and lips like the pips of the wild rose when the bloom is done, and her hair was like all the gold of a summer's sunsets rolled into one. She stopped at the factory steps and smiled up at Anders McPhail, and he smiled back, and they were as alike as two peas for race and breeding. Aliens to the dark land, they shone together in a charmed space of their own, and instantly the beholders knew it.

She was traveling, she told him, getting down from the big woods where she had been on private business, and she begged a night's lodging at Flambeaux Point and rest for her dogs. As the factor took her in and saw her stand stripping her mittens beside his roaring stove, flinging back her parka, he knew her for that striding tall woman who had passed through his life's dreams. He welcomed her and did not ask her business; put up her team and the Indian driver; set her to a steaming meal under the lights in the main room of the factory; and assigned her a cabin and old Marie La Fitte, who cooked for him, to care for her. And Michèle Giteau, hearing these things, felt the cold hand of premonition clutching at her heart.

The stranger did not go on next day, nor for many days thereafter, but lingered in the trading post as if content to break her journey.

She walked about and laughed with the women, whose babies she petted, and spent her spare time in the main room at the factory with Anders McPhail. This was not like anything the populace of Flambeaux Point had ever seen, and they did not take kindly to it.

And Michèle Giteau looked like a ghost—a little dark ghost with enormous eyes and pale lips that shook at times as if she could not help it.

It was on the eighth day after the coming of the strange woman that the post was roused as one man, in the middle of the night, by the flying feet of old Marie running with a wild, high wail of terror toward the factory.

"The Sickness!" she was screaming like a banshee. "The Great Sickness! Eet have come!"

In the cabin which the factor had assigned her, the gold-haired woman lay moaning, hot with fever, the small hard bumps rising under the skin all round the edges of her hair, in the palms of her soft white hands, and on the soles of her feet.

In an hour the whole post was gathered in knots—in the cabins, where mothers wept over children she had touched; in the snowy open, where the men looked at each other with troubled eyes. And Anders McPhail, who had taken her in without knowing where she hailed from, bitterly arraigned himself for that quick acceptance, for the jeopardy he had brought upon his people. And no one would go within hailing distance of the pestilential cabin, not even Marie La Fitte, who had just left it. They were sorry, the women said, and they would say many prayers for the poor soul; but they had children to think of.

Michèle Giteau, seeing the factor's face in the light of the torches flaring on the snow, pushed through the talking men and faced him.

"I, m'sieu'," she said calmly and clearly, "am one fourth Cree. From my mother I learned many things—the magic of herbs and oils and waters. I will go." And, evading Patche's clutching hand, she fled swiftly to that tragic small house where the dim light flared in the window like a desperate cry for help.

And so began that tense and terrible battle with the black terror of the snow country. Anders McPhail, who held himself responsible, called every soul to headquarters, and, dividing the virus on the soaked points of his small spatulates, he vaccinated them all. No one got full immunization, but every one got what help was possible. All but himself and Michèle Giteau—himself because there was but one point left and she would not have it, shaking her head inside the window, and in matching pride he would not either. Patche Giteau, running back and forth from the forest to the post with this and that leafless branch, this hard-dug root, the little pot of oil rendered on his hearth at dead of night from the broad tail of the old fat beaver he had killed at her request, looked at the men with sick eyes in which tears struggled with great pride.

"My Michèle," he said, choking, "she ees brave—like her mother."

And his hearers nodded silently.

It was Patche who talked with Michèle at the dim window, and sometimes the factor stood there with him, his face a study in mixed emotions.

Three weeks later Anders McPhail carried away from the cabin and to the factory a light wrapped burden which was the gold-haired woman, weak but safe; and Michèle Giteau laid herself down in the still warm bed to meet what *le bon Dieu* might send. She did not care what that might be, since the sight of the woman in the factor's arms. Old Patche went in the sickroom with her now.

"Me," he said, "I don' care for me. Mebbe I live, mebbe I die. Only my Michèle, she ees so yo'ng, so brave—"

And sometimes in the dead of night, when the wind howled and the long snows swished about him, Anders McPhail stood like a grim shadow on the step and looked at the covered window where a thread of candlelight shone.

But Patche Giteau did not die and Michèle did not die.

On a day in the heel of winter, when the sun shone more warmly, the factor sat at his great desk behind the railing and looked at the little figure beyond.

Michèle stood and looked back at him with deep eyes, hollow in their sockets. The roundness was gone from the little face, leaving it more like a heart than ever; but there was scarce a mark of the great destroyer upon it. Only two small pits high on the right cheek which formed a dimple when she smiled, and another at her lips' corner.

"The oil of the beaver," she had told the marveling women, "and the strong heart not to scratch."

"That other," they said—"did she have that heart?"

"I tied her hands," the girl said briefly.

And so it was, they nodded, that Michèle had saved that beauty—for the man she loved herself.

Long the factor gazed upon her.

"You sent for me, m'sieu'?" Michèle said politely.

"Come here," he said.

She came obediently, and he drew her through the little gate. He took her hands and rose. The top of her head came just to the pocket of his flannel shirt, and Michèle, none so strong yet, felt faint with the delicious perfume of him, tobacco and clean strong flesh.

"Oh, m'sieu'," she said miserably, "let me go. I—I must go home."

"Home for you, Michèle," said the factor gently, "is here." And he folded her so close within his great arms that, her small nose flattened against him, she smothered magnificently. He bent back her black head and, stooping, kissed her full upon the lips.

"I am telling you, little one," he said—"little sweet one, little brave one—that you are the most wonderful woman in all this world, and that I love you. If you will do me the great honor to marry me—"

Michèle gasped and pulled herself away.

"But the other, m'sieu'?" she cried piteously. "What of her? That one I sav' for you?"

"She is well on her way to wherever she was going," he answered gravely, "and all good go with her. We will not remember her. Michèle, do you love me?"

"Oh, m'sieu'!" she cried, collapsing in his embrace, so that he lifted her and, sitting again in his big chair, held her safe in the haven of his arms. "Oh, m'sieu'! How can I ever tell you! How can I ever prove—"

He stopped the words after an ancient fashion, and on Michèle's face the two new dimples flickered as she smiled, the visible and lasting signboard of that proving.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—This week's early photo is of Sarah Frances Frost, although few recall her by that name. Born in England in 1870, she won renown as a portrayer of Shakespearean roles. She played with husband Robert Taber; divorced him; and later married another actor, with whom she toured for many years. Who?

2—Is a cipher aught or naught?

3—What magician was the son of Dr. Mayer S. Weiss?

4—Are mice larger than newly born kangaroos?

5—Is a kowtow a Chinese vegetable, a Chinese cow, or a Chinese bow?

6—Who was Solomon's father?

7—If Yosemite National Park is in California, where is Yellowstone National Park?

8—Which toy animal was named for which President?

9—What former Bowery bartender was sued last year for $345,011.96 by the United States?

10—If a young male horse is a colt, what is a young female horse?

11—South of the Mason-Dixon line, which city is the largest?

12—How long is a football in actual play during the average game?

13—Is a sponge "animal, vegetable, or mineral"?

14—What Swedish match king "lost his throne"?

15—Who, born at Antwerp, 1599, and taught by Rubens, became court painter to King Charles I?

16—Is President Roosevelt a lawyer?

17—What is the opposite of kosher meat?

18—Which state delegation persistently cast twenty-four votes for Underwood in 1924?

19—Lookout Mountain is nearest what city?

20—Who was the standout holdout of the spring of 1938?

(*Answers will be found on page 37*)

THINGS I FORGOT

By Former Governor
HAROLD G. HOFFMAN
of New Jersey

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

More Lindbergh-case riddles! An arresting postscript to a memorable Liberty series

SEVERAL weeks have gone by since I presented in Liberty, for the first time, what many people have been pleased to call "the other side" of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. I presented facts that no one associated with the prosecution has yet attempted to deny. I asked questions that no one has yet attempted to answer—hundreds of questions that helped to mold the final question: "Did the wrong man die in the electric chair?"

The silence has been confined to those who were associated with the prosecution of Hauptmann—those who marked the crime "solved" and the case "closed" when he was electrocuted. Thousands upon thousands of people, in all walks of life and in all parts of the nation, have written to express approval of the position taken by me when, as Governor, I maintained that the crime was yet unsolved, that the case should not have been closed.

I have had, it is true, some letters from people who were not in sympathy with my story or my course of action—but they have been surprisingly few, the ratio, as against those expressing approval, being less than one to one hundred. Most of the letters of opposition have had as their basis the same cruel and fallacious reasoning as that of a Midwestern judge who wrote to ask me, early in 1936: "Is it not much better that this man, who, after all, is an alien, should die, even if there were some doubt as to his guilt or innocence, than that there should be a reflection cast upon American courts?"

The Lindbergh case is "dead"? Not while there is almost daily evidence of interest flashed before us.

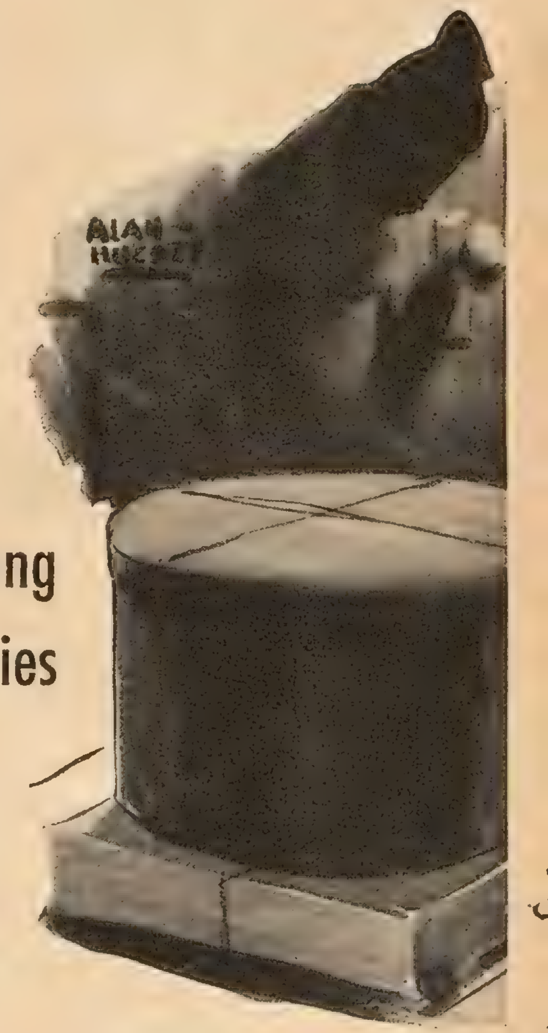
When the Lindberghs, leaving behind in England their two young boys, returned to the United States just before Christmas under attempted cover of secrecy, the question in the public mind was, Has it anything to do with the case? When they recently returned to London, public interest was not centered so much in the Colonel's reported influence behind Great Britain's plane-building program as in speculation as to the reason for his closely guarded interview of over an hour with Doctor Condon at the latter's home in the Bronx—and the reason for the recent protracted silence of the garrulous Jafsie.

There is almost daily reference to the Lindbergh case in connection with the unsolved kidnaping and murder of little Peter Levine; to the similarity of methods used in the kidnap and brutal murder of the Mattson child. With all the furor over the "let-out" of a number of G-men because of lack of adequate federal appropriations, there was speculation as to the reason for spending thousands of dollars and utilizing the services of dozens of Department of Justice agents in order to send the aging Ellis Parker to jail because he had "meddled" in the Lindbergh case and had made one "mistake" as against the dozens of mistakes made by the G-men, the State Police, and every other police agency that participated in the Lindbergh investigation.

Parker was convicted, but at this writing the kidnapers and murderers of Peter Levine and of Charles Mattson are still at large.

Interest flashed back to the Hauptmann case only a short while ago, with the magazine publication of an article according to which a well known New York editor, shortly before Hauptmann's execution, told two interviewers that he knew the name of the newspaper reporter who wrote Jafsie Condon's telephone number in a closet in Hauptmann's home. The interviewers, according to the article, immediately wired this revelation to their newspapers. Suspicious of a hoax, their superiors contacted the managing editor. He is reported to have confirmed the information, but said that it was "off the record" and would be denied by him if printed.

This article set out in print what has been generally known and discussed in newspaper circles for months. I know the name of the newspaper reporter—so does Lloyd Fisher, to whom the reporter admitted, after Hauptmann's conviction, that he had written Doctor Condon's phone number inside the closet in order to "make a good story." Since my articles were based entirely upon fact with physical evidence to support it, I did not mention this incident or give the name of the reporter. If the name were mentioned, the reporter—faced with the possibility of dismissal from his job—would undoubtedly deny that he had ever written the telephone number in imitation of Hauptmann's handwriting.

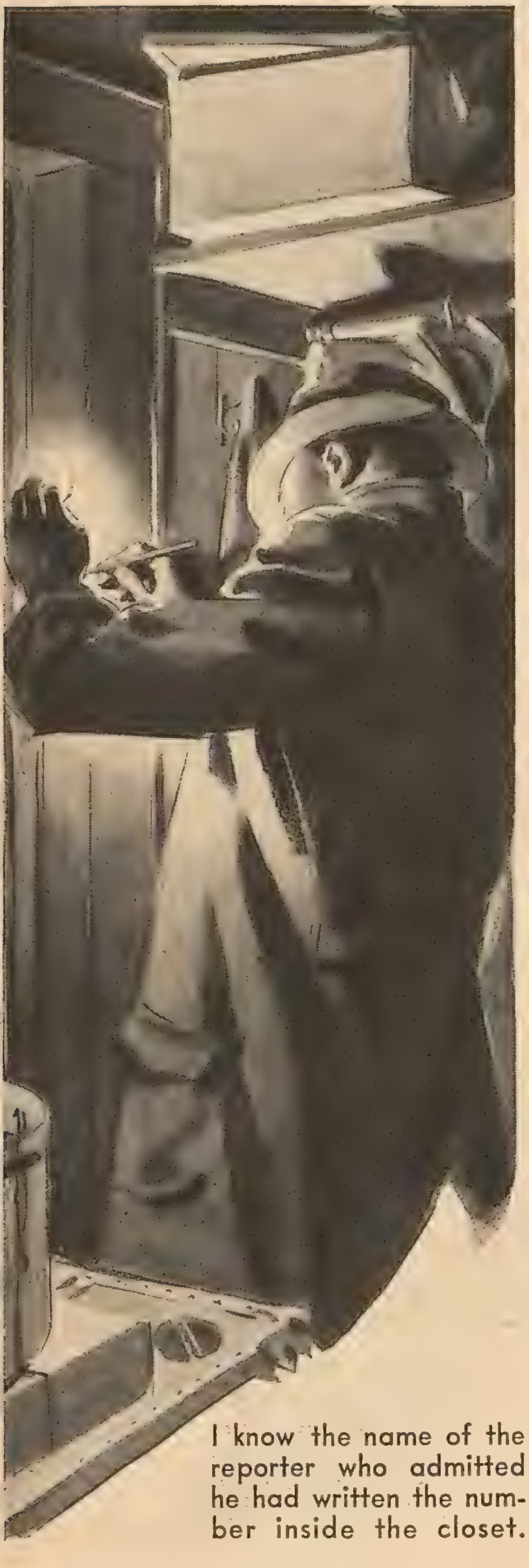


It is significant that at the Flemington trial none of the state's cocksure and highly paid handwriting experts were ever called upon by the prosecution to identify the writing upon the piece of wood taken from the closet as being Hauptmann's handwriting.

If Hauptmann wrote that number in his closet, he unnecessarily wrote his death warrant in his own home. That a criminal shrewd enough to execute what for over two years appeared to be the "perfect crime" would resort to such stupid tactics seems to me unthinkable.

Interest in the probability that Colonel Lindbergh could have recognized Hauptmann's voice as the voice he had heard over two and one half years before at St. Raymond's Cemetery was revived by recent disclosure

TO TELL



I know the name of the reporter who admitted he had written the number inside the closet.

that at the Bronx Grand Jury hearing Lindbergh had said, "It would be very difficult for me to sit here and say that I could pick a man by that voice."

Not long ago a report was issued upon experiments conducted at Johns Hopkins University by Dr. Francis McGehee and presented to the Midwestern Psychological Association at Urbana, Illinois, showing that the chances are only thirteen out of one hundred that a person would recognize an unfamiliar voice after five months. The Science News-Letter comments:

"Ability to identify voices positively, a controverted issue in many court cases and emphasized particularly by the evidence in the trial of Hauptmann for kidnaping the Lindbergh baby, was tested by Dr. McGehee.

"'The persons tested, including a group of law students, listened to a voice behind a screen reading a selection of fifty-six words. Later they were required to pick out that voice from a group of five reading that same selection. . . . The time interval between the readings varied from one day to five months.

"'An unfamiliar voice was recognized by 83 per cent of the listeners after two days. . . . After three months only 35 per cent could pick it out; after five months only 13 per cent.

"A foreign accent (German) did not aid the listeners in identifying the voice. . . . After the time interval this voice was again heard with other voices, respectively Chinese, Greek, another German, and a Russian. The voice most frequently confused with the German voice was not the other German but the Chinese. The German accent was not always recognized as that; it was also called Japanese, Norwegian, Dutch, Jewish, Assyrian, Polish-Russian, Swedish, . . . and Spanish.

"'The reliability of court procedure in accepting testimony of positive identification of a defendant by his voice, in consideration of the length of time interval and the common fallibility of memory, would seem to be relatively low,' Dr. McGehee concluded."

As early as January 7, 1935, the New York Law Journal, discussing the testimony in the Hauptmann trial in which Colonel Lindbergh identified Hauptmann's voice as one that he had heard two years before utter two words at three hundred feet, editorially commented:

"While such testimony of identification is entirely competent, in the sense that it may be received for the consideration of the jury, its weight is at least doubtful. . . . Without corroborative proof, we doubt its legal sufficiency to establish any substantial link required for the conviction of a capital crime."

The New York Law Journal also established an important point: that Colonel Lindbergh had had an opportunity, prior to testifying, to familiarize himself with the Hauptmann voice—"in the office of the Bronx District Attorney as late as in September, 1934."

In his book, The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, Dr. Felix Frankfurter comments at length upon the unreliability of eyewitnesses who have not previously known the persons whom they are called upon to identify. He quotes Dr. Morton Prince, the psychologist, as saying:

"Miss Splaine testified, though she had only seen Sacco at the time of the shooting from a distance of about sixty feet for from one and a half to three seconds in a motorcar going at an increasing rate of speed, that she saw and at the end of a year she remembered and described sixteen different details of his person. . . . Such perception and memory under such conditions can be easily proved to be psychologically impossible. Every psychologist knows that—so does Houdini! *And what shall we think of the animus and honesty of the state that introduces such testimony to convict, knowing that the jury is too ignorant to disbelieve?*

"How came Miss Splaine to become acquainted with these personal characteristics of Sacco? The answer is simple. Sacco had been shown to her on several occasions. More than this, he sat before her in the court. Sacco was shown alone to her. Every one knows that under such circumstances the image of a person later develops, or may develop, in an observer's mind and become a false memory. Every lawyer knows the unconscious falsification of memory due to later acquired knowledge."

If Drs. Frankfurter and Prince are right, what about the reliability of this testimony of Colonel Lindbergh? What about eighty-year-old Amandus Hochmuth, with failing eyesight, who caught a fleeting glimpse of a face in a fast-moving car, and identified that face nearly three years later, after being given leisurely opportunity to study the suspect in Flemington?

A short time ago, in the State Police files, I ran across a letter addressed by the state's principal handwriting expert, Albert S. Osborn, to Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, throwing an interesting side light upon the state's lack of confidence in their own case. In this letter, dated November 6, 1935, Mr. Osborn writes:

"I think it is not improbable that Hauptmann hid more money than was discovered. If money is still hidden, he will probably tell his wife about it. . . . He may have told her already, but a study of the two personalities would indicate that he would not give her this information until he was obliged to. My suggestion is that just as soon as Hauptmann loses his final appeal, Mrs. Hauptmann should be shadowed night and day.

"I have a suspicion that some of the money may have been buried, perhaps in the cemetery or park, or somewhere else, and may still be buried."

Colonel Schwarzkopf referred the suggestion to his Detective Bureau.

Now here is the great Mr. Osborn, so closely identified with the prosecution, suggesting that the state "shadow" Mrs. Hauptmann in an effort to obtain the *balance* of the Lindbergh ransom money. Surely Mr. Osborn and Colonel Schwarzkopf must have known that it had been "proved" in the Flemington courtroom that Hauptmann had been in possession of, and had spent, $49,986 out of the $50,000 of ransom money?

Still more challenging Lindbergh-Hauptmann enigmas will be dealt with by Mr. Hoffman in Liberty next week.

RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

ON the water front at midnight three tough guys, Hestin, Mineg, and Gon, knock a gentleman senseless and in their dory furtively transport him to a tramp steamer anchored not far from a private yacht offshore. Their swarthy boss, Cardono, is delighted at their swift success. Now, he gloats, they have the super-enemy, Terrence O'Houle, a United States government secret agent, in their power!

Gon, an imbecilic giant, is ordered to take the captive below and put him in chains, and have Biston, one of the gun-running gang, give him first aid. Immediately the old hooker puts out to sea loaded to the gunnels with ammunition for war-torn Spain.

After a night of abuse at the hands of Gon, the prisoner is brought before Cardono, who taunts him, spits in his face. He is dazed and cannot understand what it's all about, claims he is Allison Timms, a wealthy man from Long Island, who was shanghaied while waiting to go aboard his yacht. Cardono ridicules the yarn, but by means of credentials and other papers in his clothes the man establishes his identity. Enraged because of this tragic mistake, Cardono orders Gon to punish Hestin with his terrible fist.

Together, Biston and Cardono placate the shanghaied millionaire, the latter particularly profuse in his apologies. The Latin leader persuades Timms to pledge himself to secrecy should they be overtaken by a government cutter or other pursuit vessel. After giving his word, he is treated as an honored guest aboard this "dynamite crate." Cardono introduces him to Señorita Espan, a beautiful revolutionist, who captures his imagination.

Retiring to his room that night, Timms finds a gay and glib stranger in his berth, who announces:

"My name, sir, is, at your service, Terrence O'Houle!"

PART THREE—AN ASSIGNMENT TO LOVE

THERE was a considerable period when neither spoke after the amazing announcement of the man in Timms' room. Timms was quite unable to express himself, and O'Houle seemed to be enjoying the theatrical effect of the situation. He laughed softly when Timms sputtered some unintelligible remark.

"Surprised?" he queried. "You see, in my business there is always a question as to the best way to do a thing, and nine times out of ten the best way is the unexpected one. So forgive this little intrusion. It is necessary under the circumstances."

"So you are O'Houle!"

"And why not?"

"Don't you realize that it's your fault that I'm in this devilish mess? That it was a blow intended for your head that cracked mine?"

"I realize that you were hit a wallop with my monogram on it, but I certainly assume none of the fault for you being here."

"But you're the last human I ever expected to find aboard this packet. I guess I'm just a bit confused by all that has happened. To say the least, it's an Arabian Nights affair."

"The least? Wait until you hear the most, Timms. You have wandered into as hot a set-up as has existed in our files in a hundred years, if we've had files that long."

"Well, I'm all ears, O'Houle," declared Timms. "I'm past the point now where I can ask questions intelligently. You'll just have to tell me what you want me to know."

"How do I know you're O'Houle, and, if you are, how do I know who O'Houle is?"

"Easy. I want you to know that this ship is loaded to the rails with contraband intended for Spain."

"I had already gathered that much. Our friend Cardono may not be much on sportsmanship, but he does seem fired by a real devotion to his cause."

"Cause? Oh, I see. Yes, his cause. You may be assured that he is devoted to that, Al."

O'Houle dropped into the use of a first name with the ease with which a piece of soap slides through water.

"He is indeed devoted to his cause, with a devotion that surpasses anything Shylock ever showed for the lucre. He would have you believe otherwise?"

"He clearly indicated that it was a patriotic impulse that impels him."

"He's a cockeyed liar with the heaves, that's what he is," Mr. O'Houle snapped. "He and the glorious señorita are engaged in the cleverest smuggling we've traced in years, Al. Truly. He's loaded this foam beaker with every contraband he could get his hands on and will sell it to anybody with the money to buy. He's had both sides bidding in this Spanish upset. He cares not a snap of the finger which side gets his materials. He has all the love for Spain that I have for eczema. His principal contacts are with outright criminals of the worst sort."

"It is not hard to imagine, though I'll admit he had me fooled. That girl, too. The Señorita Espan . . ."

"Señorita nothing! Born in Brooklyn, attended business school, expert stenographer and typist, ambitious as Mussolini and smart as Machiavelli. That's the señorita! We've a list of suspicions on the lady as long as a mail-order catalogue, but there we stop. Suspicions. So we've waited. Why, it was as much to get her as to get Cardono that I came aboard this seagoing colander!"

"Amazing. Her manner is that of a lady. I hate to be so completely taken in!"

"You know no particular distinction in that, Al. You become one more of a long list of victims."

"Just the same, I hate it."

"Don't lose any sleep over it. But I'm glad you feel that way. You're an American and a gentleman. I'm going to call for your help on both counts."

"I have pledged myself . . ."

"Not to tell anybody for thirty days, in case you are picked up. Well, there's one chance in a thousand of any one picking you up. If we do pass a ship, Cardono will double-cross you like he has every one else he ever met. His is a religion of the cross, but not as we interpret the cross."

"Presumably. What you say about my pledge is true, too. You seem well posted for a man who hides out on a ship as small as this one."

"I wasn't ten feet from you when you had your first interview with Cardono and Gon."

"When he struck me? Spit on me?"

"That's right. I was in the lifeboat almost over your heads."

"And you let him get away with that?"

"I serve a country, my lad, not a momentary situation."

There appeared no answer to that of which Timms could, at the moment, think, so he kept his silence. After the remark had penetrated, O'Houle went on, "I saw it all. I knew the night before what had happened, of course, and had to formulate plans on the instant. They were not perfect, but they were the best I could do. Unhappily, there was no way in which I could stop the ship from sailing without ruining much more important plans, so I just hopped aboard to meet what situations presented later."

"If Cardono got hands on you he would kill you like a rattlesnake."

"First, he must lay hands on me."

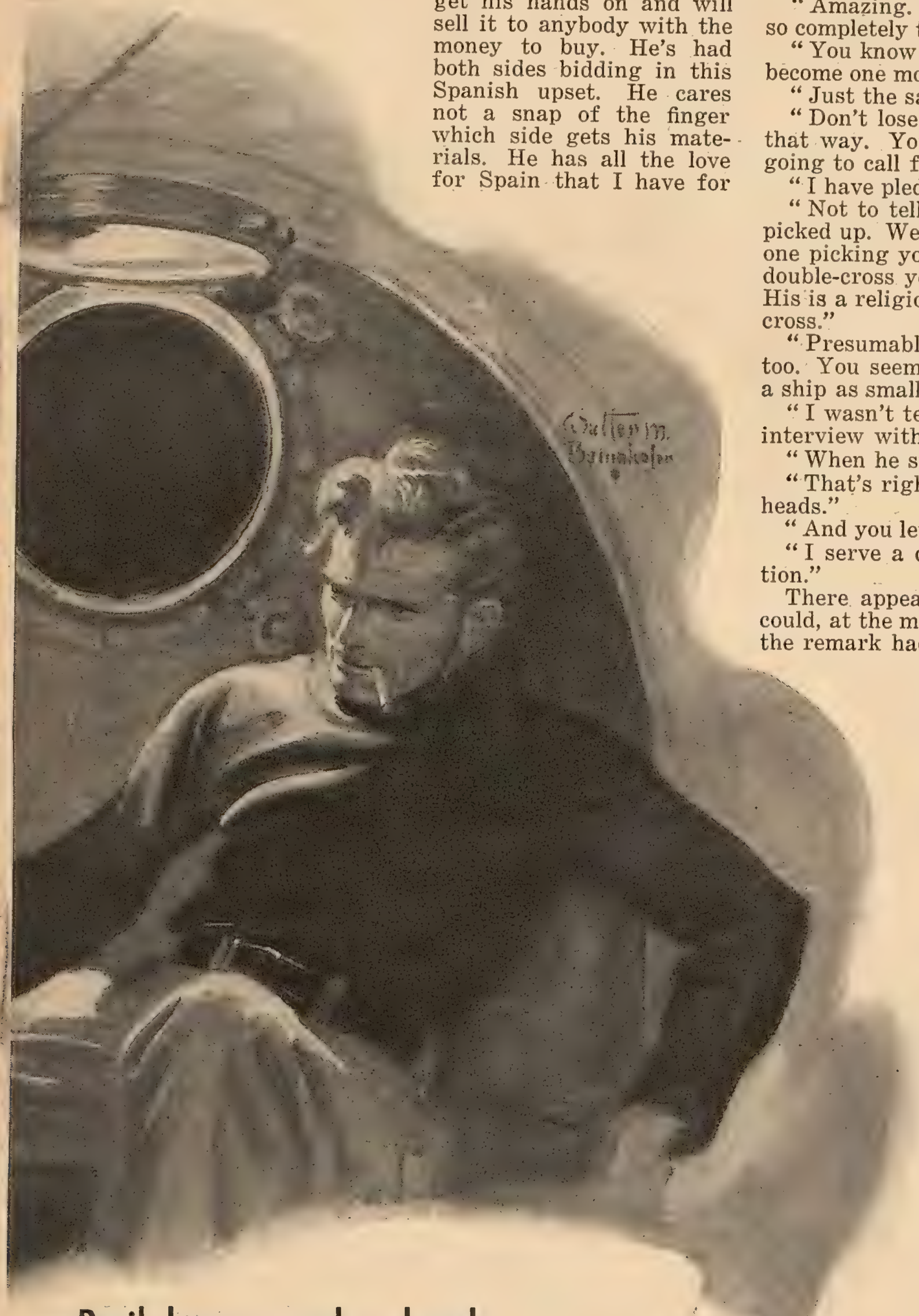
"Why did you not wait and send a cutter after this craft?"

"Because, above all things, I want to see whom he contacts on the other side. Primarily we are not fighting one load of contraband, Al. We are fighting a revolutionist organization which centers in Europe but spends millions in America financing strikes, cultivating sabotage, spreading the nihilist doctrines, and raising flaming hell with every American principle. Mark my words, this is not a passing suspicion; we have the rock-ribbed truth. And, in addition to the trouble they make, they are coining money for themselves."

"And they finance their operations by selling war materials to troubled people?"

"No. This particular venture is for the profit of Cardono, Biston, and the sweet señorita, who is quite apt to trim them both after the profits are made!"

"And just what do you expect me to do? I've heard for years, in a vague sort of way, about the foreign menace to our institutions. I never took much stock in it. America will never revolt. We have too many home owners."



Peril looms, and a lovely lady becomes the pawn in a desperate battle of wits

"And mortgages," O'Houle grunted cynically. "I am not here to talk politics. I'm telling you, this situation is more than campaign fodder to fool voters. We are facing a real conspiracy right now. They want to corrupt the army and navy and militia; they seek to subsidize American shipping. They want to dictate what American bottoms will and won't carry. They want to elect our public officials and so control our defenses and our production facilities when trouble breaks. Then they'll start the trouble. All these things are what they want. It seems worth my while to toss in a chip and play till the showdown. If I can capture just three men, it'll do the trick."

"I can't think of a greater service, if you can get away with it."

"So you'll go along with me?"

"You haven't even told me what you want me to do. I never saw you before. After all, it's the word of Cardono and the señorita against an utter stranger to me. How do I know you're O'Houle, and, if you are, how do I know who O'Houle is?"

"That's for your judgment to determine. I warn you that you're traveling the seas in a dynamite crate. I warn you that you are in the hands of people conspiring against the peace and dignity of the United States. I warn you that you are toying around with as fine and shrewd a set of smugglers and brigands as history has revealed. I warn you that I am a duly constituted officer of the United States and sooner or later will call on you in the name of your government to be of aid."

"A lot of warning, isn't it?"

"None less than is needed, and no more, Al. I'm going to need help."

BUT what can you do? You say we'll see no ships. You say they'll reach some rendezvous at sea and barter away their contraband. So what?"

"I said I wanted to capture three men and return them to American jurisdiction to answer for crimes committed."

"Isn't it the same thing in effect?"

"Not by the bow of the fiddle, it isn't," grimly.

"This seems to me unwarranted interference on your part. The seas are free. What right has America to upset a cargo, once it has cleared international limits, just to arrest three men?"

"Practically none. That is where you come in. The minute I saw them crease you with that lead pipe, I knew . . ."

"You saw that? You saw them pound my head to pulp and load me aboard this craft?"

"I wasn't ten yards away."

"And you didn't warn the yacht? You did nothing to prevent this whole outrage?"

"Need I repeat I am serving a country, Al? Keep your feet on deck so your head won't bounce the clouds. You're too rich anyway. You've grown indolent."

"You're the most urbane and pointed rascal I've met in years," Timms snapped.

"And the rightest, what? You know I'm right. It would have been the same had they slugged any one else. It was my prize package right there. Instead of nipping their scheme in the bud by holding the sailing and interning this puddle ferry, I stole a wherry, rowed out, and while they were hoisting you aboard on one side, I clambered aboard on the other and roosted in the lifeboat to scheme. You see, I needn't bother much about international law with you shanghaied aboard. I can stop this crate, or you can, and demand of me protection . . ."

"Then I do that right now," Timms exploded. "I demand all those things and the return of my person to American territory pronto."

"And I won't pay the slightest attention to you," O'Houle said agreeably. "Not the slightest. I'm going to let this little excursion come to its conclusion."

Timms laughed in spite of himself. O'Houle groped for him in the darkened cabin, found his forearm, then his hand. He shook that member with vehemence.

"I guess I can depend on you, can't I? Have you ever had a real adventure? Have you ever matched wits with thieves and brigands, with the peace of a country at stake and every card gambling the comfort and future of twenty million homes? Have you?"

"No . . . I . . ."

"Then pin back your ears and get set. That's what you're going to do now."

"But the two of us . . . alone on this ship . . . unarmed . . ."

"I've never carried a gun in my life," O'Houle said simply. "They're so apt to get somebody shot! We'll arm ourselves right out of the arsenal between our ears, Al."

"But we'll lose. I've always considered the highest courage the willingness to count chances and use brains in action."

"You're half right. But we won't count the chances, Al. We'll just use brains in action."

"How?"

"First, I want you to unload the weapons Cardono has in his cabin. Just unload them; don't let them disappear and so attract attention. Then I want you to make violent love to the señorita . . ."

"But that's ridiculous! I'm a married man. I've even told her that . . ."

"Good! A dangerous woman loves nothing like beating out another woman. She knows you are rich. She is feminine by impulse if not by instinct. It will work."

"It will be hard to do, knowing the sort she is."

"With the wash of the sea to accompany your honeyed words? With her jet hair and eyes to give you ideas? With her seductive beauty a constant inspiration? Man, you've got the one assignment that would delight me!"

"Don't be silly," Timms snapped.

"I can't think of a better detail than I've given you. I want you merely to unload the arms of Cardono and load those of the beautiful señorita!"

"What will be accomplished by all this nonsense?"

"Cardono will be furious with jealousy. The señorita will be consumed with greed for the Timms' fortune. Biston will be in the middle to settle things between them. In addition, I shall mangle a few of their plans myself. First, I'll capitalize the hatred of Hestin, whose back was about broken at Cardono's order and whose purse has not been filled for slugging you. That will be one ally. Then I'll work on simple Gon, for did you not hear Cardono threaten something about whispering certain words, and did you not see how Gon shriveled in terror at this threat and became obedient? Soon I shall have Gon on our side. Then I'll put a flea in the captain's ear . . ."

"But you're talking mutiny, man!"

"Don't be silly," O'Houle said gently. "I'm not talking mutiny. I'm planning it. It will center around you and me. We'll strike a blow for humanity with a hammer wrought by our enemies. Now, snap to attention, and be sure to lay in a little store of food here. I'm starving. I'll see you tomorrow night."

Almost as he spoke, O'Houle slipped through the door and vanished in the shadows along the deck.

THE flare of the moon lay like a ribbon across a gently heaving sea. For some two hours Timms had paced the short deck with Señorita Espan. Finally the lady had retired, leaving Timms in a quandary. He was a man who found it not easy to say things he did not mean. Confidences gained by deception of such a nature were to him revolting.

Too, the man O'Houle had formed the habit of slipping into his room late in the night and whispering there of various things he had found aboard the ship. This had not conduced to comfort, for the cargo was one as volatile as dynamite. Any fire aboard, any collision, or any sabotage among the motley crew would likely send the whole vessel on a flight terminating only in kingdom come. Already the crew was muttering, said O'Houle. The man Hestin was up and about, but hatred seethed within him and it was hatred of Cardono and Gon. He was afraid of Gon, but he was reaching a point where he was anxious to match blows with the wily Spaniard.

So Timms had plenty of which to think. He had made progress with Señorita Espan and found her a willing companion and an intelligent one. But he was by no means sure that his soft banalities in the light of the moon had impressed her as O'Houle was so certain they would. If it was the Timms money and social position she wanted, she took a wary way of indicating it. At various times she had deliberately, though adroitly, altered the conversation from these things. If she hated O'Houle as did Cardono, she was smart enough to conceal the fact.

"It is only that we are enemies," she explained to Timms. "This O'Houle is a wise and courageous man. Cardono is too prone to let emotion involve his reason. I seek to avoid that error. Hate always strikes back at its sponsor, don't you think? Usually, the first thing a loser loses is his head."

Such conversations as this left Timms in a position of helplessness when it came to frivolous flirtation. He had the feeling that the señorita would see through his sham at once, and he cringed before her impending scorn. Timms felt certain that the woman was an individual with a fine and logical mind.

So this late evening, alone, his eyes wide and filled with the moon flare and his mind seething with appreciation of the depths of the señorita's thinking, Timms thought last of retiring, for sleep was far from him. He had a feeling that O'Houle would slip into his room again later and tell him the results of his day's foraging.

It was the habit of the secret agent to leave his hiding place in the spacious lifeboat well before dawn and return to it after dark. He had equipped it with fresh water, several blankets, and cigarettes. That sufficed for him. His prowls about the ship were in the silent hours and his discoveries incredible. Hour after hour he spent in the holds identifying contraband and establishing its sources for later investigation.

SO Timms leaned over the rail and let indefinite expectancy occupy him. It was while he was so occupied that the captain sauntered toward him, removed his pipe from his mouth and passed greeting.

"A beautiful night," Timms answered genially. "There is something about the sea, isn't there? Nothing like a voyage to restore a man's perspective."

"One voyage," the captain grunted, "or mebbe two. After you remain long enough out, there ain't any perspective."

"It changes the aspect of the world," Timms said. "I judge you're a New Englander."

"You're a good judge. I come from down in Maine, original."

"A hardy stock."

The captain leaned on the rail and puffed meditatively at his pipe. Abruptly he said, "I had nothin' to do with gettin' you aboard this packet."

"I'm sure of it."

"Good. I signed up to navigate 'er to a given point, meet another ship, an' transfer cargo. When I signed, I figgered there was a catch to it somewhere, but my deal was straight and clean."

"You're paid in proportion, I suppose?"

"I'm paid a flat price, which I left on the beach when we sailed. Then I get a bonus if we deliver the cargo. That's the way with the crew, too."

"Unusual, isn't it?"

"Up to a point, yes. But I guess you're too rich to know there's been a depression."

Timms laughed. "Think so? It cost me a fortune, the depression."

"Yeah, I seen you was down to your last yacht."

They laughed again. Timms said, "I want you to know that I'm keeping out of this as much as I can. But I'm sort of enjoying it, I think. The yacht would be better, of course. I'd love to have my family know what has happened to me, to save them worry. But beyond these things, I'm doing better, thank you."

The captain smiled suggestively. "Everythin's all right so long as things go right. If they don't happen to click, though, there'll be another song to sing."

THE boatswain appeared from the forecastle hatch. He puffed a crumpled cigarette, his hair was awry, and he was naked to the waist. He peered about him. The captain spoke tersely to him.

"Batten down," he said. "Tight as a sardine can, bo's'n."

The boatswain waved an inquiring hand which indicated surprise as much as inquiry. He cocked an eye toward the moon, then out over the gently heaving sea. "Comin' on to blow?" he asked.

"The glass is fallin', bo's'n. We ain't gettin' weather reports, for reasons you know. With a gratin' like this one, I ain't takin' chances."

"I don't know our position," the forecastle officer allowed, without complaint, "but the weather smells like semitropics. It's a mite late for hurricanes, but not too late."

"Not a bit too late," the captain lamented. "Button 'er up tight, bo's'n."

"I see. Then that's the story?"

"That's it."

The captain puffed again at his pipe. He seemed to be ignoring Timms, there beside him. He said to the boatswain, "Keep that mob of yours in hand, sir. This charter boss will yowl his head right off if I change the course and he knows it. But I won't put this bucket to too much test if I can help it. The crew will obey me only, sir."

"They will," the boatswain avowed hoarsely, "or find theirselves swimmin'!"

"Thank you. I shall expect full support. Break out the hands."

The boatswain went below and shortly the old tramp was ringing and thumping as hatches were lowered, dogged tight; cargo checked for proper stowage that none might shift in a heavy seaway; all loose gear lashed, the bridge screened with tar-

THIS HEAD WILL CAPSIZE ME!

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FOR HEADACHES
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

paulin, and the crew rehearsed in their various stations. From below, the engineer reported on the condition of the pumps, the water ballast as against the weight of fuel consumed.

The tramp buzzed with preparations which contrasted vividly with the soft flare of the moon on the water.

Timms wandered about the ship, high expectancy driving sleep from his mind. Several times he wandered past the door of the señorita's cabin, to find it closed and the room port in darkness. Now and then he looked into his own room, but there was nothing to be seen of O'Houle. Ultimately he saw a light in the room of Cardono, and when he sauntered to the door he found Cardono wrapped in a dressing gown, and Biston fully dressed, and the captain explaining that bad weather seemed a certainty from the downward gyrations of the barometer.

" We're layin' up for a real blow," the officer said flatly.

" But it will delay us ? " Cardono moaned.

" Ain't any way to tell," the captain confessed.

" It must not. It cannot. After all we have been through, I will not lose out at the last minute."

The captain shrugged. " All a sailorman can do about the weather is meet it. This is hurricane season down here, Mr. Cardono. If we meet a real blow in this bucket, we'll have to ease our way through, an' thank a kind Providence if we can manage that much."

" She is a seaworthy ship," Cardono protested.

" She got by the Board," the captain admitted, " an' I've seen some that were worse. But not many. She's old. She's heavy in the bow with cargo, 'cause we didn't dare stow that stuff too near the engines. It'll take some handlin', Mr. Cardono. I ain't afraid we won't come through, but I am afraid you'll kick up over a little delay."

" You are highhanded," Cardono bristled. " We shall proceed as per your orders until I determine what other course to pursue."

" When the time comes to change them orders temporarily," the captain said, " I'll do the decidin'."

Biston offered a soft word of compromise. Cardono was adamant, but the captain was concrete. He explained the orders he had issued to both engineer and boatswain. He admitted that he had armed these men that they might enforce obedience among the crew during the emergency.

Timms listened as Biston prevented, by adroit suggestions, a final showdown that might have proven fatal to his hopes. His admiration of Biston increased steadily. The man had brains. Between Biston and the señorita, Cardono would be as putty in a real crisis.

But he did not wish to become involved himself in these questions of authority, and he was intrigued immensely by the situation they were in. He stalked the deck, passing wraithlike members of the crew intent upon their battening and lashing. He watched the moon, and it remained pale and gentle and filled with the colorless light that springs from a frozen heart. On the horizon there appeared no clouds, but in the air there was a something which whined uneasily. At first Timms thought he imagined this, but the impression became more than just an impression. It was as though a mighty electric motor were spinning a thousand miles away.

TIMMS was ready to accept the captain's judgment. There was a hurricane ahead. His knowledge of these storms was sketchy, but he knew that they wandered uncertain courses across the world, changed their course on the slightest whim, meandered at a speed of about ten miles an hour and blew with a withering blast of better than a hundred miles an hour. Their blowing was circular, and whatever spot they crossed was struck with tremendous velocity first from one direction, then from another.

It was to be hoped that the tramp would find only the edge of the whirlpool and be spared its vortex. He went to the bow and peered over the bulwark. There, in the eyes of the ship, he could see that the water had changed vaguely. It seemed to have roused from its heaving sleep; its surface was lapping and dancing in tiny waves. Against the face of Timms there slapped the first gentle breeze, and it was unduly warm. He heard it whistling in the rigging, as though it had suddenly become angered, or perhaps frightened. There was, the next time he looked, a ring around the moon.

For some reason he never was able to fathom, Timms' chief concern for what lay ahead was for Señorita Espan. He dismissed any wonderment on this score on the ground that she was a woman and therefore entitled to a man's first consideration in emergency. Next to the woman, he considered the plight of Terrence O'Houle. Say what you would, the courage manifest in O'Houle's daring taunt at Fate was a thing to command everlasting admiration. It seemed a pity to Timms that the whole plan of the man O'Houle should be frustrated by driving him out into the open because of a hurricane.

He pondered the situation of these two. So far as the señorita was concerned, her plight was no worse than that of every one else aboard. She was protected as much as possible. She differed from the others only in that she was a woman and probably would be terrified through lack of understanding of the seas. With O'Houle, he was trapped like a rat in a sinking ship. Let a dire situation arise, and they would look first to the lifeboat that had been his hideaway. Then the hand of every one aboard would be against him, for sailormen are superstitious and Cardona would denounce O'Houle as the Jonah who had caused the storm.

SO he pondered, and he watched the sea as it altered its countenance, and the moon as it settled toward the horizon as though anxious to hide its face against that which was to come.

He watched as the captain, face set and shoulders hunched as though in anticipation of the fight ahead, made a final tour of inspection.

" There's nothin' more to be done," he told Timms, speaking as a man does who addresses the only one to whom he may speak without anger or prejudice. " We've banked her fires to save spilling an' killed the galley flames. We've pumped her light in the head; we've battened and lashed. I figger that's all that can be done."

" I thought the deck had slanted all at once," Timms answered understandingly. " I'm not unaccustomed to the sea, but it worried me."

" Water ballast out of the bow," the captain said. " There's two things to do with a gratin' like this one. When it blows, you can stick her nose into it an' keep way to ride it out, or you can turn tail an' run before it. I'll do both, mister, in spite of Cardono an' his course. I'll put her into it as long as she'll take it that way. When she won't, I'll turn an' run."

" What about panic aboard? Is the crew trained at all ? "

" I could get a better one off'n a Boy Scout drill ground," the captain said bitterly. " There's too many hates aboard, mister. Hestin will push Gon into the sea, if a chance shows for him to do it. Mineg is torn between goin' along an' takin' his chances with Cardono, or joining with Hestin. If he goes with Cardono, it'd pay him to push Hestin overboard. . . ."

" What about the señorita ? "

" She should stay in her room."

" She has been told what's ahead ? "

" Not by me."

" Shouldn't she be warned ? "

" Why ? "

" Otherwise she'll be terrified."

" She will be anyway. Women an' water don't mix, when the water gets rough."

" The señorita strikes me as a capable sort, not easily frightened."

" Then you tell her. I'm keepin' hands off everythin' but this ship, mister. An' heaven can help anybody else that tries to lay a hand on her against my say-so."

He tapped his waistline suggestively, and Timms realized that he carried a pistol there.

What will happen to those on this " dynamite crate " if a hurricane takes a hand in their voyage? How will O'Houle meet the twin dangers of maddened men and sea? And the señorita? Excitement, terror, primitive forces let loose fill next week's installment in Liberty.

Ragtime Rhythm . . and a Girl

Miss Faye turns back the musical clock, and scores a success—"The Saint," a ritzy nemesis of evildoers, comes engagingly to the screen

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Ethel Merman, Paul Hurst, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley, John Carradine, Wally Vernon, Ruth Terry, Douglas Fowley, Chick Chandler, Eddie Collins, Joseph Crehan, Robert Gleckler, Dixie Dunbar, Charles Coleman, Stanley Andrews, Charles Williams, Jane Jones, Otto Fries, Mel Kalish, Grady Sutton, Selmar Jackson, Tyler Brooke, Donald Douglas. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti based on an original story by Irving Berlin. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS pageant of Irving Berlin's songs and of popular music from the day when ragtime was a brand-new rhythm until today of swing and the big apple, turns out to be the dramatic opportunity for which Alice Faye of the husky blues voice was preparing. For while Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman, and Jack Haley, plus a tremendous cast, are all in here, effectively portraying strong roles, it is Miss Faye's oyster, this picture, and she makes the most of it.

The story begins in San Francisco in 1911, with Tyrone Power, a serious young violinist, and Alice Faye, a tough youngster, both seeking jobs in the same Barbary Coast café. Power has his band with him, in which are Haley and Ameche, his loyal pals. Alice has only the score of an unheard song, Alexander's Ragtime Band. The boys, having accidentally left their music at home, pick up her song, start playing it. She, fiercely angered, swings into the chorus and, as a group, they are a hit. Alice and Power are instantly antagonistic, but their success binds them together. Climbing on a ragtime beat from waterfront cafés to glittering hotels, they suddenly realize they are in love. But at this roseate moment Alice gets her first chance at big success, alone. She takes it, while Power, piqued, goes overseas to join the World War. But love, gently abetted by Mr. Berlin's persuasive, sentimental tunes, finally fixes all that.

All this makes for color, gaiety, romance, and movement and adds up to a great evening's entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: Irving Berlin, wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band in 1911 for a Tinpan Alley factory on a $25-a-week drawing acc't. Alexander sold several million copies, has been given over 10,000 separate pro performances, yet didn't belong to Berlin till 1925, when he bought rights to all his songs he didn't own. Alexander still brings in royalties, is performed once or more a day somewhere. Film was 440th screen role for Jean Hersholt, who has had 25 years of steady employment, beginning with first days in this country, when he played Indians in the mornings at Inceville, near Santa Monica, and shot at cowboys, and afternoons played cowboys and shot at Indians. Made from $12 to $18 a week; now draws around $2,500. . . . Don Ameche was born in Kenosha, once worked on a shovel gang under a tough Irishman, socked said foreman when the latter grew unbearable; can set his jaw like the prow of the China Clipper when he wants to and lift 250 lbs. without mussing a hair. . . . Alice Faye was born a Leppert in New York City, says it took place on May 5, 1915, at 11 at night. Chose name Faye because Frank Faye was a vodvil hit when she was getting a toe hold on the stage and because it sounded lucky. Family has since legalized the name. Alice learned to ride, biked, tennised, and hiked in Central Park, New York; flopped at 13 when she tried to crash the Follies chorus. Sang for Vallee for years.

★ ★ ★ THE SAINT IN NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton, Sig Rumann, Jonathan Hale, Jack Carson, Paul Guilfoyle, Frederick Burton, Ben Welden, Charles Halton, Cliff Bragdon. Screen play by Charles Kaufman and Mortimer Offner from a novel by Leslie Charteris. Directed by Ben Holmes. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 75 minutes.

AGAINST the current trend for heroines to be roughhoused and heroes to be all dirtied up, the movie detective, for some strange but pleasant reason, is getting tonier and tonier. One of the ritziest of the lot is "the Saint," a bookish lad, who comes to the Big City in response to pleadings of its outraged citizenry. Though working alone and armed chiefly with a wily mind, he cleans up Manhattan's worst gang. Which could be silly of course, but it is done so adroitly here that it's grand stuff.

In this debut of the Saint, Louis Hayward makes the detective a very delightful fellow. There's a seductive new girl, too—Kay Sutton.

VITAL STATISTICS: Leslie Charteris is not his real name; he's Singapore born, Cambridge degreed, wrote his first shocker when he was 19. He's led a sort of Errol Flynnish existence in the Malay States, managing

Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Tyrone Power in Alexander's Ragtime Band.

mines, rubber plantations, shooting tigers, crocodiles, and boars. He's made and lost a fortune in rubber speculation, has crossed the Alps on foot. He's written books in anywhere from 3 weeks to 3 months. Once did a play in 3 days. . . . Louis Hayward's South African born, French and English educated, planned to become a broker in Wales, World crash righted said ambish. Instead he invested his patrimony in a stock company, acted up onto the London stage, came over to America with the Lunts in Point Valaine.

★ ★½ GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS

THE PLAYERS: Rudy Vallee, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Gloria Dickson, Melville Cooper, Mabel Todd, Fritz Feld, Ed Brophy, Curt Bois, Victor Kilian, Georges Renavent, Armand Kaliz, Maurice Cass, Eddie Anderson, the Schnickelfritz Band. Screen play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff based on a story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, and Maurice Leo. Directed by Ray Enright. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 97 minutes.

IN New York, Rudy Vallee, it seems, is running an almost defunct night club called the Bali. In Paris, Hugh Herbert, a Frenchman, is commissioned to come to America and bring back the ballet for the Paris Exposition. Arrived on Broadway, Hugh asks to be directed to the Ballet, gets taken to the Bali, offers Rudy ten thousand francs to bring his dancers to France. Vallee decides, after a split-second struggle with his conscience, to deceive poor Hugh, takes the money, sails with his girls. In Paris, just when exposure threatens, Rudy shoots the works, puts his tap dancers on, and the kids win, hands down and toes up.

Praise goes to Mr. Vallee. He is both convincing and charming.

VITAL STATISTICS: That Columbus of the Crooners, and Heart-throb of the 1930s, Rudy Vallee, was born Hubert Prior Vallee on July 28, 1901, in Island Pond, Vt. Yankee with a dash of French, Rudy unfrenchified the pronunciation of his name, made it Valley. As a boy, Rudy played in high-school theatricals, filled in in his father's drugstore, worked one summer in a Vermont sawmill, ushered for $7 a week in his home-town movie, assisted the projectionist two years, made money on the side singing in quartets. He's still hipped on movie making, secretly yearns to be a big producer. He screen debutted in a short in 1929, has had little time to play, is a hard worker, but has always made money at everything. Is several times a millionaire. . . . Hugh Herbert said Wu-wu 1,268 times during the filming, but only ten Wus remain in pic. The rest were wasted on rehearsals and retakes. Herbert didn't invent Wu-wu. The Yot Club Boys did.

★ ★½ WHITE BANNERS

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, Fay Bainter, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Henry O'Neill, Kay Johnson, James Stephenson, J. Farrell Macdonald, William Pawley, Edward Pawley, John Ridgely, Edward McWade, Mary Field. Screen play by Lenore Coffee, Cameron Rogers, and Aben Finkel based on the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 90 minutes.

NOT white flags but white banners," proclaims Hannah, the maid who has, unknown and unasked, annexed herself to a small-town professor's family. Whereupon, so inspirational is her phrase, plus her cleaning and her cooking, that the professor, who has just been a fuddy-duddy up until her coming, decides not to be discouraged and invents the gas refrigerator instead. Hannah's long-lost lover returns, still loving her, though she spurns him on this return date for the noblest of reasons; a sick child is cured; Hannah's illegitimate son gives signs of becoming a genius as well as a good clean man. Everything, in fact, gets perfect. Having thus set all to rights, Hannah steals bravely away.

Such comforting philosophy might charm us more in better times.

Claude Rains, in a necessarily stuffy role, manages, none the less, to give warmth to the fumbling professor, and Jackie Cooper is very real as the young son.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is ex-Dominie Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas' third litry success to be converted into film. Others were Magnificent Obsession and Green Light, which made oodles of money. All were best sellers. Douglas was a preacher for 32 years before he decided he could spread his gospel further through books. . . . Kay Johnson can't bear throwing away an empty box or bottle, is Mrs. John (Megger) Cromwell in private life, has attics, closets, and storage spaces filled with her glassy hoard. . . . Claude Rains memorizes his part from beginning to end before appearing before cameras. Rains is his real name, he's London born, was gassed and wounded at Vimy Ridge.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

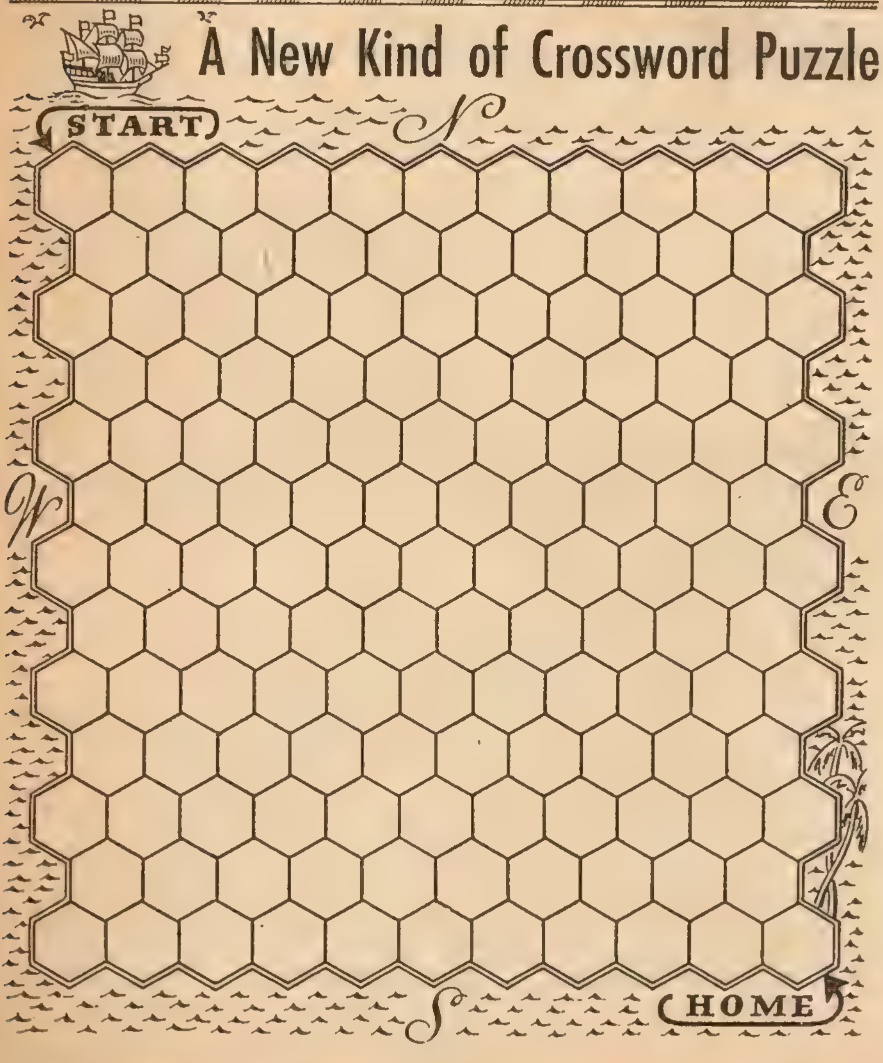
★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich.

★★★ —Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane.

Lost at Sea

A New Kind of Crossword Puzzle



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Can you bring the ship safely home by filling in words given in the course below? The figures indicate the number of letters in the word and the capital letters the direction in which the word runs. The direction changes with each word and the last letter of every word is the beginning of the next.

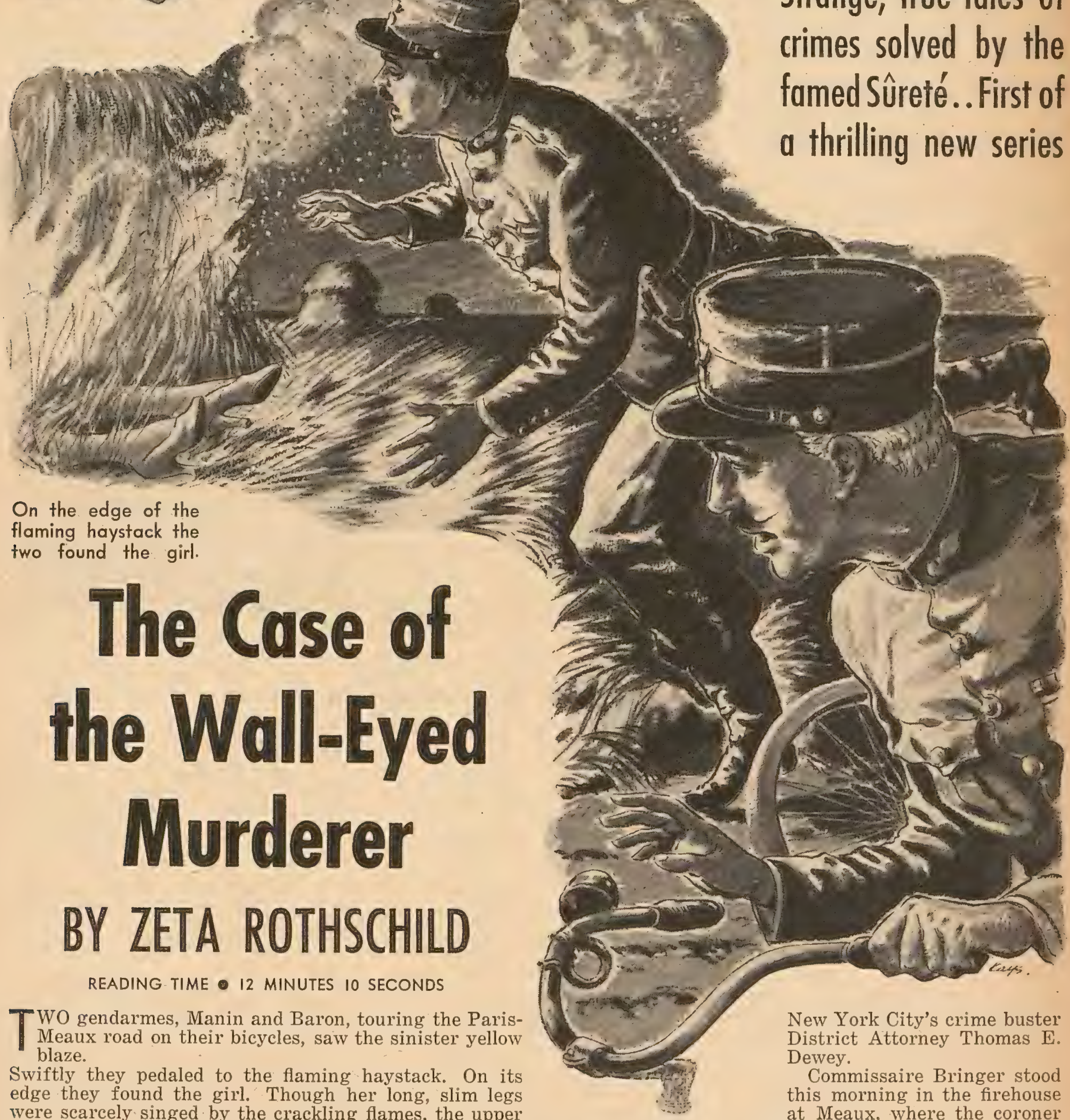
4E	Ramble here and there
7SW	To completely surround
7SE	A fair poet
4W	Ice-cream concoction
7NE	Beginner in sports
6NW	To seal again
4E	Devotional period
4SE	Tramped
5SW	A subconscious vision
4W	To come together
4SE	Snare
3NE	By
6NW	To shoe again
4E	Otherwise
4SE	Level
4SW	Close at hand
4W	To harvest
5NE	Device for making wine
5NW	Bargain offerings
7E	Flavored
3NE	Acted
4W	Hard of hearing
4SE	Enemies
4W	Made a sale
3NE	A printed period
3E	Short for Thomas
4SW	Cat talk
5SE	Enfolds in wrapping
4SW	Ego
3E	Not against
3NE	Uncooked
4W	Serious troubles
4SE	Taking time
4W	Hairy top pieces
3NE	Anatomical pouch
7E	Made things clear
5NW	Attire
5NE	Leaks out slowly
4W	Asiatic country
4SW	Post
4SE	Part of a tree
4E	No charge
6NW	To make dear
3NE	Rodent
4SE	Gratuities
4W	Billows
5SW	Paces
4SE	A wise man
4E	Not artificial
6NW	Stared
7NE	Making telephone call
4W	Grate
7SE	Traders
7SW	Scoffed
4E	Pier

C	A	R	I	B		R	E	M	U	N	E	R	A	T	E	D
A	R	A	■	L	E	A	S	E	■	E	R	A	T	O	■	E
R	E	■	B	A	R	N	S	■	R	A	I	S	E	■	W	E
S	■	G	O	I	N	G	■	P	U	R	E	E	■	R	I	D
	L	O	A	N	S	■	R	I	L	E	S	■	C	O	D	
S	E	A	T	S	■	L	I	N	E	R	■	H	O	P	E	S
T	E	D	S	■	S	O	L	E	S	■	C	A	V	E	R	N
A	R	S	■	S	E	A	L	S	■	P	O	L	E	S	■	E
I	S	■	S	C	A	D	S	■	M	O	T	O	R	■	H	E
N	■	S	T	A	R	S	■	M	O	P	E	S	■	F	A	R
E	N	T	E	R	S	■	C	A	V	E	S	■	L	A	M	E
D	E	E	M	S	■	D	A	Z	E	S	■	R	A	T	E	D
	W	A	S	■	H	I	R	E	D	■	C	O	D	E	S	
H	E	M	■	C	O	R	P	S	■	W	A	V	E	D	■	B
U	R	■	B	A	S	E	S	■	M	A	T	I	N	■	M	E
N	■	O	U	S	T	S	■	S	O	L	O	N	■	P	A	N
T	E	R	R	E	S	T	R	I	A	L		G	R	A	N	D

Last week's answer

TRUE DETECTIVE CASES FROM SECRET FRENCH ARCHIVES

Strange, true tales of crimes solved by the famed Sûreté.. First of a thrilling new series



On the edge of the flaming haystack the two found the girl.

The Case of the Wall-Eyed Murderer

BY ZETA ROTHSCHILD

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TWO gendarmes, Manin and Baron, touring the Paris-Meaux road on their bicycles, saw the sinister yellow blaze.

Swiftly they pedaled to the flaming haystack. On its edge they found the girl. Though her long, slim legs were scarcely singed by the crackling flames, the upper part of her dress and body had been burned badly.

The two policemen pulled her away from the intense heat of the swiftly burning haystack. All that warm Friday night of August 13, 1926, they squatted on the plain beside her pathetic body, maintaining careful vigil.

The morning of August 14 brought from Meaux and Versailles a corps of police investigators. Heading the detectives was Commissaire Bringer, young and shrewd and dapper. In both physical appearance and resourcefulness Commissaire Bringer resembled quite strikingly New York City's crime buster District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey.

Commissaire Bringer stood this morning in the firehouse at Meaux, where the coroner was performing an autopsy on the dead girl. While Bringer waited, he jotted down notes: "White foulard dress, brown polka dots. Silk underclothing. Gray silk stockings. High-heeled slippers, expensive. Well groomed hands."

Commissaire Bringer frowned.

"Where is her hat?" he demanded.

"No hat was found, sir," supplied Gendarme Manin. "Perhaps the murderer threw it into the fire."

"No hat?" repeated Bringer incredulously. "Why would it be thrown into the fire?"

The autopsy report revealed that the girl was young—in her early twenties. She had had blonde bobbed hair and greenish eyes. Her body revealed a number of injuries. Her shins were bruised and cut, her neck and chest scratched, her right thumb and nose were broken.

"Cause of death," said the coroner, "was strangulation. I found two deep dark bruises in the center of her throat, where extreme pressure had been put to bear on her larynx."

"Anything else?" asked Commissaire Bringer.

"Yes. This should help you: Contents of her stomach show that less than three hours before her death she had a meal of chicken, salad, and wine."

Bringer's eyes brightened at that. He gave his detectives a description of the girl, her clothing. "The inn where she ate cannot be so far away. Find it."

THEY found it—a little more than a mile from the burning haystack—on the main street of Claye. It was a restaurant known as the Silver Stork. Bringer hurried there. The owner, Mme. Lambeau, told him that the girl in the brown-and-white foulard dress had been there the night before at about eight o'clock; had ordered chicken, salad, wine. She was gay and pretty; not more than twenty. Her companion was a well dressed man in his forties. A wall-eyed man. It was his right eye that was fixed, staring. Perhaps a glass eye. Their relationship? Mme. Lambeau grinned, shrugged.

"Did they come in a car?"

"A handsome expensive car. A deep garnet shade."

Bringer, about to leave, fired one more question: "She wore a hat, this young girl?"

"A white hat trimmed with red cherries."

A canvass of the garages in Claye produced more information. The garnet car had stopped at one of these for oil. Its young proprietor recalled the wall-eyed driver and his companion in the cherry-trimmed hat.

"It was a Délage," he said. "Red body, gray upholstery, and it carried a Paris license."

Paris! Commissaire Bringer sent a description of the wanted car there. Every garage in Paris would have to be searched. A tremendous routine job, but the sort of persistent, intensive investigation at which the French Sûreté excels.

Late Sunday, the car was found in a garage at No. 10 rue de la Vega. Commissaire Bringer hurried there. The garageman said the car had been housed there less than one week by its owner, a M. Malou.

Commissaire Bringer inspected the car. Under its rear seat was a briefcase; in the briefcase were several letters signed "Malou," several photographs showing a blonde bobbed-haired girl and a wall-eyed man of forty—whom the garage proprietor identified as Malou—wearing a close-cropped mustache. Commissaire Bringer tugged at his own mustache.

"And where does M. Malou live?" he snapped.

"Ninety-six rue Général-Michel-Bizot."

"Put Number Ninety-six under watch," Bringer told his men. He handed them one of the photographs. "If this man comes out of that house, trail him. Do not, however, let any one know the house is being watched."

Two o'clock in the morning found Bringer pounding on the door of the Silver Stork. A sleepy Mme. Lambeau became alert when she saw the photographs he had brought.

"Yes, yes," she said. "This is the young woman. The man, too. See how his right eye . . ."

He thanked her, slept in his car on the drive back to Paris. At No. 96, his men told him that the wall-eyed man had not come out of the house. Bringer sought out the concierge. Disappointment awaited him.

"We have no tenant by the name of Malou."

Commissaire Bringer produced the photographs. The concierge brightened.

"The lady lives here," he said. "She is Mlle. Marie-Louise Beulanguet. The man, her friend, he comes here often. I did not know that his name was Malou."

"It isn't," mused Commissaire Bringer aloud. "I see, now, where our clever friend with the bad right eye got his name. It is a contraction of Marie-Louise." (MA-rie-LOU-ise.)

In the girl's bedroom Bringer found two things that interested him. One was the white hat with the red cherries that she had been wearing the night of the murder. The other was a letter—from the murdered girl's mother. It was a poignant, pessimistic letter that read, in part: "My dear little daughter: You are only a poor girl; he is wealthy. Do millionaires marry poor girls? Not often. Trust not this Gaston Guyot."

SO that was his true name, mused Bringer. Now to find him. He had been calling on the girl for more than a year. Yet his red car had been in the garage where they had found it less than one week. Therefore he must have kept it at another garage in the neighborhood, probably under his true name.

They quickly found the garage, a few doors away. From its proprietor they learned the address of Gaston Guyot. Bringer went to the address. Guyot's housekeeper answered the door. Guyot had just left. She did not know where he had gone. By the end of that day Commissaire Bringer knew that their quarry had fled.

It was a bit of hard luck. Bringer shrugged, began digging out information on the man while the search for him continued.

Gaston Guyot was a millionaire, son of the Mayor of Louans; scion of an extremely respected family. He had a daughter of seventeen. He had had two wives, both now dead, and it was the story of these wives that interested Commissaire Bringer.

On Thursday morning, August 19, Commissaire Bringer received a telephone call from Gaston Guyot's father. The brokenhearted old gentleman said:

"I have a letter from my son. I am meeting him in Paris at seven o'clock tonight. It is best that he give himself up. I will tell him so."

Commissaire Bringer and his men were at the rendezvous in the Place Denfert-Rochereau that night. They saw Gaston Guyot, weeping, greet his father. They saw him listen quietly as the old man talked. Then, when father took son's face between gnarled trembling hands and kissed him on either cheek, they closed in.

When they were back at headquarters, Commissaire Bringer said gently: "Suppose you tell me about it."

Gaston Guyot (left) with his counsel.

Guyot brushed a tear from his one good eye.

"I was quite fond of her," he said. "I met her three years ago, in Provins. She followed me to Paris—against my wishes. At first she was quite sweet. She worked at the telephone exchange. Each night I spent with her at her apartment.

"Then she insisted that I support her. I did that. Her demands became greater. I must marry her. But that I would not do. How could such a girl become head of my household, stepmother of my innocent daughter who is almost her age?

"Well, she persisted," Guyot continued. "Constantly she nagged. She threatened blackmail. Commissaire, Marie-Louise was pretty and sweet and lovable, but"—his voice quivered with passion—"as God is my judge, she made my life a living hell with her nagging.

"Last Friday night we ate at the Silver Stork. She was gay. But we'd hardly got in the car to drive away when she began nagging again. She became hysterical, vicious. She hit me repeatedly about the face with her fists. I lost control of the car for a moment. It went off the road. I managed to stop it. Her nagging and abuse had made me half crazy too. She was screaming. My left hand was on the wheel. My right grabbed her by the throat. I shook her for just a minute, to stop her screaming. I felt her go limp. I took my hand away. God help me, she was dead. I was panic-stricken. . . . You know the rest."

"It is a sad story," Commissaire Bringer said softly. "A nagging woman, a distracted man. Sympathetic French juries have freed men who murdered in a frenzy of rage under lesser provocation."

"Then you think—" began Guyot.

"I think," snapped Bringer, "that your story of the murder is a lie. It was not the accidental affair you picture it; not the crazed act of an enraged man."

Commissaire Bringer leaned forward.

"Throughout you acted with cold premeditation, Guyot. One week before the murder you changed garages. Under the false name, Malou, you put your red car—the murder car—in another garage.

"Assuming that your incredible story of strangling the girl with one hand is true. Then what? Then we would have found the black bruise of your right thumb behind the girl's right ear. We didn't. We found two bruises—made by *both* thumbs—directly in the center of her throat. That means that you—and the girl—were standing up; you directly in front of her, exerting terrific pressure upon her larynx. She struggled many moments and your fingers scratched her throat . . ."

"It became scratched," Guyot protested, "when I dragged her body to the haystack."

"Nonsense. Her nose was broken. Her right thumb, too. Her shins were scuffed. No, you choked her deliberately. At no time were you a distracted man. You were clever enough to take back to her flat the white hat she wore. You wanted to create the impression, for any one who saw her leave there with you, that she had returned after the ride with you.

"You even hoped to destroy her corpse entirely."

Again Guyot protested.

"That fire was an accident. I swear it. A carelessly lighted match . . ."

"That is ridiculous," said Bringer. "A brisk wind blew that night. You would have had carefully to cup a match in your hand to have set fire to that haystack."

Commissaire Bringer smiled coldly.

"And finally, Guyot, there is the little matter of the death of your two wives. The jury shall hear of that."

At the trial of Gaston Guyot, the jury did hear of those other two deaths.

On July 17, 1919, Guyot had come from the bedroom he shared with his first wife to announce: "Augusta has shot herself!" She was found dead in bed, a bullet wound over her right ear. Guyot explained that she was neurasthenic, feared she had cancer.

Yet she had never expressed those fears to friends or family. Nor did she have any symptoms of cancer.

Guyot wired her parents that she had died of a heart attack.

On the night of February 7, 1922, Guyot had run from the bedchamber of his second wife, screaming. She, too, was found shot. To her parents, three days *after* her death, Guyot had wired: "Charlotte has a heavy cold." Two days later came a second telegram to tell her parents of Charlotte's death.

In both cases Guyot had buried his wives quickly. In both cases suicide had been the verdict.

But now these stories did not sit well with the jury listening to the evidence against Guyot during his trial for the murder of pretty green-eyed Marie-Louise Beulanguet. The jury promptly found him guilty of murder, recommended no mercy. Bitter fights for a new trial availed him not at all. His death sentence stood.

Finally but one hope was left—the highest official of all France, President Doumergue. Mindful, perhaps, of the lifetime of honest service given France by the wrinkled broken old man who was the father of a callous murderer, President Doumergue commuted Guyot's sentence to life at hard labor in the penal colony in French Guiana. There he is today.

The last words he spoke for publication were quite typical of the millionaire monster:

"I could never have killed any woman intentionally. It isn't in me. I should have been freed."

THE END

Missing—a blonde woman. Discovered—her stolen jewels. The French police suspected murder but were baffled by the absence of a corpse. And then—! Zeta Rothschild presents the story of this strange crime—the second in her exciting series—in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Julia Marlowe.
2—Naught.
3—Harry Houdini.
4—Yes—about twice the size.
5—A Chinese bow.
6—David.
7—In Wyoming.
8—The Teddy bear, for Theodore Roosevelt.
9—Alphonse Capone.
10—A filly.
11—Baltimore, Maryland.
12—Seven minutes.
13—Animal.
14—Ivar Kreuger.
15—Sir Anthony Van Dyck.
16—Yes.
17—Terephah meat.
18—That from Alabama during the Democratic National Convention.
19—Chattanooga, Tennessee.
20—Joe "Di Maggio

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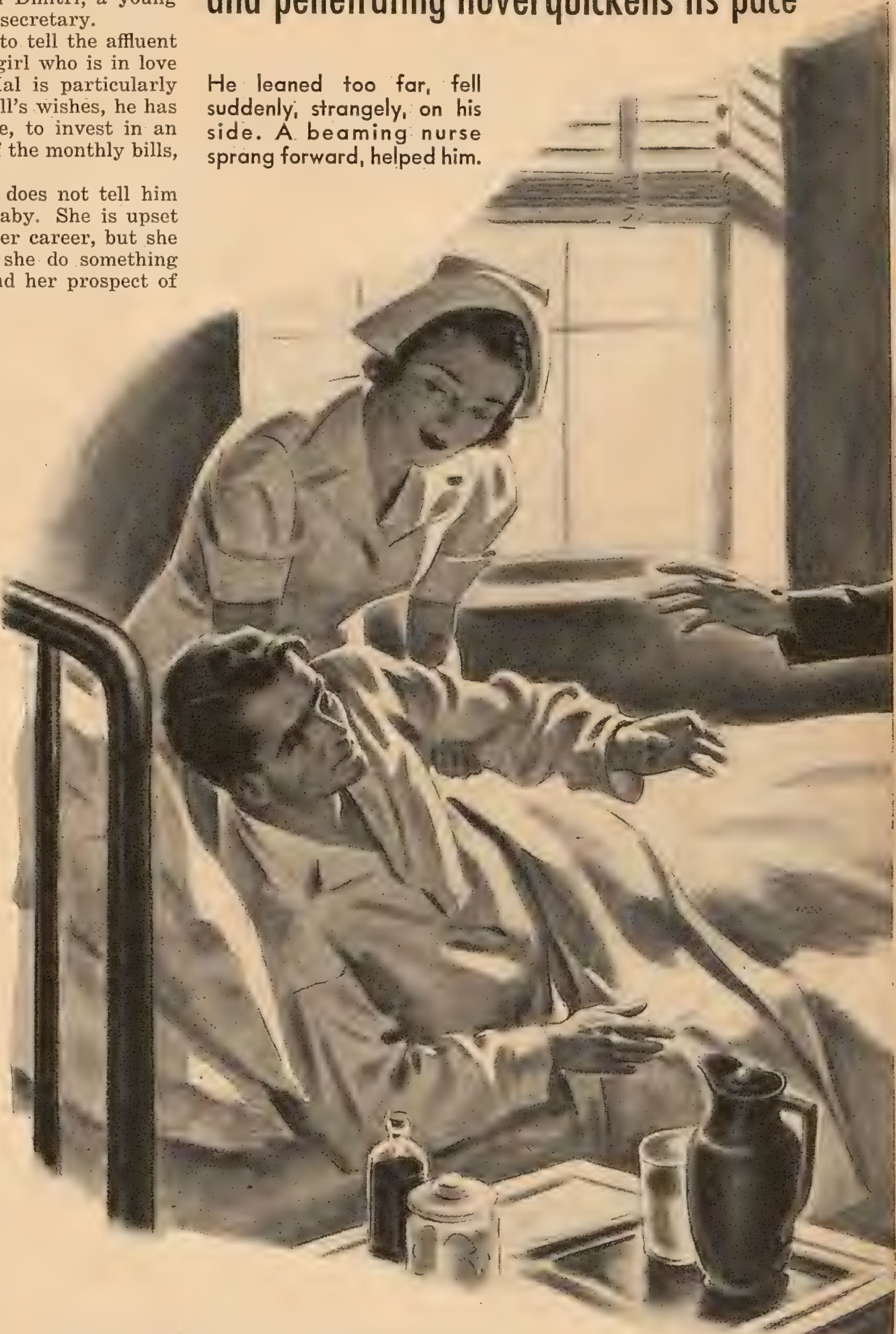
He leaned too far, fell suddenly, strangely, on his side. A beaming nurse sprang forward, helped him.



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

JILL and Hal Norcross, once very much in love, have grown farther and farther apart because of Jill's absorption in her business, the King-Danforth Travel Agency. A new department to launch unpopular debutantes, started with the help of Jill's friend Jack—Mrs. Seymour Shane, a well known social secretary—makes it necessary for her to spend more and more time at her office working with Dmitri, a young Russian count whom she has hired as her secretary.

When Hal loses his job, he is ashamed to tell the affluent Jill, and turns to Chloe Denver, a lonely girl who is in love with him, for sympathy and comfort. Hal is particularly worried about finances because, against Jill's wishes, he has given all his savings to his brother, Mike, to invest in an exploring expedition. To meet his share of the monthly bills, he sells his clothes.

Jill keeps a secret from Hal, too. She does not tell him when she learns she is going to have a baby. She is upset because it will mean an interruption in her career, but she refuses to accept Jack's suggestion that she do something about it. Then one day she has a fall and her prospect of motherhood vanishes. With her relief is mingled a feeling of guilt. Was her fall the result of a subconscious wish?

From a friend Jill learns that Hal has been at a night club with Chloe. Then, when she finds his clothes gone, she assumes that he has taken them to Chloe's place. In her unhappiness she comes to lean more and more on Dmitri. When he tells her he loves her, one day when they are driving to see a client, she is inclined to be responsive. But all thought of Dmitri is driven from her mind when they reach their destination. A message is awaiting her that Hal has been injured.

PART FIVE—HAL MAKES A DISCOVERY

THERE must be some mistake," Jill told the precise hospital voice over the Delays' telephone. "My husband isn't a dock worker for any steamship company. My husband works for Sanders-Fifth Avenue."

"Mrs. Norcross, we do not know where your husband is in the habit of working," said the voice. "But yesterday afternoon he fell while carrying packing boxes at the Southern Steamship Company dock and he is now unconscious in our emergency ward. The company located his address today and your maid has identified him."

A welter of unreality from the midst of which her dazed mind grasped at one practical detail. "My husband—in a public ward!" she stammered. "You must move him into a private room at once!"

"You don't understand, Mrs. Norcross," said the voice. "Your husband can't be removed. You'd better come as soon as possible."

It began to be real now. The autumn colors that had been so beautiful and full of mystery on the ride out were only a mad kaleidoscope as the car rushed through them, with Dmitri driving in silence beside her, a silence he broke only to answer patiently the monotonous refrain of her questions: How soon could they get there? How much longer was it? What was Hal doing on the dock of the Southern Steamship Company?

"I don't know, Jill. We shall have to wait and see."

She wasn't conscious of how often she'd made him say that until they were in the city waiting for a traffic light and a dogged reiteration in his tones made her turn to look at him for the first time since they'd left the Delays'. The sight of his eyes meeting hers before they turned ahead once more made her remember their day that had been broken into a thousand pieces. How long ago that seemed now, that moment when they'd stopped on the road. And he was not trying to recall it to her by the slightest bereaved lingering of that look; only to reassure, to help her, as he had always done.

"Dmitri," she said, "thank you. I didn't realize how often I was hitting the same questions. Thank you for everything."

"Your trouble is mine," said Dmitri. "I share it with you."

ARTHUR SARNOFF

Her Gentleman Secretary

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

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The car went forward, and he was silent again, driving through the last few blocks of traffic before they reached the hospital. He had spoken very quietly but it was like a sudden flourish of trumpets. In the midst of her numbing suspense she knew for the first time that he really did love her. It was uplifting at this moment when she needed to rally all her forces, as the car stopped in front of the hospital. That he meant it to be was evident as he looked at her gently. "I shall wait for you," he said. "You may need me to run errands, or for whatever purpose."

He did not alter from this gentleness in the days that followed. Incredible days of agony and bewilderment.

She had finally been able to have Hal changed into a private room. She had learned the facts of his accident. And that was all. It was true that Hal had left Sanders'—true that he had been working as a stevedore on the Southern Steamship Company dock, with such apparent determination to make good that he'd stayed after hours on his second day to rearrange his loadings. And, evidently a little uncertain from the unaccustomed strain, he'd slipped and fallen under a big packing case. Something had happened to his spine for which the doctors had a lot of fancy names, and he'd been unconscious ever since the ambulance had picked him up.

These were the facts. But why? Why had Hal left Sanders'? Why had he taken a job? Above all, why had he never told her? She could not ask Hal, lying in a coma, with two nurses day and night. So she asked Dmitri. He was patient with her questions. And he was a tower of strength between her and the office, so that she could stay all the time at the hospital.

She tried sometimes to feel martyred and gallant, carrying on with her work while Hal hovered between life and death, but she knew too well that without the distraction of office detail while she sat outside his hospital door, she would have gone mad; and she couldn't scrape up any gallant feeling over a mere act of self-preservation. Unhappily sometimes she wondered how much her past imagined gallantry had been self-preservation or, worse, sheer selfishness. Inexplicable and wounding as Hal's actions still were to her, nevertheless she herself did not emerge beside them in a becoming light.

For by now she had found the pawn tickets to Hal's clothes. They were in Hal's wallet that the hospital had turned over to her. A flat empty wallet now, with nothing in it but pawn tickets, some "help wanted" clippings, and a card to a delicatessen store.

It had been hard to breathe, looking at those tickets, while she thought how easily she'd assumed that he'd moved out to Chloe Denver's—and had wondered if, without that false conviction, she would ever have promised Dmitri that they needn't go back that afternoon.

She told Dmitri about it the next time she saw him. "Remember what I told you, that Hal was living with another woman? Well—I've found out it wasn't so."

He raised his head slowly and took a long breath. "I too have found out something," he said. "You have been asking why he left Sanders'. My Finnish friend has a woman friend who is very, shall we say close, to one of the Sanders head officers. I asked her to—to find out about it; and she did. . . . It seems that he went to see Alix Barron to take some newsreel picture for store advertisements. She complained he 'made advances' and demanded his resignation, which, since her uncle is the largest Sanders stockholder, became compulsory."

His eyes were sick as they met her stunned regard. "You have seen Alix Barron," he said. "You can imagine—how much time she would leave a man to 'make advances.' I went to her at once and told her I knew what really happened. I told her I would kill her with my bare hands if she did not make it right. . . . She said—she said that she had done it all because she knew I would come to her. That she would rather I killed her—than go on any longer—without me."

Dully, with the top of her mind, she thought: There isn't a man in the world except Dmitri who could get away with telling a thing like this. But Dmitri did not sound conceited or indiscreet or trivial.

"So then," she said—"what happened then?"

"I came away," said Dmitri simply. "One cannot, after all, kill one hundred million dollars. One's only revenge may be not to love it—and she is suffering because of that revenge, I can assure you."

"Suffering, huh?" she said. "While Hal may be dying. And now we know, Dmitri, that it's our fault."

All that night, curled in her chair outside Hal's room, she prayed for Hal to live, so that she might atone for the wrong she'd done him. For, as she had told Dmitri, it was their fault. If there had not been something between them which Alix Barron had sensed, Alix would not have tried to revenge herself on Jill through Hal.

Please, God, her prayers said all night long. If Hal can only live, I'll see we never drift apart again.

As if in answer to this prayer, the next morning she was told that Hal was conscious and out of danger. As he gave her permission to go into Hal's room, the nerve specialist, a big man with a beard, looked like a grizzly-haired Santa Claus to her.

HAL was propped up in bed to receive her. He grinned weakly and leaned forward to kiss her as she ran toward him. He leaned too far and fell suddenly, strangely, on his side. One of the beaming nurses sprang forward and helped him back with brisk cheer. He was sweating when he finally kissed her, but he grinned again shakily at her alarmed face.

"Should have stopped that with my arms. They haven't got used to me being dead from the waist down."

"What—do—you—mean?" she said.

The nurse back of him was making warning gestures. "Why," said Hal, "didn't they tell you? It's only temporary, darling. I can't move—just for a few weeks. Something about nerve reaction after shock."

She never knew how she rallied to smile back at him and say foolish things. She never knew how she managed to control her emotions until the visit was over and she was flying down the corridor to intercept Santa Claus coming from another of his cheery morning visits.

"How could you let me go in there without telling me?" she cried. "Is it true about only a few weeks, or is that something else you're holding back?"

"You see how you are," he said. "How much better for you to let this out on me than on him."

"Tell me!" she cried. "Will he ever walk again?"

He bowed impatiently. "My dear lady—in these cases we never know. There's always hope. I'll talk with you in more detail tomorrow."

He walked away toward the floor loud-speaker that was paging him. She stood looking after him with everything in her revolving around one terrible repetition: *I didn't pray for quite enough, did I?*

She would have fallen except for Dmitri, suddenly at her side, holding her up. He took her outside to a taxi, where the tears came at last. She sobbed on his shoulder with his arm around her.

She couldn't be sure, with just Dr. Trench's word, he told her. She must ask for a consultation.

The next day a great Viennese nerve specialist confirmed Dr. Trench's diagnosis. Unless a miracle happened, Hal would never walk again. Of course, the Viennese specialist said, there was always the possibility of that miracle.

"We doctors are only beginning to learn," he told her, "that we know nothing. We can only guess. Medicine is no longer sure of what is mental and what physical. A physical symptom more definite even than paralysis may be caused by some mental pathology, and right itself when that pathology diminishes."

Yards of that, which only meant that Hal would never walk. "What will he do?" she cried. "What can I do for him to make him bear to live?"

With a wheel chair, the doctor said, she'd find Hal could lead quite a happy life. *Hal in a wheel chair.* Some of the great men of the world had done their jobs with worse handicaps. The only real pity, he said, was that they'd never had children.

"Never *had.*" . . . She stared at the sad implacable eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses before the meaning of his words rained in upon her like hail across a grave.

Grave of Hal's child that she had killed by her carelessness. The only child he would now ever have.

She wanted to fling herself on the floor; she wanted to jump out of the window. But no, she couldn't ever do that now. She couldn't take any more things away from Hal. And as she realized what that meant in future bondage, in the atonement for which she had pledged herself so easily in her prayers, she put her hand over her eyes and sat in a silence so stony and so profound that the little doctor tiptoed away.

After Jill had left, that first morning, Hal sat for some time staring ahead of him before he rang for his nurse. She was around forty, with freckles and sandy hair, and her first name was Eglantine.

"Listen, Eglantine," he said. "You know that men have certain little matters of business that have to be kept secret from every one. Even, lamentably, sometimes from their wives."

Eglantine nodded breathlessly. She had already fallen in love with Hal and disliked Jill's too adequate combination of looks and cool efficiency.

"That being understood," said Hal, "will you please give me my letter from the steamship company and some writing paper?"

The letter contained a check for eleven dollars and eighty cents, which

When General Dawes Said No to Mrs. McLean

Mrs. MacLean wearing the famous Hope diamond

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Until now the public has had only a fragmentary idea of what really went on when Mrs. McLean injected herself into the Lindbergh case and tried to ransom the kidnaped child. Beyond the meager facts made public lies one of the strangest stories ever told. A tale almost incredible in thrills, surprises, and heartbreak!

And the strangest part of it all is that the end is not yet. Mrs. McLean's investigation did not stop when Gaston B. Means failed to deliver. It has gone on steadily ever since. It is going on now. But what has happened up until now can at last be told, and will be told by Mrs. McLean in Liberty at an early date.

You read the story by Lieutenant Finn of how he captured Hauptmann. You read Jafsie's extraordinary narrative of his part in the Lindbergh case. You read the strange story of John Hughes Curtis as told by Lloyd Fisher of counsel for Hauptmann. You read Governor Hoffman's story. Now come these new facts never before told. Don't miss the self-told revelations of Evalyn Walsh McLean, soon to start in Liberty.

represented pay for his work on the company dock. . . . Chloe, he thought, squinting at his endorsement on the back, this is quite a valuable check I'm sending you.

Another of those things men didn't tell their wives: that he'd taken the dock work because he'd wanted to be able to go on helping Chloe while he was waiting for something better to turn up.

It was a matter that he didn't attempt to explain to himself. He had seen Chloe only a few times since the evening he'd bought out the delicatessen for her with his pawnshop money. He had subdued her to a point where she no longer made attempts to establish him as her next truelove, and she was also following the budget he'd made for her. When he found her enduring a toothache because she couldn't afford a dentist on her budget, he'd made her go to one. It appeared that the tooth had to be pulled, which left a disfiguring space in the upper front of Chloe's bravely smiling mouth. It would cost much too much money, she'd said, to replace it.

"It would cost you too much not to," he'd told her. "A pretty girl without a front tooth! It can't be done. Order the gadget; I'll find the money."

He couldn't ever explain to Jill, he thought now, looking at the check that was to start paying for Chloe's tooth, how unimportant Chloe was. Especially when what Chloe stood for was so important; now more than ever, when he felt like an impotent fool with those legs out stiff in front of him, to feel he was helping anything so vital in the scheme of things as a pretty girl's front tooth.

"Eglantine," he said, "haven't you got some plain paper of your own?" But Eglantine reluctantly confessed that she and the other nurses always stole the hospital stationery. He'd have to think up something to say that would keep Chloe from knowing he was here for anything but a pleasure trip. "Just dropped in to use the note paper," he wrote. "Put this toward the tusk; more soon. H. N."

When Eglantine fluttered away with the letter, he stared ahead of him again, his momentary exhilaration gone. The doctors might be wrong in those assurances that he would be able to move soon. Sometimes these things took months; he'd seen them in football.

ON the first day that Jill returned to the office after Hal's accident, Eve came over to her desk, blundering and embarrassed. Jill looked at her forbiddingly, her peaked face set in sharp white planes, trying to warn her against the cruelty of a kind word. But Eve barged ahead:

"Glad to see you back, Jill."

"I do appreciate everybody's carrying on for me," Jill said, and turned to the pile on her desk.

But Eve still lingered. "Jill, I'm terribly sorry," she said. "But I've really got to tell you. I've been waiting all this time that you were out and—well, I can't hold things up any longer."

Startled, Jill looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to married," said Eve, a pink spot circling either cheek. "I wanted to leave before, only you were out and I had to stand by."

Jill stared at her. "Leaving!" she finally managed. "What will become of our partnership—of your share in the stock?"

"I'm willing to trust you to carry on alone until we find some one to buy it. Now you have Dmitri, I think you could swing the whole office. And if you can't you could get some one else. Or I'd even just as soon lose the money, Jill; that's how far gone *I* am!"

"Why can't you be married and go on with it?" Jill snapped—exactly as she had snapped to Symph a long time ago, only she didn't remember.

Eve shook her head. "Oh, no. After seeing—I mean, Bill wouldn't let me—and, well, I'm glad he wouldn't. My dear, I know you'll manage—you always do!"

"Yes," said Jill in a stifled voice. "I always do. And so I'll always have to."

She looked across the desk. "Dmitri, do you think we can swing it?"

"I think *you* can, Miss King," said Dmitri in his office voice. "And I think I am sufficiently familiar with the detail of Miss Danforth's desk to help."

At the end of the week, by working hard together, Jill and Eve had things in such shape that the office was ready to carry on without Eve.

Dmitri was to remain across the desk from Jill. But he was to handle the body of Eve's business on percentage, as the partners had done, with Jill taking over only Eve's most important clients. Susie, remaining at Eve's desk, was to act as Dmitri's secretary.

Dmitri took hold at once with the efficiency that was becoming the expected thing from him. It was not, of course, the same as having Eve at her desk; Dmitri did not have so much time to give Jill as he had done before. But he found a good stenographer, a robust Polish girl named Miss Corappy, dubbed at once by Jill "Coral Pie," who filled in for Jill's typing and dictation, and the whole patchwork seemed to hang together.

In all this time there was no mention between them of what had been broken off on the day Dmitri had driven her to the hospital. "Your trouble is mine," he had said. And so it seemed. It was as if he worked so hard because he knew of her driving worry, her need to get ahead in order to pay for those dreadfully looming doctors' and nurses' bills. When she finally asked him if he would take on still more work with no extra pay, to gamble on an expansion of the Wet Smacks Department, he made her feel as if she had done him a favor.

JILL had to begin to plan now, as any man did, to arrange some sort of security for her and hers, and the growing prosperity of the Wet Smacks Department gave her the idea of plunging on it. With the offer of a furrier, who was moving from his room opposite hers, to sublet to her at a bargain rate, it occurred to her that she might use it as an office for Wet Smacks, with Dmitri in charge. He had lately been handling the personal contacts, including the entire Delay business, and she realized that his charm put a good beginning wedge of self-confidence into any timid maiden. In that new room, with a secretary, he could preside over the Wet Smacks and continue to look after his quota of Eve's trade as well.

The idea seemed to appeal to him as much as it had to her—indeed, sometimes she thought that he had put it into her mind by various suggestions here and there. The only drawback was, he said at once, that he would no longer be across the desk from her.

"You need me to smooth things for you one hundred times a day," he said. "To tell you when you must have lunch; to fight off wrong people on the telephone."

They were in a smart Park Avenue restaurant similar to the one where she had met Jack so often, where she and Dmitri made it their practice to confer at lunch. Women at other tables surveyed Dmitri with narrowed covetous eyes; and today, for the first time in many weeks, Jill felt a little flicker of human emotion to see it—a certain pride that he was oblivious of them, looking only at her.

"You still can tell me—when to have lunch—can't you?" she smiled. "You'll only be a little farther away, that's all."

"'All,'" Dmitri repeated in a level voice, looking away from her. "Possibly you do not know how terrifying a thought it is. The thought of not being able to look up and see you across the desk from me."

"Perhaps I do know, Dmitri," she said quietly. "Perhaps that's another reason why I think it would be better—a little farther away."

"I understand," he said.

They did not speak again until their demitasses were in front of them. Then he said, in the same level tone: "You know now how I love you. But permit me to tell you this last time; for then we shall never speak of it again. I understand—all the reasons—why we shall never speak of it again."

Not all, she thought. Dmitri did not know what she had done to Hal, for which she must always atone. But she was silent, with her head bent, while Dmitri continued: "It will be a balm to pain to know that I am working for you; that you need the success of our new venture more than you needed me to be your secretary."

Hazily she noticed the "our" in front of "venture," but she didn't mind it. In a sense it was true.

paying the check now; something he hadn't always been able to do, so that he was doing it proudly, with gestures, and she watching him knew that her eyes were wet to see the pride that she had made possible.

For she knew now that she loved him. There was no one else who could bring her this feeling of power and poise that had been complete happiness and was even now a drug against despair—what had he said?—"balm to pain." She loved him; they had gone all the way from passion to this high pure state of helping each other as inevitably as air flowed into light.

"Dmitri," she said, "you know what I would like to say. And that I can't ever. . . . We have more perhaps—as it is—than most people. Let us live with that—for as long as we can."

"It is more, as you say, than most people have," he said. "But now, before we leave this table, may I call you once my darling—only once, Jill, so it may echo every time I see you forevermore?"

Darling. The little word that had been hers and Hal's through all their lost frantic lovely days—that had become a dull meaningless habit between them now. "Oh, no, Dmitri—no!" she cried, and got up, pushing her chair violently away from the table.

The day after Hal sent his letter to Chloe, the telephone by his bed rang. "'Just dropped in to use the paper,' nyah!" she said. "Didn't you know I'd know nobody drops in at hospitals unless he has to?"

It had been easy enough for her to call the hospital on suspicion and ask if he were there. He had no desire to see her, nor for the complications with Jill which might result in Chloe's appearance at the hospital. She seemed to sense that. "Oh, I'll come when your wife's at her office," she said. "You've got to see your new tooth, you know, now it's installed!"

He had to laugh. And by the time she called, a week later, he was ready to see her. The days had become long and rather frightening. Above all, he had begun to hate the powerless feeling of looking forward to Jill's morning and evening visits as the only events of his day.

So Chloe came, and burst into tears at the sight of him lying there white and thin and motionless; and it was easy to comfort her, because her grief didn't touch him. She brought a basket of presents wrapped up in fancy paper and ribbons, one to open every hour until tomorrow, when she was, she informed him, coming again. When he said she shouldn't have spent the money, she explained that she was in funds now. His eleven eighty had turned her luck.

"I've never told you what I did with my mornings," she said. "It's a hat shop a girl friend of mine has been starting. She couldn't get there until late in the morning, because she has children to get off to school and housework and so on, so I got the habit of looking after things for her until she could be there. And now the store has begun to make some money and she's paying me ten dollars a week. Isn't it wonderful?"

IT gave him something to think about when she was gone. It had never occurred to him that Chloe did anything but wait for telephone calls. The fact that she had helped a friend by getting up early every morning and going to work in a hat shop with no thought of reward put her in an entirely different light from the feverish girl whom he had judged as two steps from being "on the town." It made him respect her for the first time.

He'd made her promise not to spend any more on presents for him, and sternly altered her budget so that the new ten a week would go toward the tooth account for which his check had been the first down payment. At the door she had faltered: "You'll really let me come tomorrow, won't you, Hal? It's pretty lonely, see, just going to a hat shop and paying for a front tooth."

"What?" he said. "Mean to tell me that no trueloves have turned up yet?"

Her soft face quivered. "Last week, right after I got your note with the check," she said, "Jack called me up. It was the first time he'd called since that night I waited for him and found you. . . . I don't know what I'd have done if I hadn't heard from you. But I had; and I told him I didn't want to see him."

"Don't try to put it off on me," he grinned. "You should have bounced that guy anyway!"

Eglantine, who had been delightedly popeyed over Chloe's visit, couldn't help but notice that he was more cheerful after she left than Eglantine had ever seen him, and finally screwed up the temerity to say so.

"Why—that's right, Eglantine," he said. "I guess I am. It's much easier to be cheerful about something you don't really care about. If you know what I mean."

"Maybe I know," said Eglantine darkly, "better than you do. Maybe she's the one you really care about and you just need to be waked up to it."

"Waked up . . ." said Hal, and looked at the long white ridges stretched in front of him. "When will they, Eglantine? Have you any private opinions?"

He stopped asking things like that of anybody after a few more weeks. He was having every kind of treatment the hospital could offer—sun-ray, electrical, diathermy. While these went on and the doctors' consultations continued he would not allow the growing disquietude within himself to be expressed. But when two months of treatments went by, and then one more, and finally Dr. Trench told him as a happy surprise that they were going to let him go home, it seemed as if a bell finally tolled in the depths of his mind, which had become so empty of hope that the bell had a thousand echoes.

HE sat quite still, looking at the doctor from his wheel chair. He'd had a wheel chair for some time now, and he'd become expert in getting about with it. He'd sort of liked it until this moment with that bell tolling. But he sat looking at the doctor and said only:

"The treatments. How are we to go on with the treatments at home?"

"My boy," beamed Dr. Trench, "we think home will do you more good, at the moment, than any treatments. Later, perhaps, we may resume . . ."

Does he think I'm an idiot? Hal thought. But why shouldn't he, after all? After seeing me swallow his lies for three months.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, doc; I understand."

In accordance with his usual practice, Dr. Trench saw no necessity in troubling himself to let Jill know that her husband at last knew what had happened to him. So, at the time when Hal faced his own Calvary, Jill was at the office trying to find out why a certain New York dowager had summarily withdrawn her daughter's case from the Wet Smacks Department. Hence it was Chloe, instead, who came in upon him that afternoon, some hours after the doctor had left. When she asked at once what was the matter, he said quietly: "It's that I know now, Chloe. That I'm never going to walk again. Did you know too all along? Did everybody know but me?"

Chloe grew very pale. "Hal," she said, "nobody knows. And I'll never believe it. The thing is—for you not to believe it too."

"You poor kid," he said. "Just as goofy as ever, aren't you? As if I shouldn't have to be facing all sorts of things. How to get a job in a wheel chair, for one. How to hold a wife in a wheel chair—for another!"

She seized his hand against his rising voice and shattering laugh. "Oh, Hal," she cried, "do you still love her?"

"I can't, it seems," he said. "Not ever again. She can't have children, she can't have a husband. Only half a man in a wheel chair."

"If I could have you any way at all," cried Chloe, "I'd be in heaven! Any woman would!"

"Poor goofy Chloe," he said. "Think of the trueloves that you've gotten over. It's—been different—with Jill and me."

"I've never seen her but once in my life," cried Chloe, "and I never want to again! I hate her for having you now, and I can't help but believe she'll lose you to me some day! Just as much as I believe that you'll walk when that time comes, if only to get away from her!"

"Chloe," he said, "you're making me laugh—even now. Go on holding my hand, will you? While I get used to things."

She sat holding his hand for a long time.

Jill, coming in at the end of the afternoon, found

Eglantine outside the door. Having never liked Jill, Eglantine took a certain satisfaction in telling her of Hal's reaction to the doctor's news. Jill, already very tired from a number of office difficulties that seemed for some mysterious reason all to be centering about the Wet Smacks Department, stared at her in dismay.

"I always thought I'd be there," she said, "when the doctor said he could go home."

"Well, you see, there's so little you *can* be here, Mrs. Norcross," said Eglantine, "and it doesn't coincide with Dr. Trench's visits, so I suppose he thought—"

But Jill had streaked inside, to rush to Hal and put her arms around him. "Oh, darling!" she cried. "I'm so happy! They told me you can come home at last."

He would have liked not to turn to her so eagerly, but he could no more have helped it than breathe. Later on he could begin to decide what he must do, what would be fair. Meanwhile her arms were around him and she was calling him "darling" for the first time in months.

Tired as she was, divided between her office worries and her anguish over Hal, Jill continued to put on a good show. She couldn't help admiring herself for it, too, in the next few days of getting Hal settled at home; for lately she'd been indulging in several lapses of self-pity. In the first flush of reconciling herself to a life of atonement, she had overlooked the fact that she was a young woman, with a young woman's desire for love—and that she would be tied to an invalid. She had given up all thought of Dmitri, of course, and as the enormity of her sacrifice dawned on her, she found herself becoming tense, irritable.

She had tried to persuade herself it was all mental, and noticed in proof of this that when she was able to feel particularly noble her tension vanished, she could be buoyed up by her own self-esteem. Thus she buoyed herself up for Hal's first few days at home, and felt rewarded for doing so by a real happiness to see him there again. He too shut his eyes to future considerations in the relief that it was to wake at home instead of to four white walls and to see Jill's tenderness. It was a relief, too, in a way, to be without Chloe's visits.

BUT he knew above all things he must find something to do. He couldn't sit home in a wheel chair and let Jill support him. Also, he'd have to see about continuing with Jill at all. But his mind wouldn't quite face that yet. It was still too busy trying to realize what it was going to mean to be a cripple all the rest of his life.

If they'd only had a child! That would have been something to go on. He found himself thinking of it with a rather maddening insistence. The third day at home he had slipped into thinking too much, sitting and staring out of the guest-room window that was now permanently his. He asked Eglantine if she would bring him some writing things from the other room. He intended to send a letter, together with some advertising layouts he'd made while in the hospital, to the Walter Crumit man.

Eglantine had been delighted to be kept on when he left the hospital. She didn't know where things were yet, but on the whole she was fitting in well. Now, when she appeared, looking anxious to please, with Jill's writing pad from the maple bedroom desk instead of the one he'd meant in the living room, he hadn't the heart to tell her. He took it and let her go out, and started to write on Jill's paper.

There was a slight bump under the blotter, on one side, that he felt as he wrote. He pulled up the blotter from the pad, and saw a crumpled slip of paper that must have been thrust under there and forgotten. Mechanically smoothing it out, his fingers suddenly stiffened.

It was a laboratory report for Mrs. Harold Norcross: "Pregnancy Test: Positive."

It was dated over five months ago.

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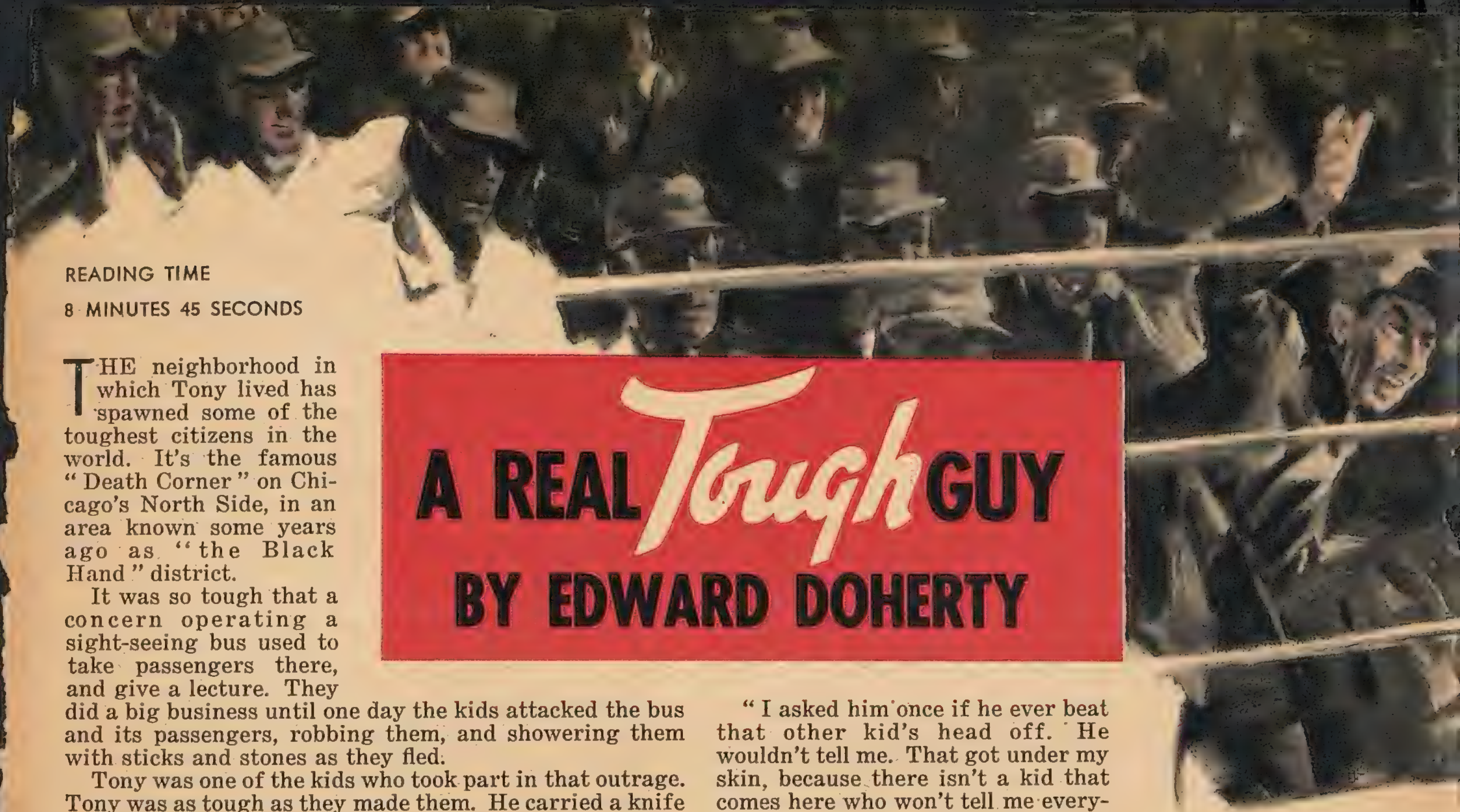


READING TIME
8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A REAL *Tough* GUY

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

THE neighborhood in which Tony lived has spawned some of the toughest citizens in the world. It's the famous "Death Corner" on Chicago's North Side, in an area known some years ago as "the Black Hand" district.

It was so tough that a concern operating a sight-seeing bus used to take passengers there, and give a lecture. They did a big business until one day the kids attacked the bus and its passengers, robbing them, and showering them with sticks and stones as they fled.

Tony was one of the kids who took part in that outrage. Tony was as tough as they made them. He carried a knife and a piece of lead pipe wrapped in a handkerchief. His ambition was to own a revolver and a sawed-off shotgun. But his ambition changed when another kid knocked out all his baby teeth with his fist. That gave Tony the impulse to learn how to fight with his hands.

The Most Reverend B. J. Sheil, Vicar-General and Senior Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, with the aid of Packey McFarland, Chicago's favorite lightweight, had made boxing the city's principal sport. He had sponsored annual tournaments. He had built a big gymnasium in the headquarters of the organization he had formed—the Catholic Youth Organization. Any kid could go there and learn how to box.

So Tony went down to the C. Y. O. gymnasium, at Congress Street and Wabash Avenue, and asked to enroll. Paddy Kane, the instructor, asked if he were a Catholic.

"Sure t'ing," Tony said. He thought he had to be a Catholic to be accepted.

"When did you last take Communion?" Kane asked.

"I never even seen the guy," Tony answered.

"No. I mean when did you last receive Communion?"

"Receive? Mister, I never received nothing from nobody. Never!"

"In other words, you have no religion," Kane said. "That's all right with us. You don't have to lie."

Kane sent the boy to the doctor. When Tony had passed a thorough physical examination his training began.

"No smoking," Kane ordered. "No drinking. Get in before ten every night. Get a good night's sleep."

"Aw, I ain't no sissy," Tony objected. "All I want to do is learn to tear a guy's mush off him. Put some gloves on me and show me how to sock."

"Sure. But we've got to build you up first. You think you're tough; but you're just a baby. But we'll make a fighter out of you, if you do as we say."

Paddy Kane told me the story as we sat at a table near the lunch counter in the gymnasium. Kane, until recently a noted boxer, is young, wiry, alert. He speaks the argot of the ring, and he quotes from Homer.

"I couldn't make this kid out at first," he said. "He was sullen, secretive, defiant—tough as they make them. We nursed him along for months, showing him how to defend himself, building him up. And when he was ready we matched him against a kid of his own caliber. We didn't let him get hurt. We never let any of our kids take punishment, even when they're in a tournament.

"Well, I began to be proud of this kid Tony. Not that he ever was much of a boxer. He never was. But he was game, clear through.

"I asked him once if he ever beat that other kid's head off. He wouldn't tell me. That got under my skin, because there isn't a kid that comes here who won't tell me everything about himself. But I let him alone. I saw he wasn't ready to talk. I wasn't going to force him; only, I realized I couldn't help him much until I knew all about him, until I found out what he was trying to keep covered up.

"The pay-off came one night in the Joliet penitentiary. Tony had made the team we took down there. We were putting on a show for the prisoners. Everything went along swell until Tony came into the ring. Then a little guy in the front row, one of the convicts, jumped up and shouted Tony's name.

"'That's my Tony!' he cried. 'My big boy! How's your mama, Tony? How's the other kids? Rosie? Maria? Tino? Benito? Giuseppe? Teresa?'

"Tony waved to him. 'Hello, pop!' he cried.

"He knocked the other kid out in the first round—and carried him back to his corner. Say, you should have heard those convicts! Tony's dad climbed into the ring before anybody could stop him, hugged the boy and kissed him. Tony wasn't ashamed. He pounded his father on the back with his gloves—and he smiled.

"'Look here, Tony,' I said, after he came back into the dressing room. 'Why didn't you tell me your dad was down here? I wouldn't have let you be embarrassed.'

"'I ain't embarrassed,' he said. 'I found out something tonight. Something big. I didn't want to come here. Not at first. I knew what the other guys would say when they found out about my old man. Now I don't care. And I'm glad I seen him.

"'It was him made a boxer out of me—him and the guy that spilled my teeth down my throat. I wanted to get even with that kid; but, more than that, I wanted to be able to stand up and fight like a man. You know—to fight anything. I wanted to be—well—strong, if you know what I mean. Because my old man wasn't strong. That's what come clear to me tonight. He ain't no criminal. The only thing wrong with him—he's just weak.'

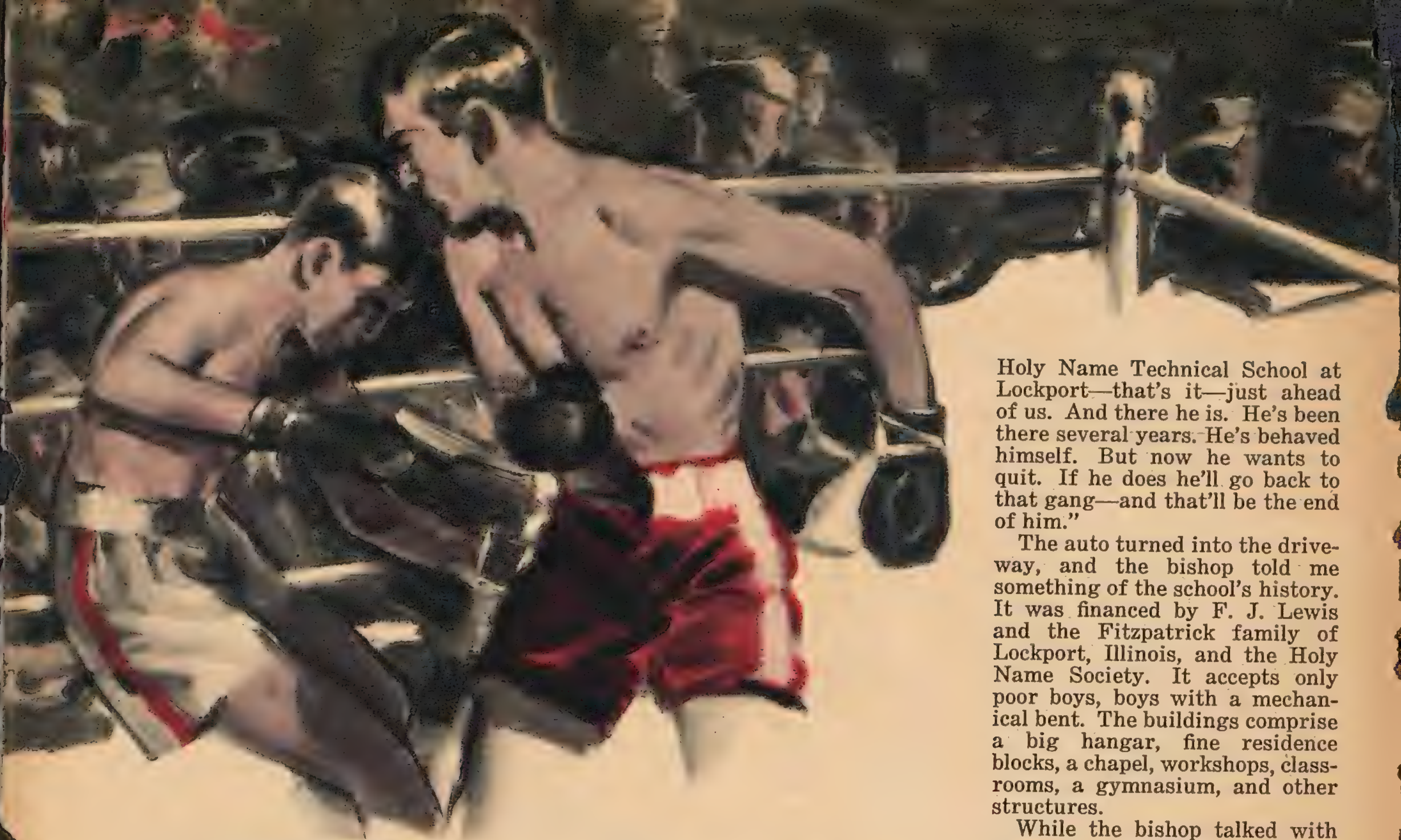
"That kid built character in himself."

"He did, or you did," I said. "What's become of him?"

"Bishop Sheil asked him what he wanted to do," Kane said, "and when Tony said he wanted to study and make something of himself, the bishop was as proud as Tony's father. He gave the kid a scholarship."

"How many boys have you here?" I asked.

"About two hundred, normally. Two thousand, or more, when we're putting on a tournament. We have weekly boxing bouts in a lot of the parishes. We have



"He knocked the other kid out. Say, you should have heard those convicts!"

a weekly card here. We have intersectional matches and intercity matches. We go in the Golden Gloves, and most every other amateur boxing tournament."

"You had some boys on the United States Olympic team, didn't you?" I asked.

"Three," he said; "three out of eight. And here's a story for you. One of them was a Polish boy. Chester Rutecki. The bishop asked him if he had any relatives in Poland. Chester said yes, his grandmother.

"'Then you must visit Poland, by all means,' the bishop said. He gave Rutecki the money out of his own pocket for the trip. That's the bishop!"

And as he said the words, Bishop Sheil walked in.

"I wonder if you'd mind coming out to Lockport with me?" the bishop said to me. "I'm worried about a boy out there. He wants to quit. If I can talk to him for a few minutes, maybe I can straighten him out.

"I'd like to show you our Lockport place anyway. We spent over a million dollars on it. We make airplanes there, modern planes."

Within a few minutes we were speeding west out of Chicago. I learned later that the bishop had canceled two important engagements that day in order to visit that boy out at Lockport.

"I can't understand why he wants to quit," he said.

"Another tough guy?" I asked.

"Tough? Oh, yes. But some of the greatest saints of the Church were tough guys in their day. The thing that makes a boy tough is the same thing that can make him great, if properly directed. Yes, Danny is a tough guy. That's why I'm worried.

"Danny grew up with a tough crowd—poolroom rowdies, thieves, stick-up men, and worse. He was as bad as any of them, maybe, but one day he ran into a burning building and, at the risk of his life, saved an old woman and a baby. I found him in a hospital, still half full of smoke. In a few days, when we got acquainted, I asked him what ambitions he had, if any. I had him. He wanted to be an airplane mechanic. I told him all about Lewis Holy Name Technical School at Lockport—that's it—just ahead of us. And there he is. He's been there several years. He's behaved himself. But now he wants to quit. If he does he'll go back to that gang—and that'll be the end of him."

The auto turned into the driveway, and the bishop told me something of the school's history. It was financed by F. J. Lewis and the Fitzpatrick family of Lockport, Illinois, and the Holy Name Society. It accepts only poor boys, boys with a mechanical bent. The buildings comprise a big hangar, fine residence blocks, a chapel, workshops, classrooms, a gymnasium, and other structures.

While the bishop talked with Danny I wandered about the place with Mr. John Wilson, the Dean of Studies. In one shop a number of boys were working on a motor. In another shop a group was putting the last touches on a streamlined plane. In a classroom an instructor was discussing aerodynamics with a large class. In the gymnasium there was a basketball game in progress, and in adjacent rooms there were boys playing pool and billiards, shadowboxing, singing, arguing, writing letters home. As in every other C. Y. O. establishment, the boys were of all kinds.

"We operate a farm here," said Mr. Wilson. "We grow our own vegetables, raise our own stock. The boys do some of the work—enough to give them some feeling of responsibility and some added exercise."

He would have said more, but the bishop came toward us, his face all smiles, his arm around a boy.

"He's going to stay," he said. "He's going to stay!"

Going back in the car, I asked the bishop why the boy had wanted to quit.

"Oh, he didn't really want to quit," the bishop said. "But he thought everybody was against him. It seems he went to Chicago over the week-end, and went riding in a stolen car with some of his old gang. He didn't know it was stolen. They were overtaken by a gang in another stolen car, and they fought with monkey wrenches, crank handles, and gun butts. Danny was marked up when he returned, and some of the boys laughed at him. He didn't know how to take it."

We drove on in silence.

"It takes a tough guy to stand up under ridicule," the bishop said at length. "Every boy likes praise, and should have it. Ridicule is a bad thing for boys. Even the toughest of them must have love. We in the Catholic Youth Organization love them all, the good, the bad, the indifferent. We do for them all that we can do. Our only sorrow is that we can do so little."

We said no more until the car had threaded its way into the city's traffic.

"Yes," the bishop said then, "ridicule is bad for boys. But Danny can take it now. Danny's a real tough guy. Danny's going to stay—and be a man."

THE END

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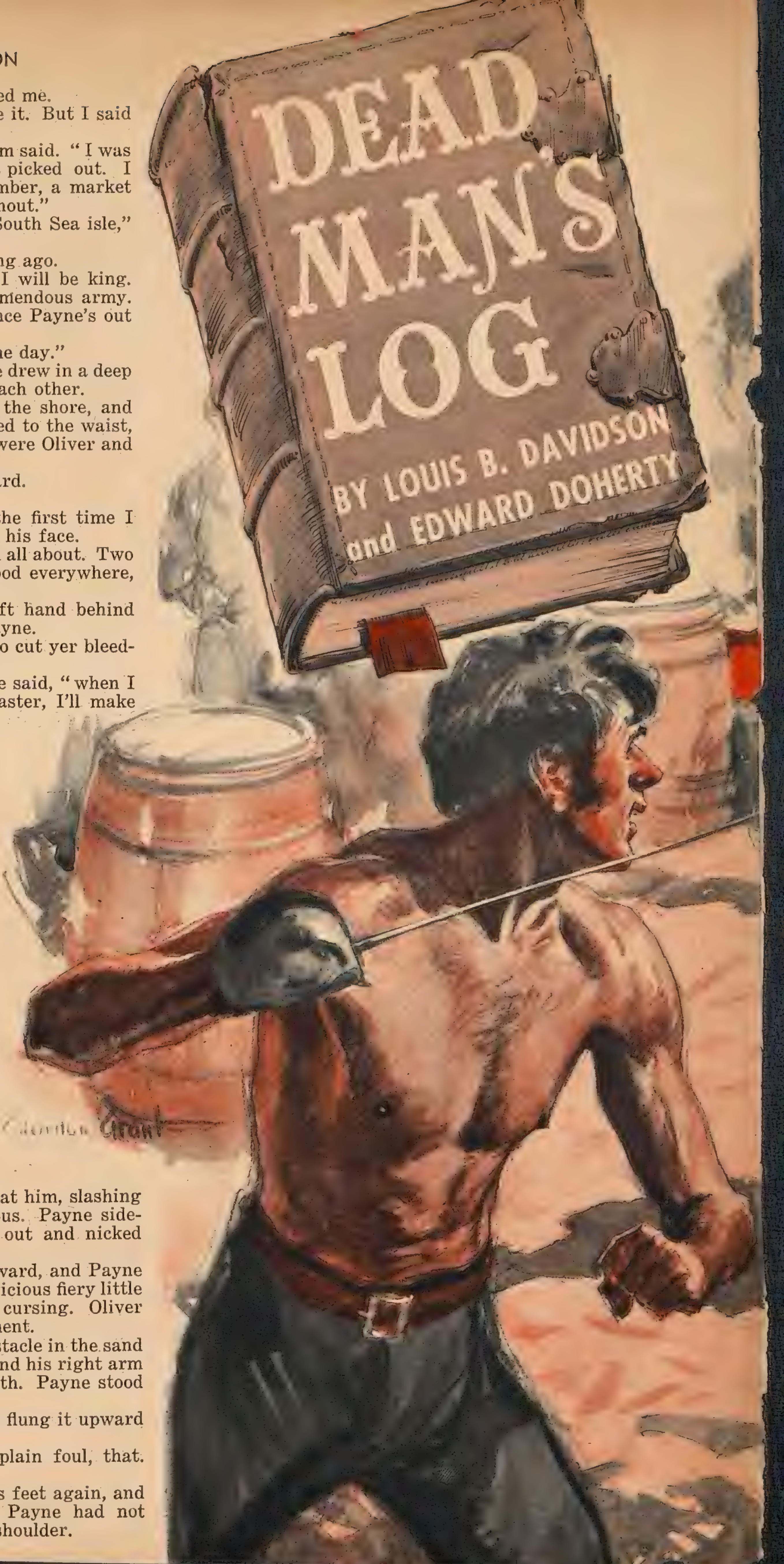
PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION



DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

"YOU see where my tent is?" Sam asked me.

I was rowing him ashore, couldn't see it. But I said I did.

"I was going to build a church there," Sam said. "I was going to build a town. I had the site picked out. I was going to build homes, a council chamber, a market building, a palace. Now they can do without."

"You always wanted to be king of a South Sea isle," I couldn't help saying.

He smiled at me as he used to smile long ago.

"Come with me, George," he said. "I will be king. I'll own all these islands. I'll have a tremendous army. You'll be second in command. Payne—once Payne's out of the way—"

"No," I said. "I want to go home some day."

His smile faded. "Home!" he said. He drew in a deep breath and we said no further word to each other.

He pulled off his shirt as we reached the shore, and strode across the sands. Payne, also bared to the waist, came slowly toward him. Behind Payne were Oliver and Liliston.

Sam held out two cutlasses, hilts forward.

"Your choice," he said.

Payne took one and smiled. It was the first time I had seen anything other than a scowl on his face.

Men of the crew came strolling up from all about. Two boats put out from the ship. Natives stood everywhere, all men. There were no women in sight.

"Ready?" Sam asked, placing his left hand behind him, and extending his cutlass toward Payne.

"Aye!" shouted Oliver. "'E's ready to cut yer bleedin' 'eart to fish byte, 'e is!"

Sam spat on the sands. "And you," he said, "when I get through with your hatchet-faced master, I'll make you sing through your windpipe—like Lumbard did."

Oliver's mouth flew open in surprise and fear. "Carn't a man 'ave 'is little joke?" he cried.

Payne lunged at Sam, whose blade met his in the nick of time to turn it.

The cutlasses rang and flashed and whished. The duelists grunted and panted. Sweat ran down their bodies. Sam pressed forward, always forward. Payne retreated cautiously, never losing his smile.

His attitude, and perhaps his skill, exasperated Sam. He leaped and slashed. Payne stepped back. Sam thrust as though the cutlass were a harpoon.

"'E's no bloomink w'ale!" cried Oliver. "Yer carn't 'arpoon 'im. Watch yer hown windpipe, mister."

Oliver's remark irritated Sam to fury. He took it out on Payne. "Fight!" he roared. "Don't dance a hornpipe, goatface! Fight!"

Payne sharpened his derisive smile and kept on the defensive. Sam sprang at him, slashing right and left, reckless and contemptuous. Payne sidestepped, feinted, then reached nimbly out and nicked Sam's left ear.

Now it was Sam who staggered backward, and Payne who took the offensive. His blade made vicious fiery little circles. Men were shouting, cheering, cursing. Oliver was jumping up and down in his excitement.

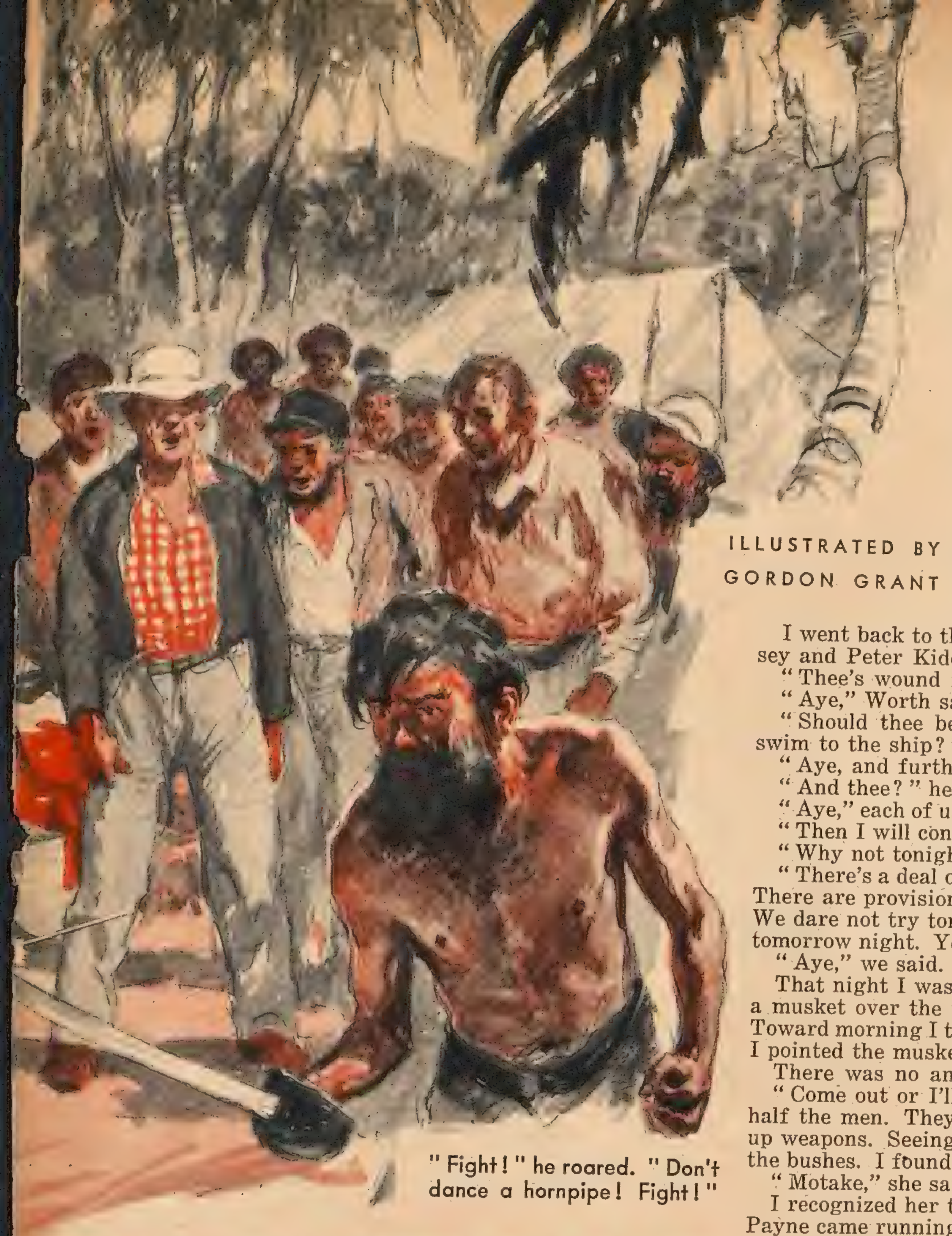
Suddenly Sam's bad foot met some obstacle in the sand and gave way. He fell on his left knee, and his right arm moved in desperate arcs to fend off death. Payne stood over him, waiting to strike.

Sam picked up a handful of sand and flung it upward into his adversary's eyes.

"Foul!" cried Gilbert Smith. "A plain foul, that. Call a truce now, like Christian men."

"No truce," said Sam. He was on his feet again, and would have attacked the half-blinded Payne had not Smith put a deterring hand on his left shoulder.

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



"Fight!" he roared. "Don't dance a hornpipe! Fight!"

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

Now a mad mutineer's path of glory ends—and swiftly the curtain falls

"Away, psalm singer!" cried Payne, rubbing the sand out of his eyes. "Stand aside or I'll run you through!"

"As thee will," Smith answered.

But Sam wanted no more. He stepped back and raised his left hand high.

A harpoon came soaring out of some bushes higher up on the beach. It struck the sand at Payne's feet and stood there, quivering. All of us who were near by could see Sam's initials carved in the shaft.

"So," Payne said quietly. "One of your natives threw this at me when you gave the signal."

"And if he'd thrown it as I taught him," Sam said, "it would have torn out your bowels."

Oliver scampered away, but Payne stood fast.

"Treachery," he said. "I might have expected it."

He looked from Sam to the natives back of him, looked at their spear points, looked at the crew.

"Well?" he asked.

"I'm done with you!" Sam shouted. "All of you!"

He strode into his tent, beckoning to some of the natives. They followed him through the flapping canvas door, and emerged with muskets, fishhooks, packages of seed, a lance, a hatchet.

Sam's ear was still bleeding when he came out. He had combed his hair, put on a clean red shirt, and shoved two pistols into his belt; but he had not deigned to dignify his wound by dressing or bandaging it.

"You've made your choice," he said, addressing us. "So much the worse for you."

We watched him go, painting red spots on the dazzling sands; and some of the men cursed him.

"Back to the ship, you men who belong there!" Payne bellowed, taking command. "Oliver! See that I have a tent of my own here. Liliston! Fetch my woman ashore. From now on, I'm staying here."

I went back to the ship with Smith and Lay and Hussey and Peter Kidder and Columbus Worth.

"Thee's wound is healed?" Smith asked Worth.

"Aye," Worth said. "It does well enough."

"Should thee be ashore tomorrow night, thee could swim to the ship?"

"Aye, and further."

"And thee?" he asked each of us in turn.

"Aye," each of us said.

"Then I will contrive it for tomorrow night," he said.

"Why not tonight?" I ventured.

"There's a deal of work to be done yet, Friend George. There are provisions to be hid, and arms to be secreted. We dare not try tonight. And we dare not tarry beyond tomorrow night. Ye all understand the time?"

"Aye," we said.

That night I was ordered ashore, to stand guard with a musket over the tents. All night I walked the sands. Toward morning I thought I heard a rustling in the bush. I pointed the musket and cried a shrill "Who's there?"

There was no answer, only a more definite rustling.

"Come out or I'll fire!" I cried, so loudly I woke up half the men. They came out of the big tent, grabbing up weapons. Seeing them, I took courage and went into the bushes. I found a girl there, crouched and fearful.

"Motake," she said. "Motake."

I recognized her then, and laughed and took her hand. Payne came running from his tent.

"I'll teach her!" he cried. "Bring her here."

But when he saw her clearly, he frowned.

"Oh," he said. "She's not my woman. Mine's gone."

"She's a friend of mine, sir," I said.

"What's she doing here?"

"I don't know," I said. "I can't speak her language."

"Something's frightened her. Oliver, go fetch Smith. He speaks a lot of island tongues. She's come to warn us of something."

Oliver hurried away and Payne ordered the Portuguese to serve breakfast. We had finished the meal and I was urging the girl to drink some coffee when Gilbert Smith arrived. He smiled at her gently and questioned her in several dialects before she understood. Then she talked long and earnestly and Smith listened.

"She says Sam Comstock is inciting her people to rise and massacre us," he said. "He is not in the village now. He went deep into the woods last night with the elders and most of the warriors, to hold a powwow."

"Ask her if she's seen my woman," Payne said.

Smith questioned her at length. "No," he answered.

"She lies!" Payne shouted, jumping up. "Oliver! Liliston! Bring me a gun. Get guns yourselves. And, mind you, load your guns blank. We haven't too many bullets. We don't want to kill anybody—only scare them. Hurry. There's nobody in the village but women and children. My woman's there and I want her."

The girl looked at them all and huddled close to me. "Tell her it's all right," I whispered to Smith. "Tell her nobody in the village will be hurt."

Smith told her. She seized my hand. She looked at me with shining eyes and said, "Motake." Then she leaped up and was gone before any one could stop her.

"After her!" Payne shouted, and the three men ran heavily through the sand.

It was not long before we heard the shots. It was not long before Payne and Oliver and Liliston returned to us, shoving Payne's woman before them.

The harpoon was still standing in the sand. Payne drove it further in and handcuffed her wrists to it. Oliver handed him a rope's end. I started forward to protest. But Smith seized my ankle and threw me.

"Oh," he shouted, "did thee fall?" And in my ear he whispered, "Anger them not, Friend George, for the love thee bears thee's friends. Do not endanger our plans."

Payne, busy plying the rope's end on the woman's soft brown flesh, was a sight so terrible that I thought of killing him. It would not have been a sin. At least I felt so at the time. He beat her until the blood spurted from her flesh, until she fell and her screams died into little whimpering moans.

"Take her into my tent," he bade Oliver then, "and chain her to a tent stake. And now what'll we do to Samuel Comstock when we find him? I'll put it to a vote. You, Liliston. How do you vote?"

"Hang him," Liliston said, grinning at me.

"You, Portugee?"

"I shoot him."

Each one voted for death, until Smith was asked.

"Thee will excuse me," Smith said gently. "I'll have no part in voting the death of any man."

"And you?" Payne scowled at me. "What do you say?"

All the time I had been wondering what to say. Now I said it without thinking.

"Fools!" I said. "Hasn't there been enough murder? Kill him, Mr. Payne, and one of the crew will kill you. Besides"—and here I had an inspiration—"if you kill him, you'll never find the gold and silver in the captain's chest. He's hidden it."

They surged forward at this, eying me with ugly and threatening looks. What might have happened is easy to imagine. But at that minute Oliver, coming out of the tent, spied Sam approaching leisurely a few yards away.

"'E's 'ere!" he cried, and ran into Payne's tent to find a musket. He was outside in a few seconds, kneeling on one knee, aiming shakily.

SAM was alone and unarmed, save for the cutlass in his hand. He saw Oliver but paid him no attention. Never had he looked more the aristocrat, the demigod, the hero. Never had his smile been so winning nor so sure.

Why did he return? I have asked myself that question a thousand times. Did he believe he could cozen his enemies, take charge of them again? Did he not know they would kill him on sight? He must have known. Perhaps he didn't care. Perhaps he wanted to die? No. It wasn't that. He didn't want to. He didn't intend to. Why, then, did he return? The answer that most nearly satisfies me—and that comforts me not a little—is that he was crazy. Perhaps he had always been crazy.

There was a general rush for weapons.

"Sam," I shouted, "go back!"

But he didn't hear me, for at that moment Oliver fired. He fired and, ludicrously, fell over backward.

Sam continued walking toward us as though nothing had happened. Liliston fired from behind the tent. And then Payne fired. Sam, unhurt, came briskly on.

"Don't shoot," he called. "I'll not hurt you."

Payne fired another musket, and Sam stopped. He staggered. Liliston fired again. Sam fell.

"'E's shammin'," Oliver said. "'E's pl'yin' fox."

Payne ran out, an ax in his hand. I watched it all as though it were a drama in which I was not concerned. I had wept bitterly when Sam killed Captain Worth and Beetle and the other mates. I had wept when he hanged Humphries. But now I could not cry.

The white sands turned red about him. And Payne's ax fell, glittering in the light of the rising sun.

"With a hax 'e killed the skipper!" Oliver shouted. "With a hax 'e dies. Aye! Now let 'im slit me windpipe if he can!"

They sewed him up in canvas, his cutlass at his side, and dug a grave high up on the beach and lowered him into it and shoveled the sand into a heap above him.

"'I am the resurrection, and the life,'" Gilbert Smith read solemnly from a grease-stained Bible; "'he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

He looked up into the serene blue sky. He called out in a loud voice:

"Captain Worth!"

The shovels halted. Men gaped at one another.

"William Beetle!" Smith cried. "John Lumbard! Nathaniel Fisher! William Humphries! I implore thee to show mercy to a comrade come at last to join thee."

"Drumbeat!" shouted Payne.

I looked around in dull surprise. I hadn't seen a drum taken ashore. Yet there was Anthony Hanson with one suspended by a cord around his neck.

The drum rolled, an ironic tribute to the dead.

"Salute," said Payne.

Oliver, Liliston, the Portuguese, Joseph Thomas, and Peter and Stephen Kidder lined up beside the mound, aimed their pieces at a white cloud and fired.

"Now stamp down the grave," Payne ordered. "Level it off. No one must know there is a grave inside the camp."

"Aye," said Oliver. "Stamp it is, sir. An' right merrily too, says I."

"Aye!" shouted Liliston and Thomas and the Portuguese, stamping and dancing and spitting streams of tobacco juice upon the mound.

Gilbert sat down beside me. "Mind them not, friend," he said softly. "Thee bears up well. I know thee loved him. But his was a stormy life, and the storm is over now. How old was he, Friend George?"

"Only twenty-one," I said.

A year ago I thought a man of twenty-one was old.

Dinner was served at noon, but I ate none of it. After dinner I rowed Smith to the Globe. Payne had ordered him to bring the two binnacle compasses ashore.

"We cannot leave without a compass," I said.

"I've hidden one of the binnacle compasses. The other and the hanging compass in the cabin I shall fetch ashore. Payne will not know the difference."

"When do we leave?" I asked.

"At half past nine."

"Do the men know?"

"All of them. But some are fearful. There is not food enough aboard, they say. We'll never make it with so few sails, they think. And thee, Friend George—Payne's watching thee. He noted thee did not eat thee's dinner. See that thee acts circumspectly tonight at supper—else he may detain thee ashore."

I ate my share of food at supper and forced myself to laugh aloud at something Gilbert said. And as I laughed, I felt a hand thrust into mine.

It was the little island girl's. "Motake," she said.

"What is she doing here?" Payne demanded.

"She comes to warn us," Gilbert said. "Her friends plan an attack on ship and shore tonight, sir."

"The devil!" Payne said.

"It would be well to post sentries, sir; and we should have at least six men on the ship."

Payne nodded. "You and Thomas will guard the ship, but I can't spare you four men. I need them here. Take the two Kidders and Hanson."

"Aye, aye, sir," Smith said.

Payne turned to give orders to Oliver and Liliston, and Smith took the opportunity to whisper, "Kiss the child, and see thee does it well."

I threw my arms around her and kissed her. I was awkward at it, since I had never kissed a girl before. And the girl was shy and ignorant of kissing. She struggled, and my kiss fell on her broad flat little nose. I amended this, however, kissing her fairly on the mouth; and this time she didn't struggle. On the contrary, she twined her arms about me and fairly screamed, "Motake!"

"Desist!" Smith shouted. "I will not have such scandal in my presence! Unloose this heathen wench that threatens thee's soul! At once!"

I let my arms fall, but she still clung to me.

"Ah, Mr. Payne," said Gilbert sadly, "let me keep him aboard tonight, away from this child of Belial."

Payne laughed, and others with him, and coarse jokes flew about me. I bent my head in seeming shame, but the little girl purred like a kitten gorged with its first rich cream, saying again and again, "Motake."

"Nay," Payne said. "I need him here tonight. Early tomorrow he must take us to the treasure his brother buried."

"For his soul's sake," Smith entreated. "I'll have him ashore, sir, before thee's waking in the morning." And for his own soul's sake he added, "If it be humanly possible, sir."

"All right, all right," Payne said, scowling. "See that you do."

The girl followed us to the boat, weeping now. She came swimming after us. She called to us. Shortly after we went aboard, she came over the rail and rushed into my arms.

"Kiss her good-by," Smith said. "I'll tell her you'll see her tomorrow—if it's humanly possible."

I kissed her. She said "Motake," leaped overboard, and swam away.

SMITH passed a bottle of rum to Joseph Thomas. "It may be cold tonight if there be a wind," he said. "This will do thee good."

Thomas drank deep. In an hour he went below. Soon Gilbert followed him, saw he was fast asleep, and went about collecting arms. He returned on deck with one musket, three bayonets, and a number of lances, which he placed where we could get them if we had need of them. A handsaw he placed near the windlass, a hatchet near the mizzenmast.

We went into the rigging then. We loosed what sails there were and turned out the reefs. The moon rose before we were done.

"Hanson," Gilbert called. "Stephen Kidder."

They came to him like shadows.

"The bunts of the sails are yet confined aloft by their gaskets," he said. "Go aloft, and let fall when I give the word. Thee, George, take the helm. Peter Kidder, thee and I will take the foretack."

It was half past nine when everything was ready.

"Let fall!" Gilbert shouted. He picked up the handsaw and cut the cable.

"But the others!" I cried. "The others are not here!"

"We dare not wait," he said. "The moon is rising fast. They'll see us any minute now."

"Lay!" I shouted, reckless of who heard me. "Hussey! Worth! Jones! Coffin!"

They might be swimming toward us. They would hear me, and call out to me. I stood up and put my hand to my ear. But I heard nothing.

"Wherever they are," Smith said, "they are in God's hands. There we must leave them."

With the cable cut, the ship paid off quickly. Her head was off the land. The wind hit us. The flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack with the sound of a cannon.

Gilbert took up the ax and cut the hawser. The Globe came right into the wind. The rudder slammed. The hull heaved and shivered. The sheets moaned in the blocks, all the sails filling.

EASILY, smoothly the ship moved through the swell. We were at sea. Tears of happiness streamed down my face.

"Thee sees that star?" Gilbert asked, pointing at it. It was a bright star, low down on the horizon. I saw it, but it was all streaked and blurred.

"Steer for that star. And cry no more. Only boys cry, and thee's a boy no longer. Thee has not killed a whale. But thee's hit a man and all but broke his jaw. Thee's kissed an island girl. Thee knows somewhat of navigation. So thee's coming home from thee's first voyage as first mate.

"Aye, thee's a man now, and men don't cry."

"A man!" I tried to laugh.

"Aye, a man. And homeward bound. Which reminds me, Friend George. In thee's brother's inner pocket, before I sewed him in his shroud, I found this letter."

It was merely an envelope, soiled and worn; but my name was on it in Sally's handwriting! The letter was gone. Sam had destroyed it.

"What awaits us, Friend George?" Gilbert asked me. "I'll tell thee. A perilous voyage. And, if we do not starve or die of thirst or scurvy, or if we cannot fight the seas, we still go to our hanging."

"Hanging?" I said.

"Aye. With ropes around our necks for bloody mutineers. How can we prove ourselves innocent men? May God have mercy on us all!"

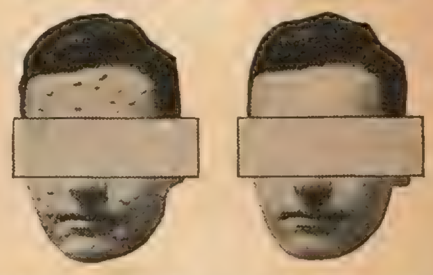
"Mayhap we should have remained on the island."

"To be slaughtered by the savages? Nay. At least we will not die with the mutineers and heathens."

I had no answer for him. I kept steering for the star.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: When the Globe reached Valparaiso, the American man-o'-war Dolphin was sent to search the Mulgraves for the mutineers and the others who had been left there. During her search, the Dolphin's commander hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the islands and claimed them for his government. Hence America's present-day claim to the Mulgraves, which is amicably disputed by Great Britain.



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ALIBI

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY BLAIR HALL

THE night guard sat on a stool in front of Dolkin's cell, looking through the barred door and holding a big old-fashioned gun in his lap so that it pointed straight at the plank bunk where Dolkin sat. It was an easy guess that he was going to stay right there till morning.

That didn't worry Dolkin. He told himself that it was a laugh, the way these rubes doped things out. They figured that the surest way to keep you in a cell was to stick a big dumb clumsy screw outside of it and give you all night to work on him. They even let him carry a rod, too, as if they were trying to make sure that you'd have one on you when you lammed out!

Dolkin strolled over to the door. The muzzle of the gun lifted and swung to cover him, and he held up his hands, chuckling. "Don't shoot, buddy."

The guard didn't say anything.

"Aw, don't be like that, buddy. Le's talk." Dolkin lowered his voice, although he knew the other cells were empty and guessed that there wouldn't be more than one guard on night duty in a dinky can like this. "Le's talk—business. Anybody going to slip you a coupla grand for keeping me in here? It'd be worth that much to me to lam."

"Two thousand dollars, you mean?" The guard's jaw sagged. It made him look so dumb that Dolkin almost laughed. "Mean you got that much on you?"

Dolkin went back to the bunk and sat down. He pulled off his right shoe. There were four bills under the insole, but he took out only two of them. He came to the door and held them up. "There you are, buddy. Come and get it."

The guard didn't move.

"You had all that money on you, and you go killing folks so as to try and get some more!"

"Sure," Dolkin said. "I wouldn't last long in this racket if I never got busy till I was broke. When I bump into a sour break I've got the price of a fix."

The guard nodded slowly.

"I see. You go at it same as if it was a business, kind of."

"Sure," Dolkin said. "What else is it?"

The guard took time to think.

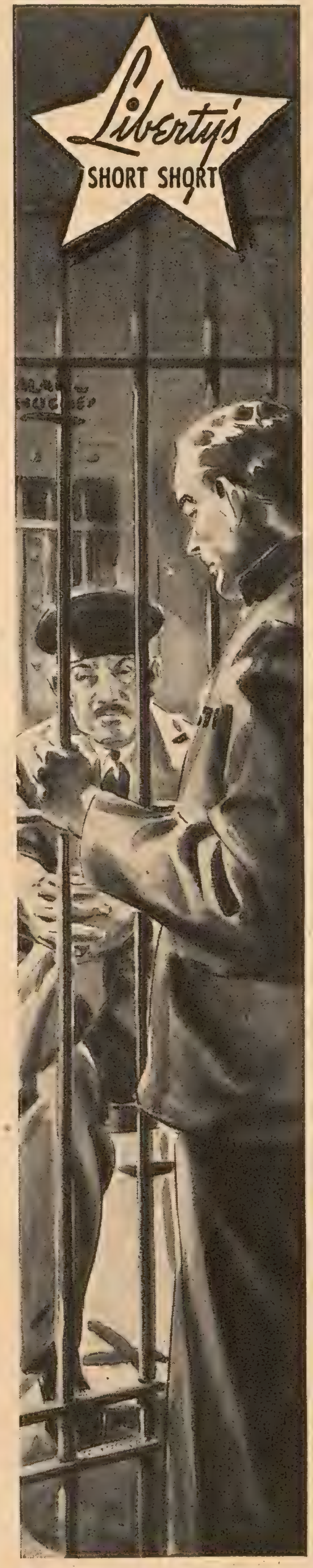
"Smart," he said. "Looking ahead, that way. Guess that's why you picked out this here state to work in, ain't it? Know there's a chance you might have to shoot somebody, and don't aim to have it happen where you could get hung for it if you was caught."

Dolkin grinned. "I like to do business where it's healthy." He waved the bills. "Le's us do some."

"Wish't I could," the guard said. "But there's no way it could be worked so it wouldn't get me in trouble. Sheriff give me orders not to unlock that there door without he was right here to watch me do it."

"So what?" Dolkin laughed. "Look. When the sheriff shows up in the morning, you're locked in here. You tell him how I reached out through the bars and grabbed your gun. Think he's going to blame you for opening up instead of getting yourself shot?"

The guard shook his head slowly.



"He'd know I was lying. He give me orders to leave my keys out in the office and he knows I done it. I'd need a mighty good excuse for having 'em on me in here."

"O. K. You'll have one. I'm sick, say. Having a fit or something, and you—"

"Sheriff figured you might try and work that one on me. Said if you did I should just leave you be and go phone him."

Dolkin managed to keep on grinning. Anger only made his wits work a little harder.

"All right. We'll just hand that wise baby one he isn't figuring on. Say you go out to the office a minute. When you come back I'm standing on the bunk, all set to hang myself."

The guard sat up straighter. Dolkin could watch the idea taking hold of his dumb brain. He went on quickly:

"Who's going to blame you for beating it back after the key and running in here to try and get me down before I choke? How could you figure it's a phony and I'm going to jerk loose and jump down on you? Next thing you know, you're locked in here and I'm on my way."

"It's a smart notion." The guard said it almost as if he were talking to himself. "Guess it would work—only for one thing. Took your belt and necktie off you, didn't they, and your shoelaces? What would I claim you was using for a rope?"

"Ask me a hard one!" Dolkin squirmed out of his shirt, twisted it. "How's that? Hang a horse, wouldn't it?"

The guard stood up.

"I'll go get the key," he said.

Dolkin leaned against the wall, just inside the door. His lips were pulled back in a tight, flat grin, and his right hand hung out of sight behind his thigh. One good swing with that shoe ought to save him two grand.

The slow, scuffing steps came back. The key clicked and the door swung open. Dolkin's grin tightened as the guard shuffled stupidly in. Dolkin was almost laughing as his hand flashed up. And then, suddenly, he didn't feel like laughing. He was on his back, helpless under a crushing weight that pinned him down, and his hands were tearing uselessly at two other hands, big, clumsy hands, slowly shutting on his throat.

"Can't see why he done it," the sheriff said. "Worst he could have got would've been ten-twelve years. Less, likely, with all that money on him to hire lawyers with. Suits me, though, the way it is. Guess it suits you too, Joe. No. I ain't blaming you. Wouldn't blame you if you'd helped him hang himself, 'stead of trying your best to get him down alive. That's a sight more'n I'd have done if it had been my brother that he shot!"

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

THE END

YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000
CASH PRIZE
STARGAZING
CONTEST

You still have time to get into this stargazing contest and win a substantial cash award! What if four weeks have already elapsed since the game started? Get into it right now by finding the names revealed by the stars this week. The rules tell you just how to do it. Then, if you need the first eight drawings in order to bring your solutions up to date, send to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing, and reprints of whatever drawings you need will be forwarded. When you receive them they can be solved at your leisure. In the meantime watch for Drawings 11 and 12 next week.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

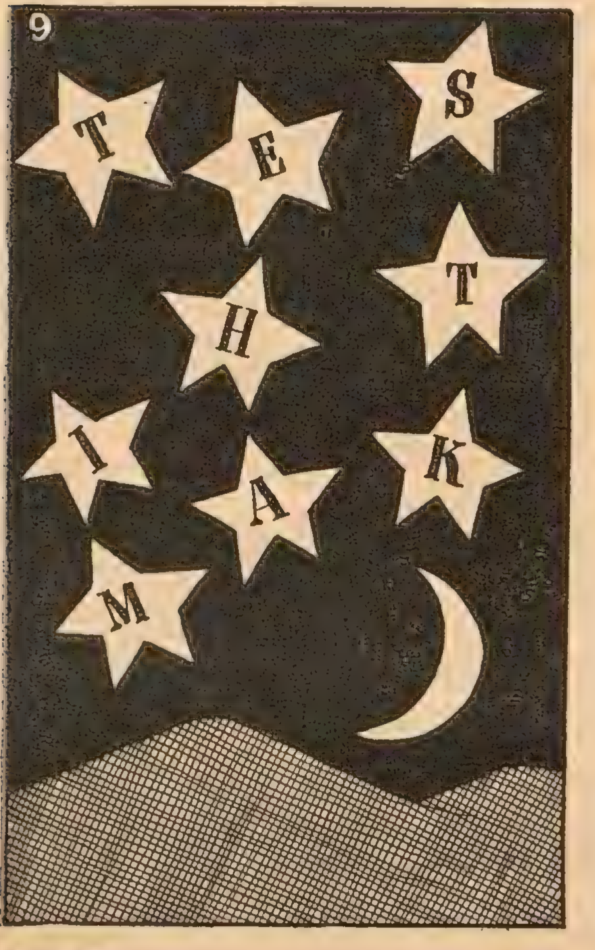
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, or Radio Mirror magazines.



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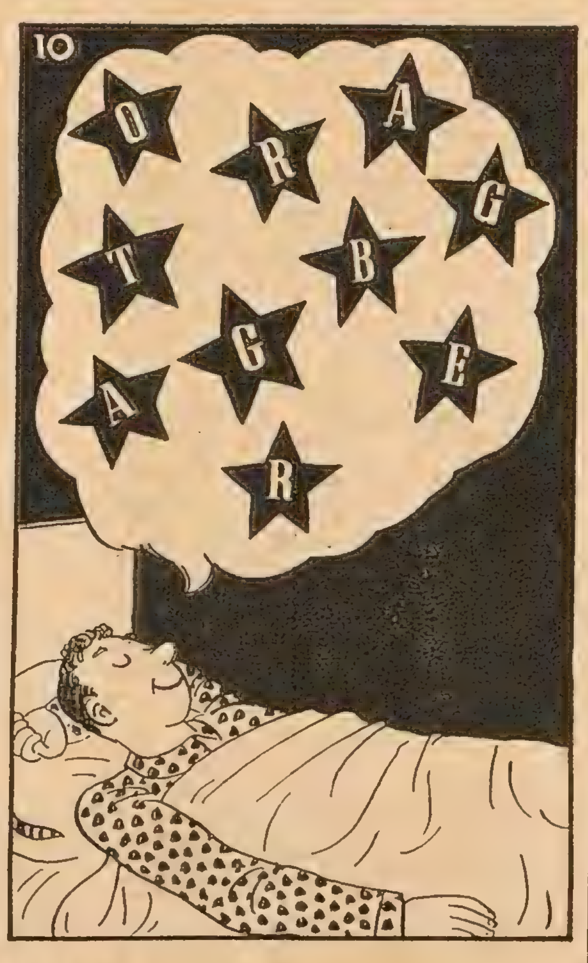

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why First Wright Airplane Is in London Museum

SALEM, MASS.—Your editor expresses surprise that the first airplane the Wrights flew is not in the United States but in an English museum (May 21 Liberty).

If you care to investigate at Washington or at Hammondsport, New York, I believe that you will find that the first heavier-than-air plane was flown by Glenn H. Curtiss.

The writer was superintendent and personnel engineer to Mr. Curtiss at Miami and Hialeah, Florida, for a number of years before he died. In the position I held I met many of the men who had been associated with him in the first days of flying; also many from Mr. Curtiss' home town, Hammondsport, where he developed the first planes. All of them told me the following story, which I think you will find is fairly accurate:

The first airplane was invented by Professor Langley, who was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

At that time it seemed a radical and impossible venture. The plane was to be launched off a boat in the Potomac River; but when it flew off the boat, it fell in the river and sank.

All along the press had been laughing at the idea that a man could fly a plane, and they did a complete job of roasting Professor Langley. He was ribbed all over the United States, and the report I heard was that he died of a broken heart—if there is such a thing.

The Institution believed that the professor's basic ideas were right, and consulted with Glenn H. Curtiss, who then was living at Hammondsport and engaged in building light motorcycle engines. Some of these engines he had placed under small gas bags that would carry up in the air one man, and maneuver under control. The plane was raised from the river and sent to Hammondsport, and Glenn Curtiss figured out at last where the design was wrong and what changes should be made.

Came the day when it was taken out on the field for a test flight. Men who were there told me that Glenn Curtiss was sure it would fly, but he was the only man on the field that thought so.

The plane flew but was held only about eight feet off the ground. This enabled a cameraman to take a picture under the plane, showing it was flying clear of the ground—the first heavier-than-air machine ever flown!

After this first flight at Hammondsport, the Wrights made history at Kitty Hawk.

The Langley plane, redesigned by Glenn Curtiss, was taken to Washington, and was on exhibition there for many years with a notice on it stating that this plane is the first heavier-than-air plane flown.

This was said to have angered the Wrights. They had been fighting Glenn Curtiss in the courts for years on the patents. They refused to allow their first machine to be placed on exhibition in Washington, and shipped it off to a British museum.

I trust this letter will be of interest to you and explain why the Wright plane is not in the Smithsonian Institution.—*Guy F. Harden (E. E.).*

MAYOR GIVES JOAN CRAWFORD DATE OF HER MARRIAGE

BOROUGH OF ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, N. J.—If Joan Crawford does not know when she married Franchot Tone, let me tell her through you that the date was October 11, 1935, at 10 A. M., not October 18, 1937, as stated in Liberty.

I think I should know the date, because I married her.—*H. W. Jenkins, Mayor.*

T. R. DID NOT ATTACK, ASCEND, OR TAKE SAN JUAN HILL?

CLEARWATER, FLA.—Theodore Roosevelt did not attack, ascend, or take San Juan Hill. He and Leonard Wood never fought in any real battle. They and the Rough Riders were ambushed ten miles from San Juan Hill, at El Caney, and a few were wounded. They would have been exterminated, but were rescued by Negro troops. Those Negroes then took San Juan Hill, under a white general. Roosevelt and Wood and their beaten men then marched to the foot of Kettle Hill, an unfortified spot unoccupied by any Spaniards. After San Juan Hill was taken by the Negroes, Wood and Roosevelt charged to the top of Kettle Hill.

All War Department records and the records of Colonel Bacon of Brooklyn prove these statements. Colonel Bacon collected one hundred affidavits from soldiers and officers who fought on San Juan Hill, all of which declared that Roosevelt was not there and was never in any battle except at El Caney, where he was ambushed.

Roosevelt immediately demanded a Medal of Honor, and Henry Cabot Lodge pestered McKinley and the War Department for weeks to grant the medal. But, though friendly to Roosevelt, they declared that he had done nothing to deserve it and it was never granted.

These facts are all on record in Washington, D. C.—*George W. Watt.*

SUNK!

PROLE, IA.—Some time ago I noticed two definitions written at different times on love in Vox Pop. I think this one beats all the others:

Love begins when a woman sinks into a man's arms, and ends up with a woman's arms in a man's sink.—*Viola Burkhead.*

2 TRAGEDIES IN 5 WORDS

EAST BOSTON, MASS.—
Gang!
Bang!!
Pang!!!
Clang!!!!
Hang!!!!!
—*Edith Wrenn.*

WHY PHILLIPS BROOKS TURNED INTO JOE JEFFERSON!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is not Joe Jefferson's youthful phiz that Liberty gives in May 21 Twenty Questions, but Phillips Brooks' before he became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and P. E. Bishop of Massachusetts.

Often saw and heard both. Met. P. B. Admired J. J. but loved Bishop Brooks!

Believe he would rank Sam Shoemaker as America's exponent of the Oxford Group Movement if living today.

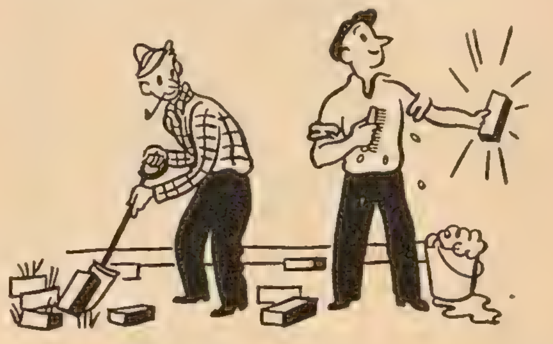
Highly approve your giving "the Group" a fair show in Liberty. Also of your letting Il Duce and Der Fuehrer speak for themselves and give a reason for the hope that lies in them.

If it isn't politic to correct "Little Buttercup's mixing those children up," as implied, I don't care a scrap!—*Wayne Whipple.*

[Indeed it is "politic" to call our mistakes, and we acknowledge and deplore this error. However, in explanation, we would say that the picture that we used was marked "Joseph Jefferson"—an error of the photographer from whom we bought it. He, in turn, explains that this picture "came to him with a lot of theatrical photographs" and after research he concluded it was that of Joseph Jefferson. The actor resembled the preacher somewhat, and there you are!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HOW PWA STOPS GRASS FROM GROWING IN STREETS

NEWPORT, KY.—Mr. Hoover, our ex-President, could not have been far wrong when he made his statement that "the grass would grow in the streets." At least our New Dealers must think so,

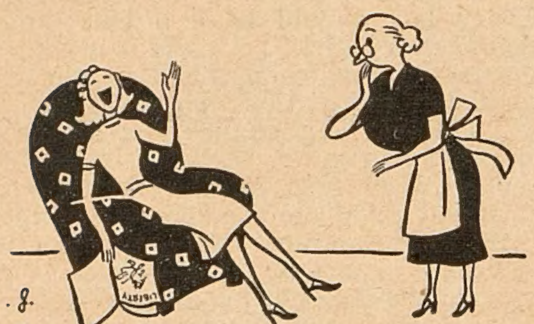


as in Newport, Kentucky, on several of the brick streets the PWA Project is taking up all the bricks and, after cleaning them and removing the dirt (and I suppose the seeds), are carefully turning the bricks over and replacing them.
—*W. F. C.*

BERT GREEN'S "INTELLIGENT CREVICES"

AUSTIN, TEX.—Home for Mother's Day from the University of Texas, I broke a jaw at that cute tickle of Bert Green's, Free Air from a Taxi Pilot (May 7 Liberty).

His puns and "intelligent crevices"—wisecracks to you—are the basis for all our blasé letters to our collegiate masculine friends. Let's have more of 'em.—*Goldie Perry.*



MUSSOLINI HISSED AND APPLAUDED

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I have just read Fulton Oursler's interview with Mussolini, and it amazes me to think that one holding a position of such responsibility as he does can descend to such hypocritical and specious writing. Either that, or else he's too naïve for words. My little son can detect the idiocy of comparing our Indian and Civil Wars to Il Duce's rape of Ethiopia.

Mr. Oursler's camouflaged defense of the bloodthirsty egomaniac is too thinly veiled not to escape detection. It's an old trick, but he can't cover up the main purpose of his article, which was to defend Il Duce at the expense of Russia and the "Bolsheviki de salon."

Well, he hasn't done much to wash away the bloodstains of Mussolini's rule.—*Lester A. Richard.*

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—This morning I have read the May 7 Liberty containing your editor's interview with Mussolini, "I Want Peace—I Am Not a Dictator." It is the best and most enlightening article I have read on that subject. It seemed to be the only free and unrestrained story and comment on him that has appeared since he has been in power. Likewise, it is more complimentary because it is free-spoken, and one gets the impression that this is a real picture of the man.—*Robert S. Carver.*

NEW PUZZLE STARTS ROW

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It is with pleasure that I congratulate you on introducing in May 21 Liberty a new kind of crossword puzzle which is such a relief from the ordinary puzzles and the foolish ones which very few intelligent people attempt, not knowing the parlance of the definitions printed.

I am a weekly reader of Liberty and do enjoy the sane crossword puzzles as well as the articles. Whoever composes this new kind of puzzle must have to work pretty hard, but I hope she or he will continue and we will have many more of the same kind instead of the "cockeyed" ones.—*H. H. W.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I open May 21 issue of Liberty and look for the semimonthly Cockeyed Puzzle by Ted (Bei Mir Bist Du) Shane, and what do I find? A child's game, pushing a boat around! Is that a way to treat us X-word veterans, I ask you?

It may be all right for a novelty for once, but don't try to wean us away from the Cockeyed Puzzles with anything like that.—*Shane Fan.*

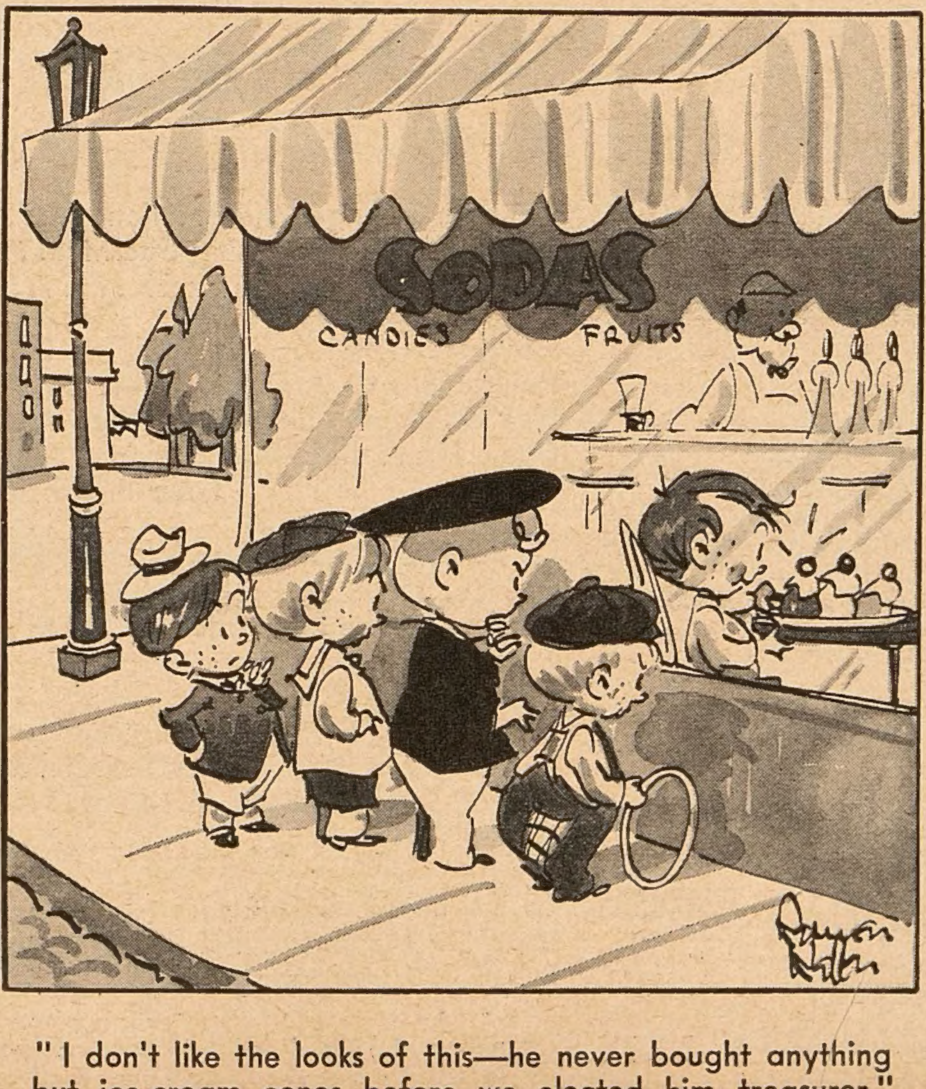
[While Vox Poppers are raging pro and con, we may put in a word, too, and say that the Cockeyed Puzzles are to be continued.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THIS DOCTOR TELLS US

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some time ago I made the mistake of subscribing to Liberty. Please be informed that I do not want this periodical to appear in my office, and will therefore ask you to cancel my subscription at once.

I am not interested in receiving any refund for the unexpired term of subscription.—*H. F. Tashman, M. D.*

"HARDTACK"



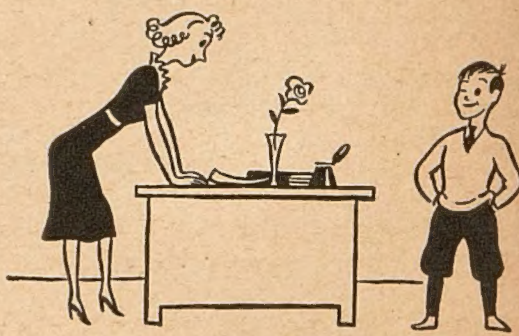
"I don't like the looks of this—he never bought anything but ice-cream cones before we elected him treasurer."

BLACK AND WHITE TURNS HIM ALMOST RED

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Sometimes I find quite a bit of humor in your Vox Pop; at others I almost want to turn *Red.—Just a Kibitzer.*

PRECOCIOUS LAD

JACKSON, MICH.—For Jean Hawkins (May 21 Vox Pop). When my eldest son graduated from the eighth grade his teacher told him he looked "cute." Demanding of her what she meant, she said, "Hugable, lovable, and kissable." He said, "You'll have to show me."—*Home Keeper.*



ANSWERED PRAYER SHOULD HAVE FRONT-PAGE PUBLICITY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—This very day I wrote to a friend and in my letter stated that I wished the newspapers would front-page happy things and not make such world-wide publicity only of horrors and disasters.

Today I was reading Liberty (May 21) and note in Vox Pop the item, Blind Boy Cured by Prayer, written by a mother at Lockland, Ohio.

I was happy to read this, you may be sure. Is not this worthy of front-page publicity? Even Liberty did not give it any wider attention than some of its silly stuff.—*Esther Weisman.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—"Willing hands that help are holier than futile lips that pray." You, Mr. Prayer Editor, are simply fanning the dying spark of superstition.—*A. S. Keptic.*

PEORIA, ILL. — Your prayer articles blaze a new trail to truth.—*Zena.*

WHO ARE "WE," MR. MACFADDEN?

SEATTLE, WASH. — In Mr. Macfadden's editorials he constantly tells us, "We are the richest people on earth." Just who does he mean by "we"? Does he mean the millions who are out of work, or the millions whose incomes are so small they can barely exist and have no assurance for that on the morrow?—*L. B. Keene.*

A Boy Puts Us on the Spot

Dear Sir:

I am twelve years old, a big boy, and a Boy Scout. I want a bicycle very badly, but my dad says there are too many reckless automobile drivers on the highways for safe bicycle riding. I have had a bicycle, know how to ride, and have always obeyed all traffic laws. We live in a residential neighborhood. Dad and I have talked about it so much that he decided to give me permission to ask the opinion of some person of good judgment. I mentioned the names of several persons he would not approve of. I asked dad to name some one. He suggested you. Will you please write me your opinion? Because dad says he will do what you say. Thank you.

Yours truly,
ZELL ALTMAN.

129 Euclid Avenue,
Lynn, Massachusetts.

The following was our answer:

My dear Friend:

You don't mind putting a fellow on the spot, do you? How do you think I feel after getting your letter?

Well, first of all, I feel very proud; but you see, Zell, I know how you feel and I know how your father feels, and that puts me on the spot. My younger daughter is just your age, and she has a bicycle. We live in the country. There are only six houses near us.

My little girl has to put her bicycle away as soon as warm weather comes.

Why? Because in the summer the vacationists come, and some are reckless drivers who don't seem to care whether boys and girls live or not. In the wintertime here, when the roads are lonely, my little girl can safely ride her bike. But when the trees get green and earth is lovely, just the time when she ought to get the most fun out of her bike, she has to put it away in the cellar until it is fall again.

So I do not blame your father for being afraid.

Zell, did you ever stop to ask how many men were killed in the American Revolution? Out of all the armies of General George Washington, only about four thousand men were killed. Yet nearly forty thousand men, women, and children were killed last year by automobiles. Just think of that.

You are right in wanting a bicycle. You ought to be able to ride that bicycle every afternoon of your life, just for the fun you get out of it, and to harden your body so that you will grow up to be a strong athletic man. To have a bicycle is a part of the rights defined in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is not your father who deprives you of that right; it is the lawless, reckless, foolish, criminal driver who violates the law and makes the streets unsafe.

In view of all these facts, I have to start by saying that I think your father is probably right. You notice I say "probably." I don't know. I am not even familiar with the streets in the town of Lynn. My vote is for your father; but here is one further step you might take.

Because I would like to see you get your bicycle, I have this one little sug-[illegible] make. Why don't you send a copy of your letter and mine to the chief of police of Lynn? Tell him that it isn't just for yourself but for all the boys in your neighborhood that you are making an appeal. Ask him what he can do to make those streets around your house safer for you and your friends. You will find him sympathetic, I feel sure, because every police chief knows that one of the things America needs is safe places for boys to have their fun.

The chief of police in your town is a great friend of boys and is interested in the bicycle problem. His name is James H. Broad. Over the telephone Chief Broad and I had a talk about you, and he says he will be glad to give your case special attention and talk to your father and yourself.

If there is any way that your neighborhood can be made safe for you and your friends, Chief Broad will see to it that it is done. I certainly don't think your father should give you that bicycle until you have had a talk with the chief.

Whether the chief straightens the matter out or whether he doesn't, let me point out one other thing. You ought to be mighty proud of your father. He must be one "swell guy." He wants you to have that bicycle, but he also wants you to be safe; and he is fair enough to let an utter stranger like me sit in on a private family matter. How many fathers do you know who would be as fair as that? Why, I know fathers who would simply pound the table and say "No!" and that would be the end of it. You are a lucky boy, and I hope that all your life you are as fair to your dad as he has been to you.

. . . .

. . . This is a matter that does not concern Lynn, Massachusetts, alone. . . . It is a national problem. . . . Every boy should have a bicycle; so should every girl. . . . It is a part of the modern police problem to see that they can enjoy their right in safety. . . . Here is a chance for all those interested in safety driving to remember another side of the matter—the boys and girls who are deprived of their right to the pursuit of happiness on a bicycle. . . . Our enthusiasm over this matter does not leave us much room to tell you about the issue of Liberty next week; and yet it is one of the finest and most exciting issues we have ever published. . . . Here are some of the exciting titles: JACKIE COOGAN AND THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, A Study in Riches, by Edward Doherty; MORE THINGS I FORGOT TO TELL, by former Governor Hoffman; IS A LITTLE CHILD BRINGING BACK MAX BAER? by Jack Dempsey; HOW IT FEELS TO BE A NEGRO, by Walter White; NOT OF THEIR BREED, by Clarence Budington Kelland; and many other fine stories.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
That Billionaire Relief (Political?) Fund...Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES
Youth Is Stranger than Fiction................Walter Brooks 7
Michele and the Shining Sacrifice............Vingie E. Roe 22
Alibi—Liberty's Short Short ....Blair Hall 50

SERIALS
Crackpot--Part II ....James Edward Grant 18
Rendezvous at Arms—Part III..........Charles Francis Coe 28
Her Gentleman Secretary—Part V..........Dorothy Speare 38
Dead Man's Log—Conclusion
Louis B. Davidson and Edward Doherty 46

ARTICLES
La Follette's New Party: What It Really Plans to Do
Ernest K. Lindley 5
"Poison at the Box Office"? What's Wrong in Hollywood?
Rupert Hughes 12
Men's Crazy Clothes.....................Elizabeth Hawes 15
Things I Forgot to Tell..Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman 26
True Detective Cases from Secret French Archives—The Case of the Wall-Eyed Murderer............Zeta Rothschild 35
A Real Tough Guy ....Edward Doherty 44

FEATURES
To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 17; Twenty Questions, 25; Movie Reviews by Ruth Waterbury, 33; Crossword Puzzle, 34; $2,000 Stargazing Contest, 51; Vox Pop, 52.

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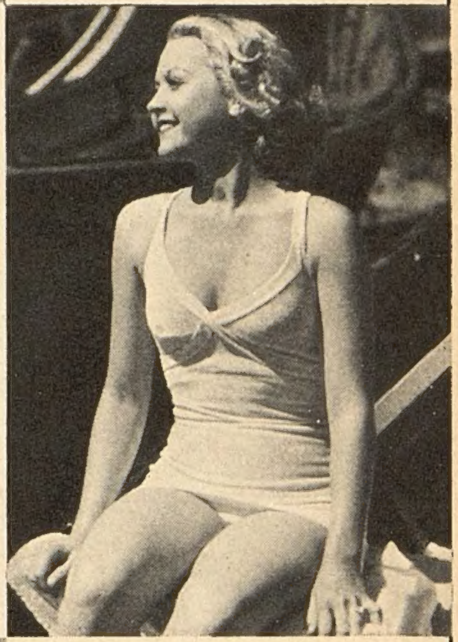

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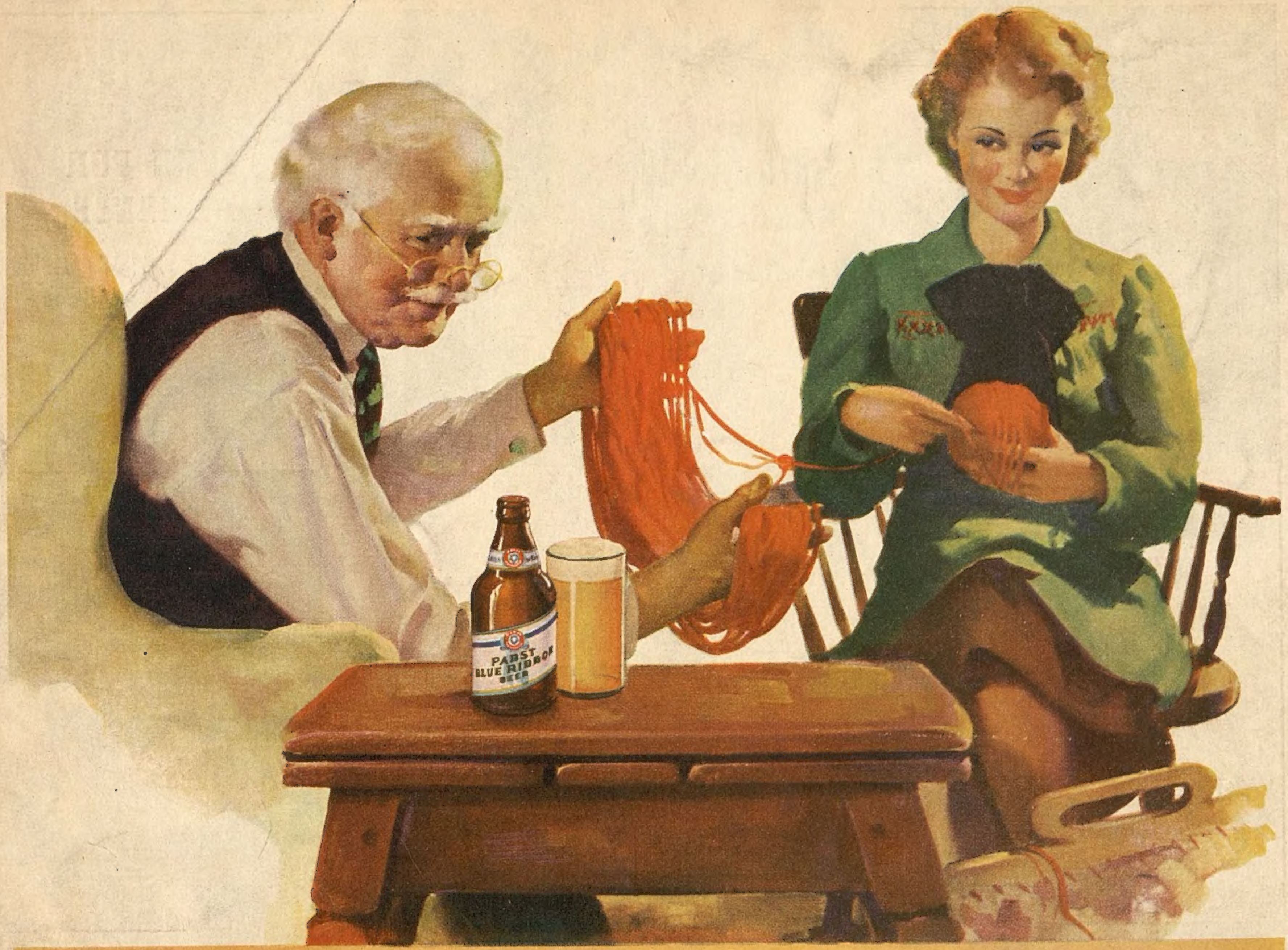
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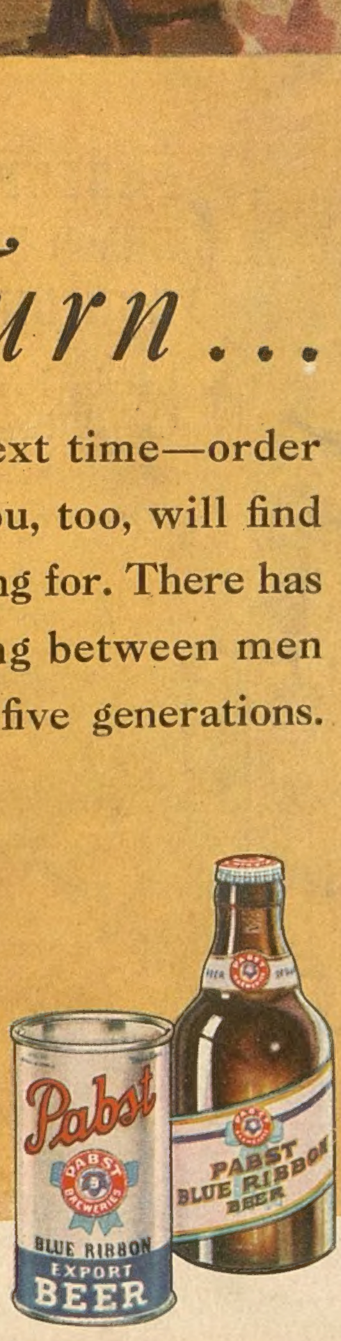
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